

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

HANNA-
BARBERA

GIANT 25¢
THE

FLINTSTONES

BIGGER and
BOULDER

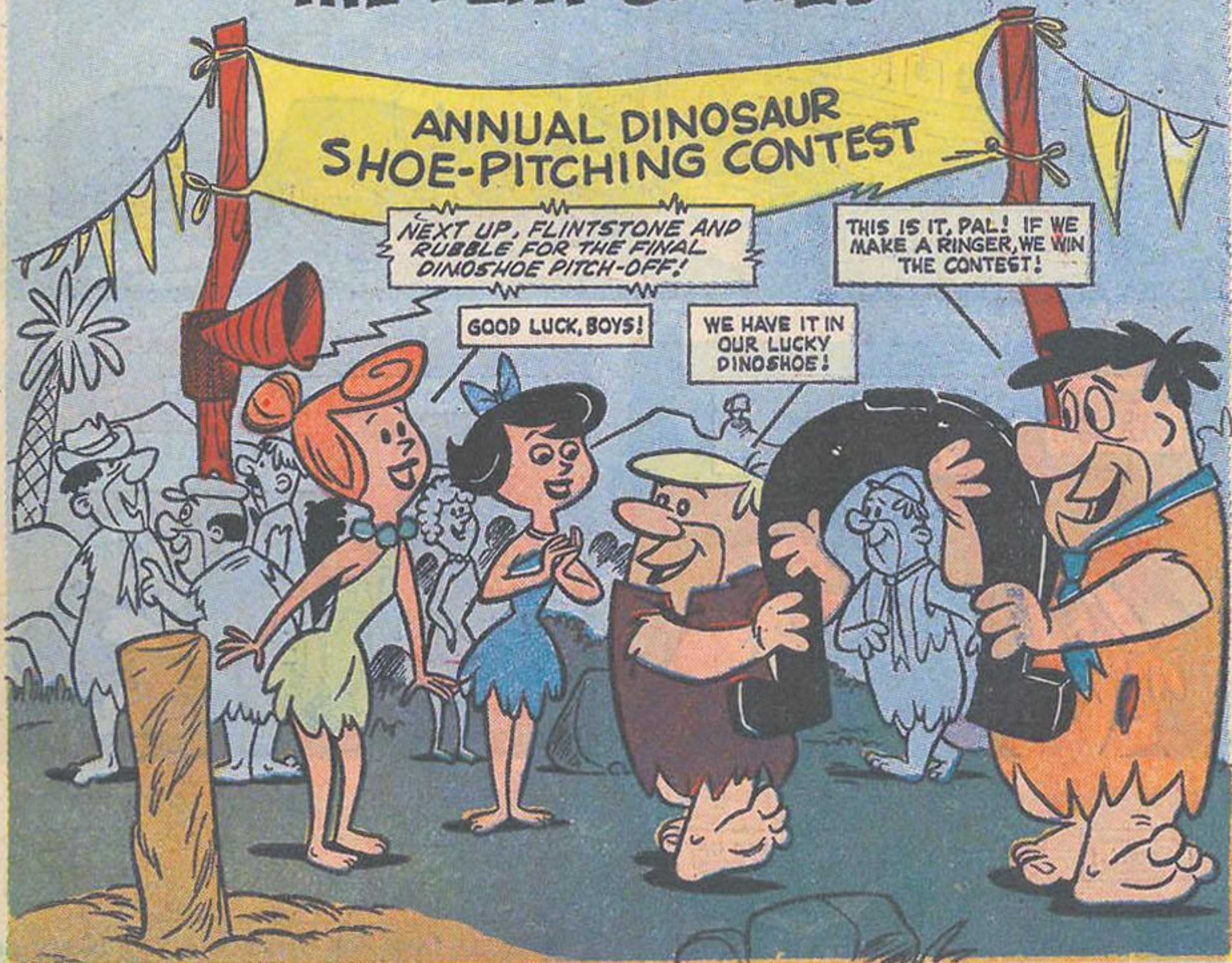


A Flintstone Funny

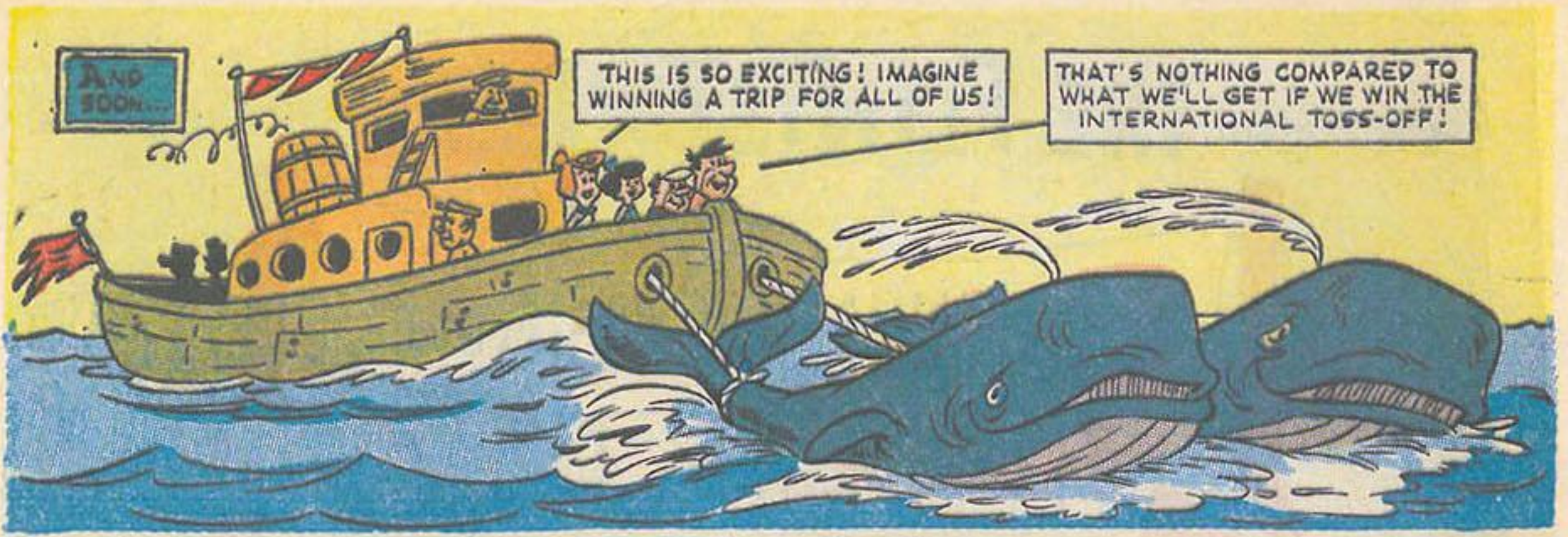


Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES BIGGER and BOULDER



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FLINTSTONES #2-666



AND SOON...

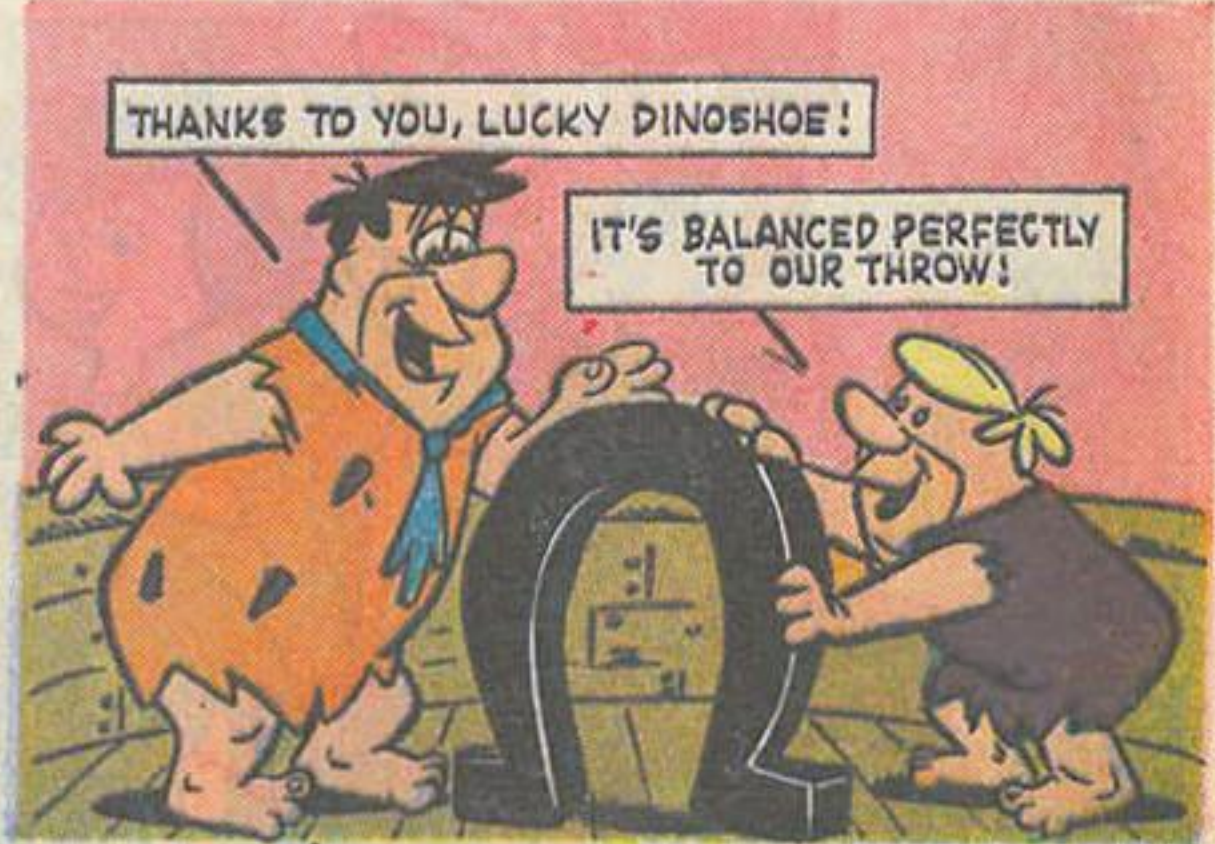
THIS IS SO EXCITING! IMAGINE WINNING A TRIP FOR ALL OF US!

THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT WE'LL GET IF WE WIN THE INTERNATIONAL TOSS-OFF!



A THOUSAND BUCKS IN COLD CASH!

AND WE'LL USE THE MONEY TO BUILD OURSELVES A COMBINATION DEN AND WORKSHOP BETWEEN OUR YARDS!



THANKS TO YOU, LUCKY DINO SHOE!

IT'S BALANCED PERFECTLY TO OUR THROW!



Soon...

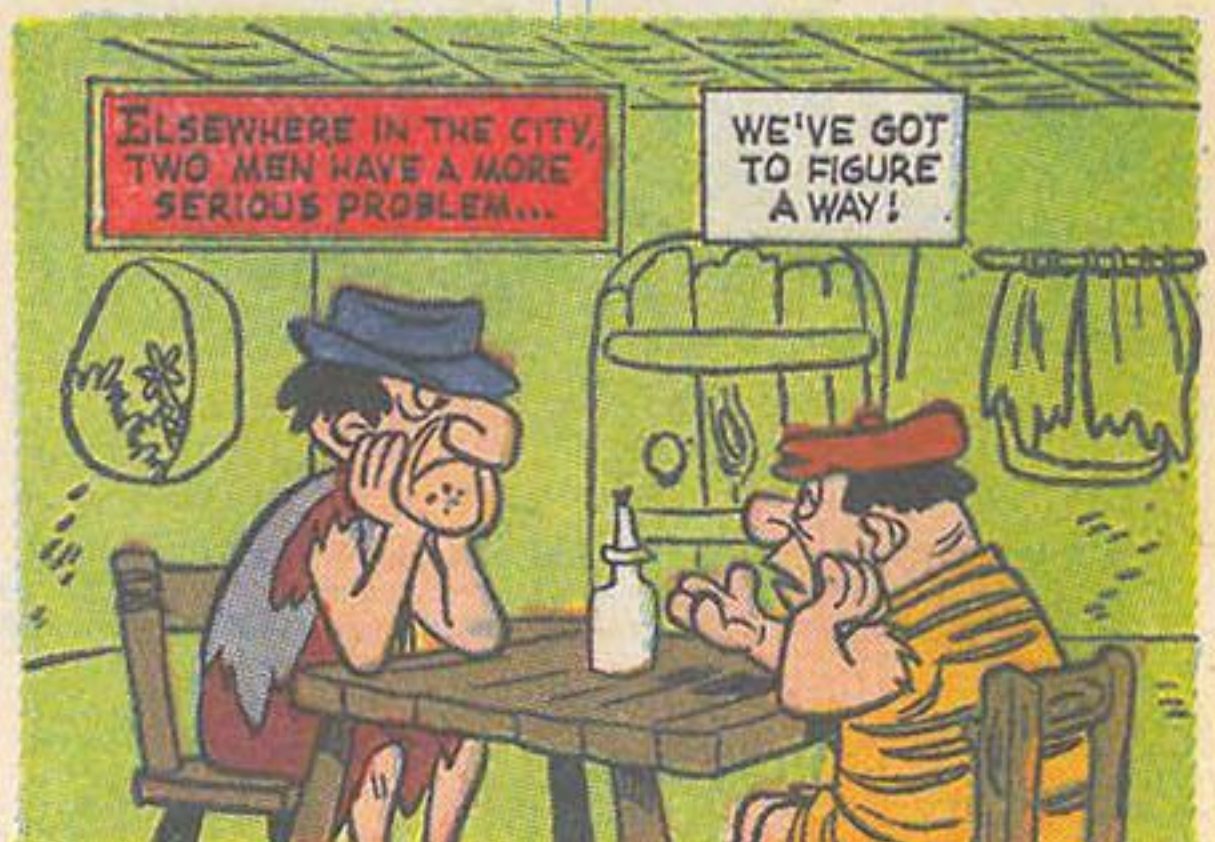
UGH! THE AGE OF CHIVALRY IS DEAD!

YOU WOULDN'T WANT US TO RUIN OUR THROWING ARMS BY CARRYING THINGS, WOULD YOU?



ONCE WE CHECK INTO OUR ROOMS, WE'LL GO OUT SHOPPING!

GOODNESS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BUY FIRST!



ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY, TWO MEN HAVE A MORE SERIOUS PROBLEM...

WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE A WAY!

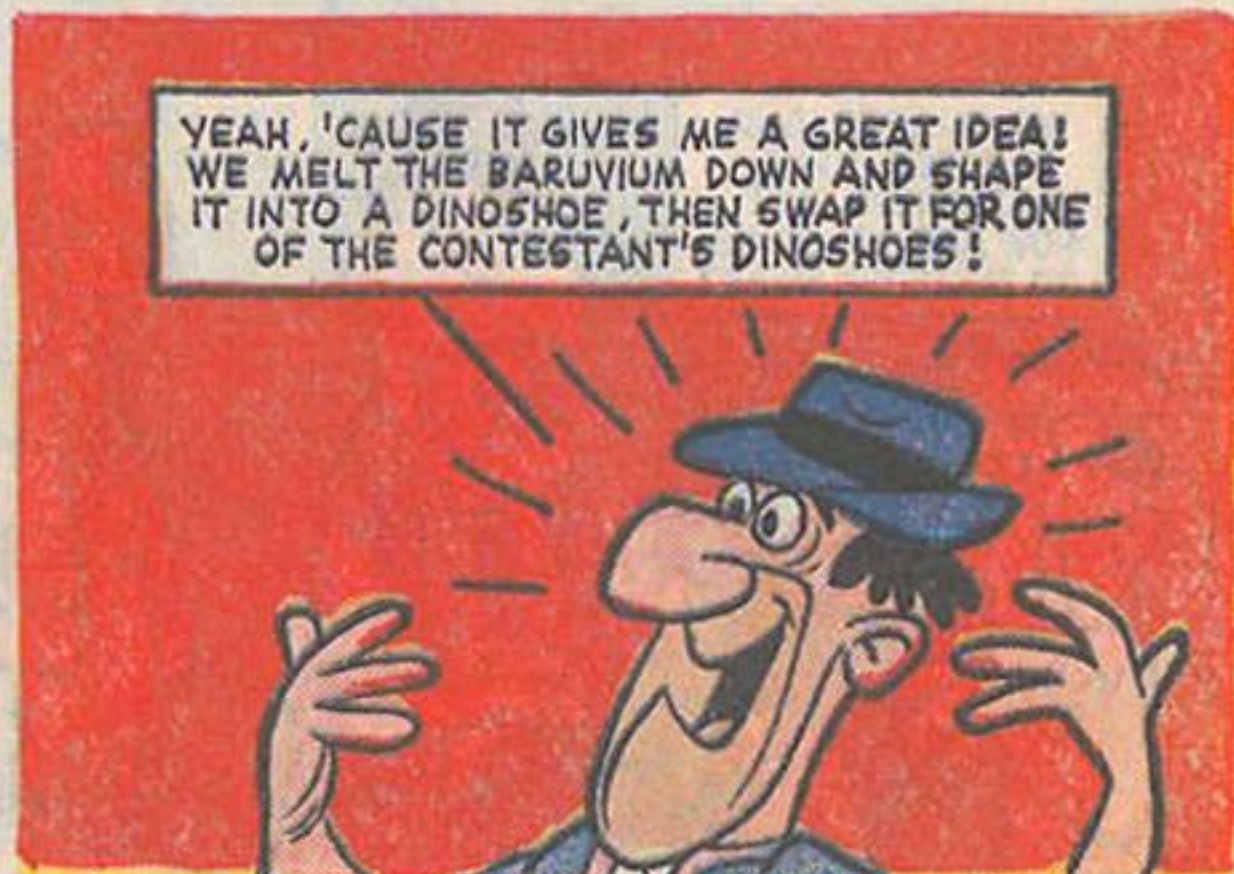


WE STOLE A MILLION DOLLAR BAR OF BARUYIUM AND WE CAN'T SMUGGLE IT BACK TO THE STATES! THEY'RE CHECKING EVERYBODY SUSPICIOUS AT THE BORDER, AND WE'RE AS SUSPICIOUS AS THEY MAKE THEM!



HEY! THIS PAPER SHOWS SOME PICTURES ABOUT THE DINOSHOE PITCHING CONTEST!

IS THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK ABOUT NOW?

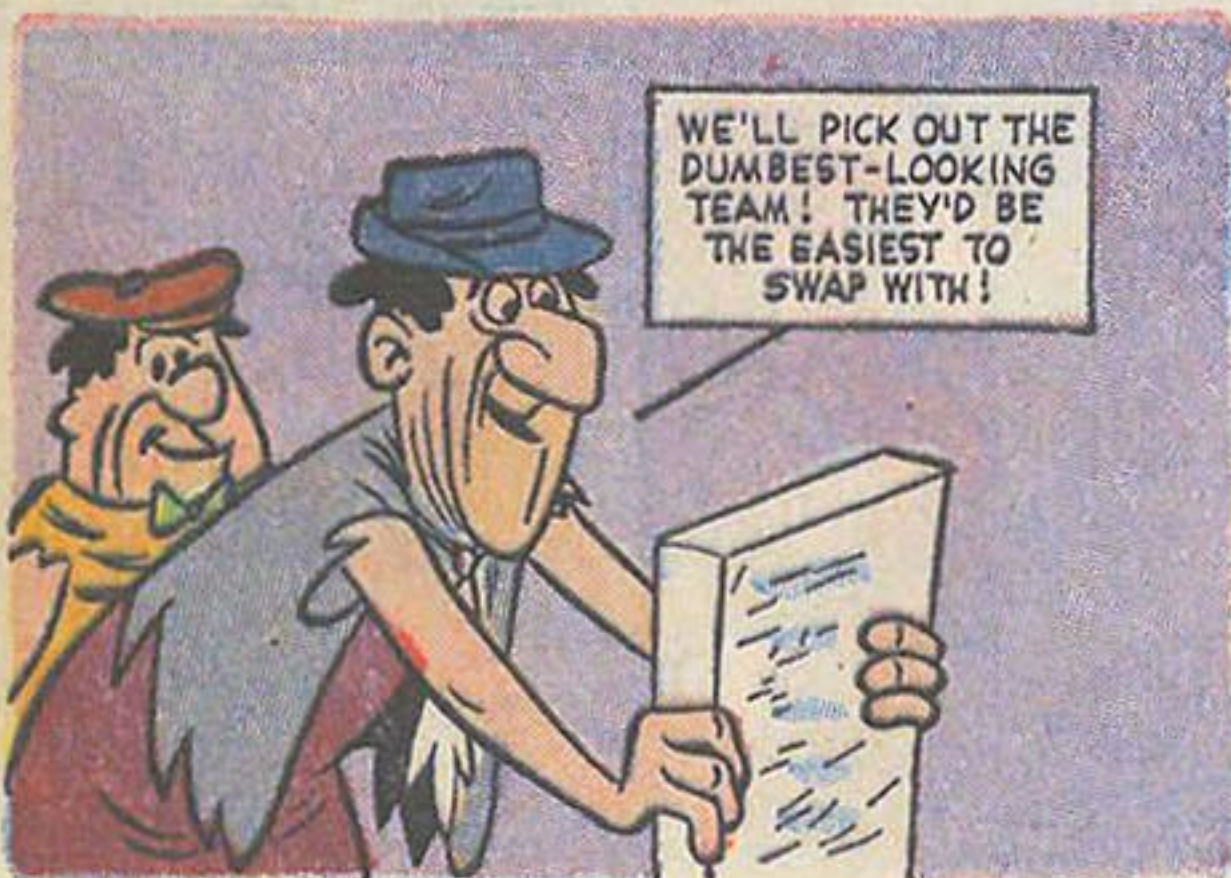


YEAH, 'CAUSE IT GIVES ME A GREAT IDEA! WE MELT THE BARUYIUM DOWN AND SHAPE IT INTO A DINOSHOE, THEN SWAP IT FOR ONE OF THE CONTESTANT'S DINOSHOES!



THEN, AFTER THE CONTEST IS OVER, WE FOLLOW THE FELLOW BACK TO THE STATES AND PICK OURS UP AGAIN!

GREAT! THE CUSTOMS MEN WOULDN'T THINK OF SEARCHING ONE OF THEM!

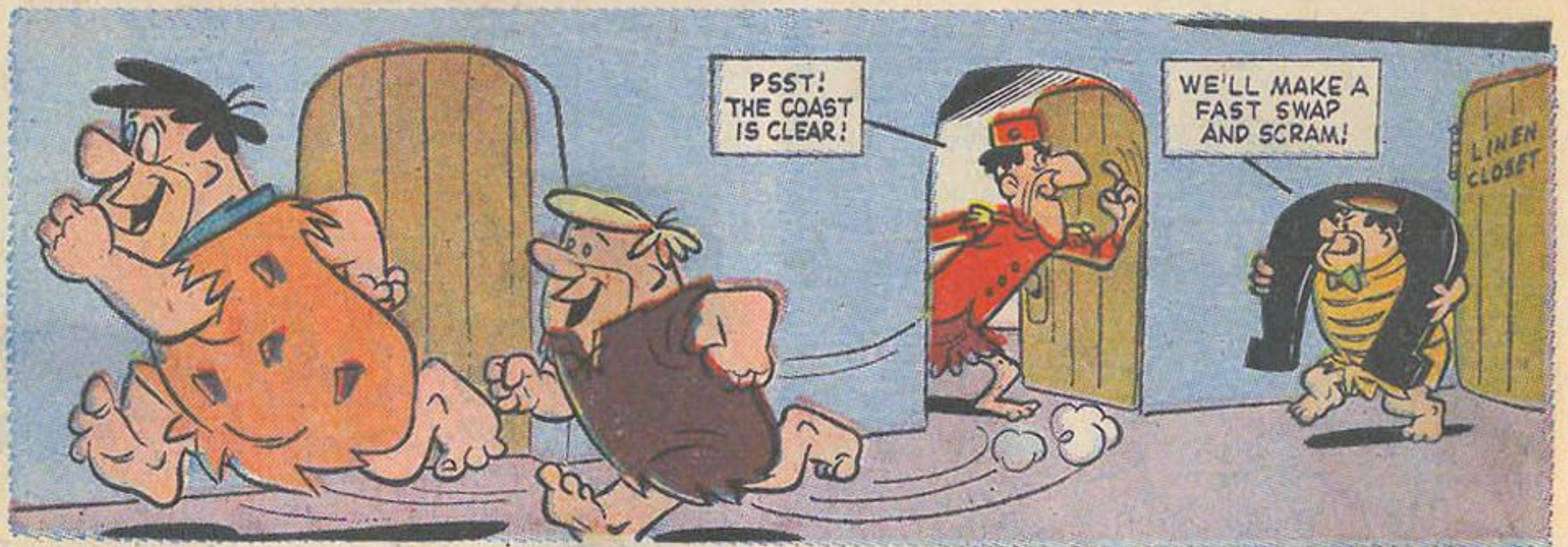


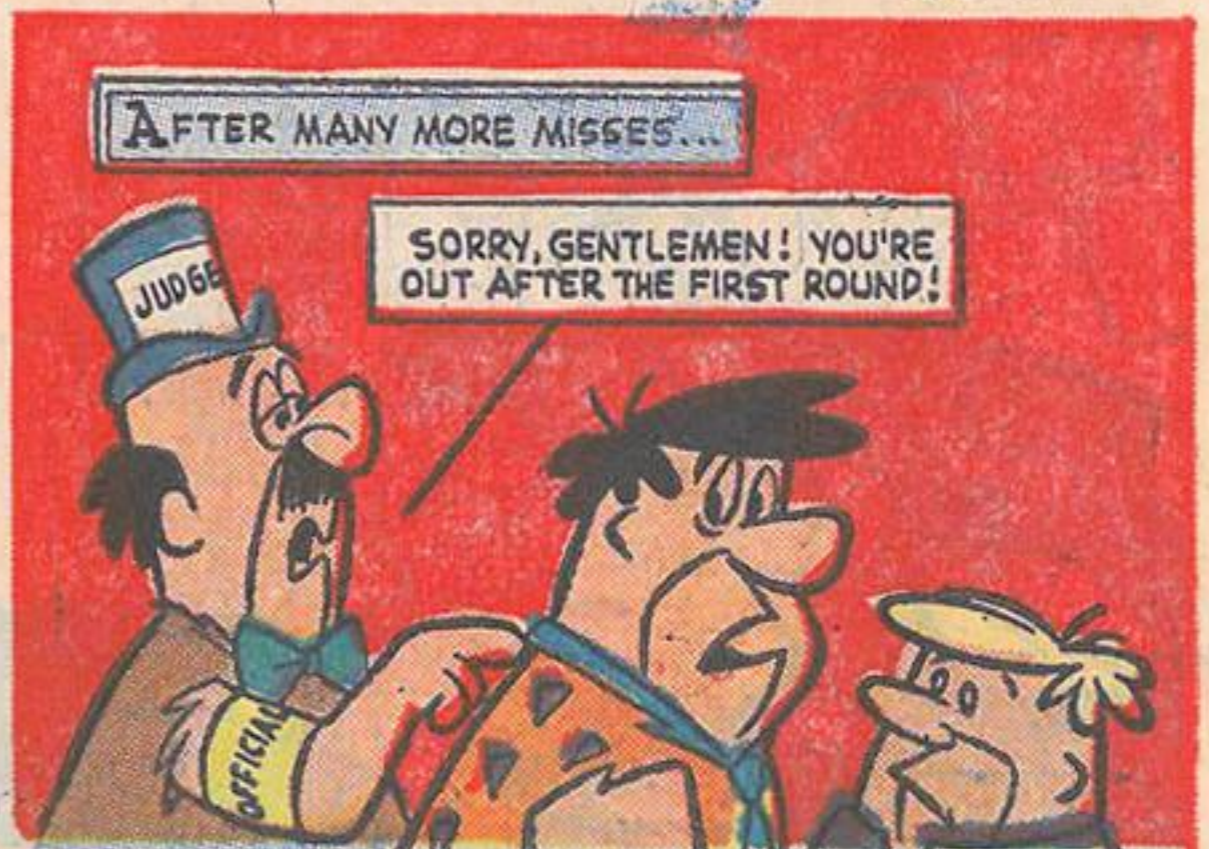
WE'LL PICK OUT THE DUMBEST-LOOKING TEAM! THEY'D BE THE EASIEST TO SWAP WITH!

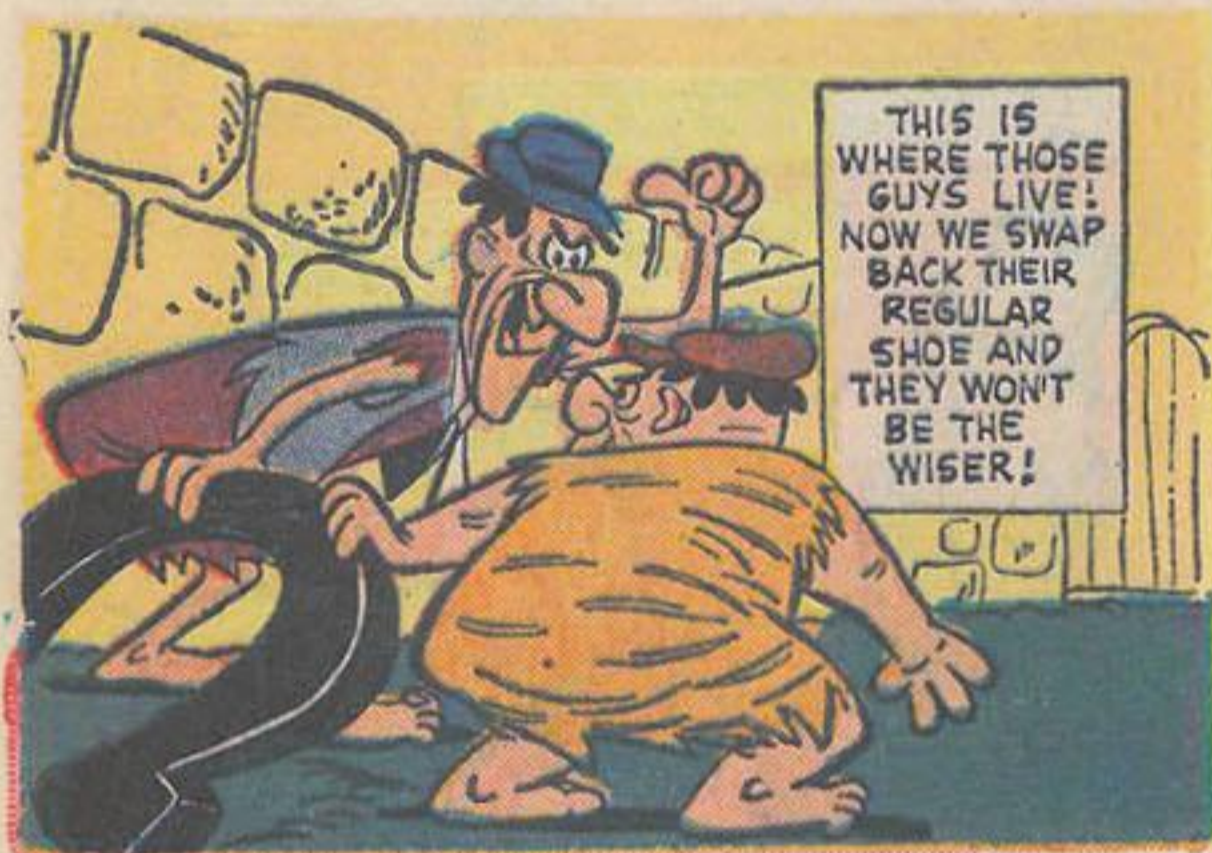


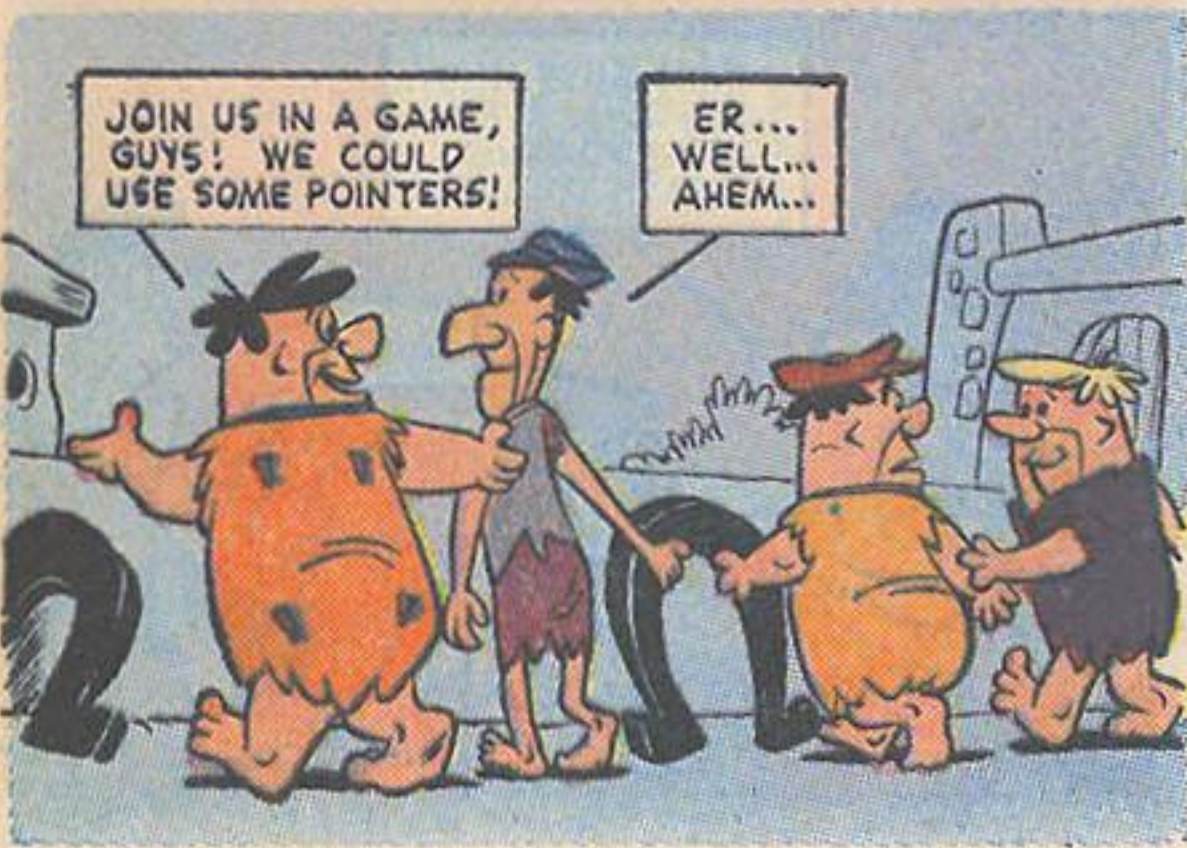
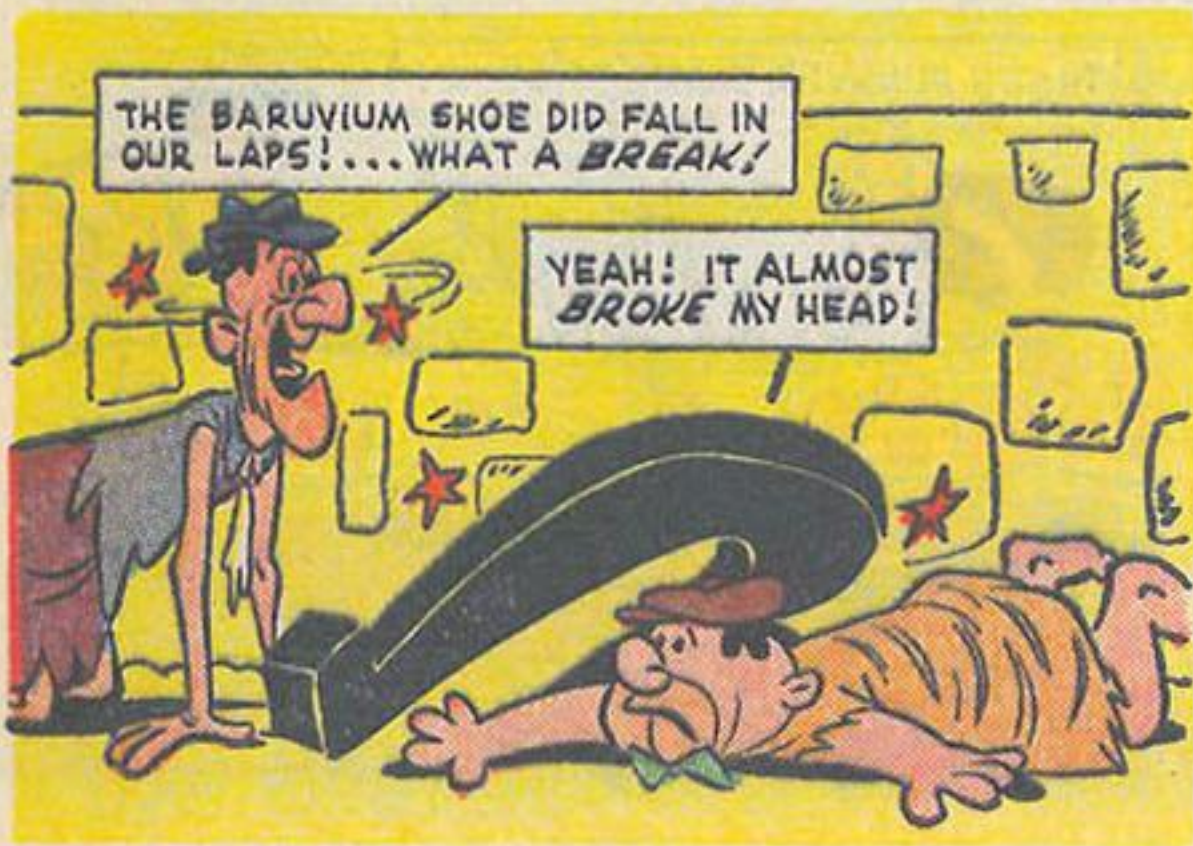
THAT LOOKS LIKE THEM!

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!











HA-HA! DON'T FEEL BAD! EVERYBODY HAS THEIR OFF SHOTS!

SPLASH!



THAT'S FUNNY! A SILVER DINOSHOE!



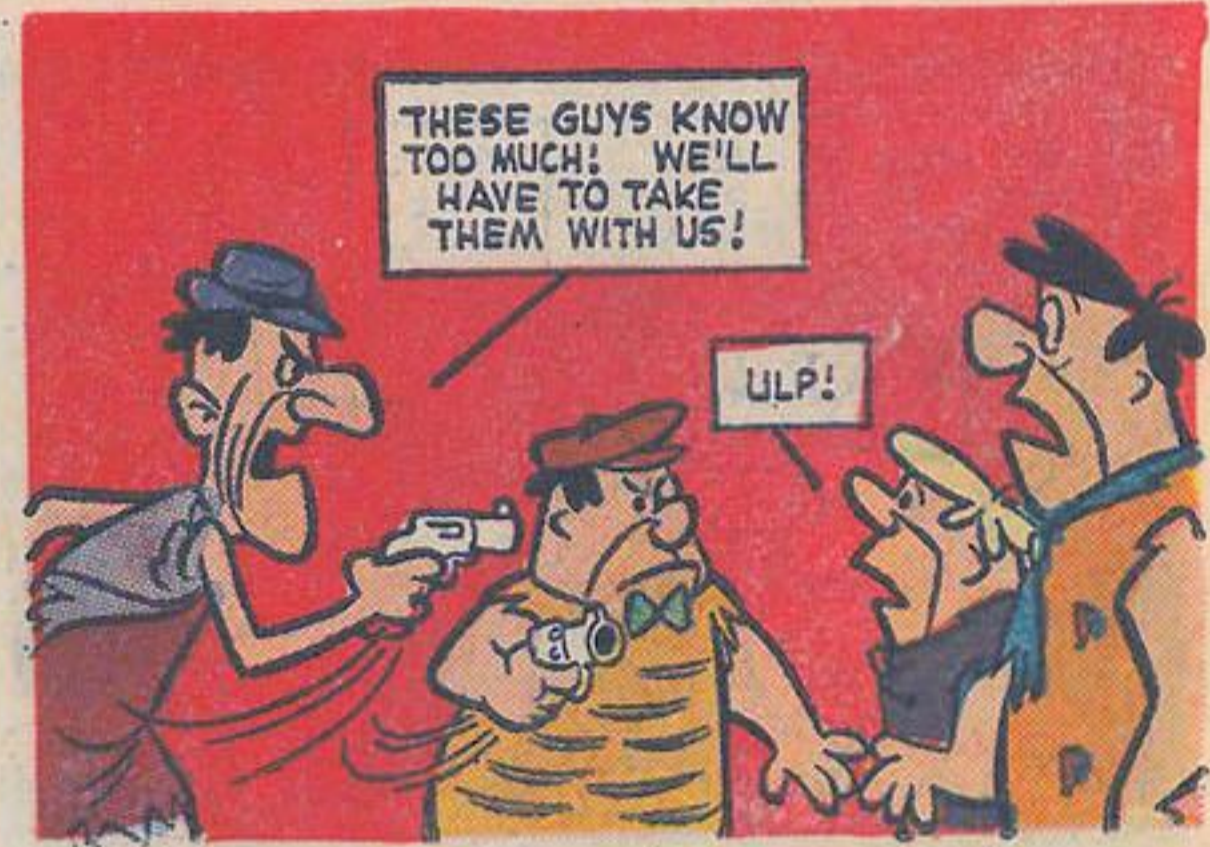
IDIOT! DIDN'T YOU USE WATER-PROOF PAINT ON THIS THING?

WE WERE IN A HURRY! I USED THE FIRST THING I COULD GRAB!



SEE YOU LATER! WE HAVE TO BE SOMEWHERE FOR LUNCH!

HEY! WHEN YOU SAID LUNCH, I RECOGNIZED YOU! YOU WERE THE BELLHOP IN GRANITA!



THESE GUYS KNOW TOO MUCH! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEM WITH US!

ULP!



LATER...

WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE THE BOYS ARE? IT'S TIME FOR LUNCH!

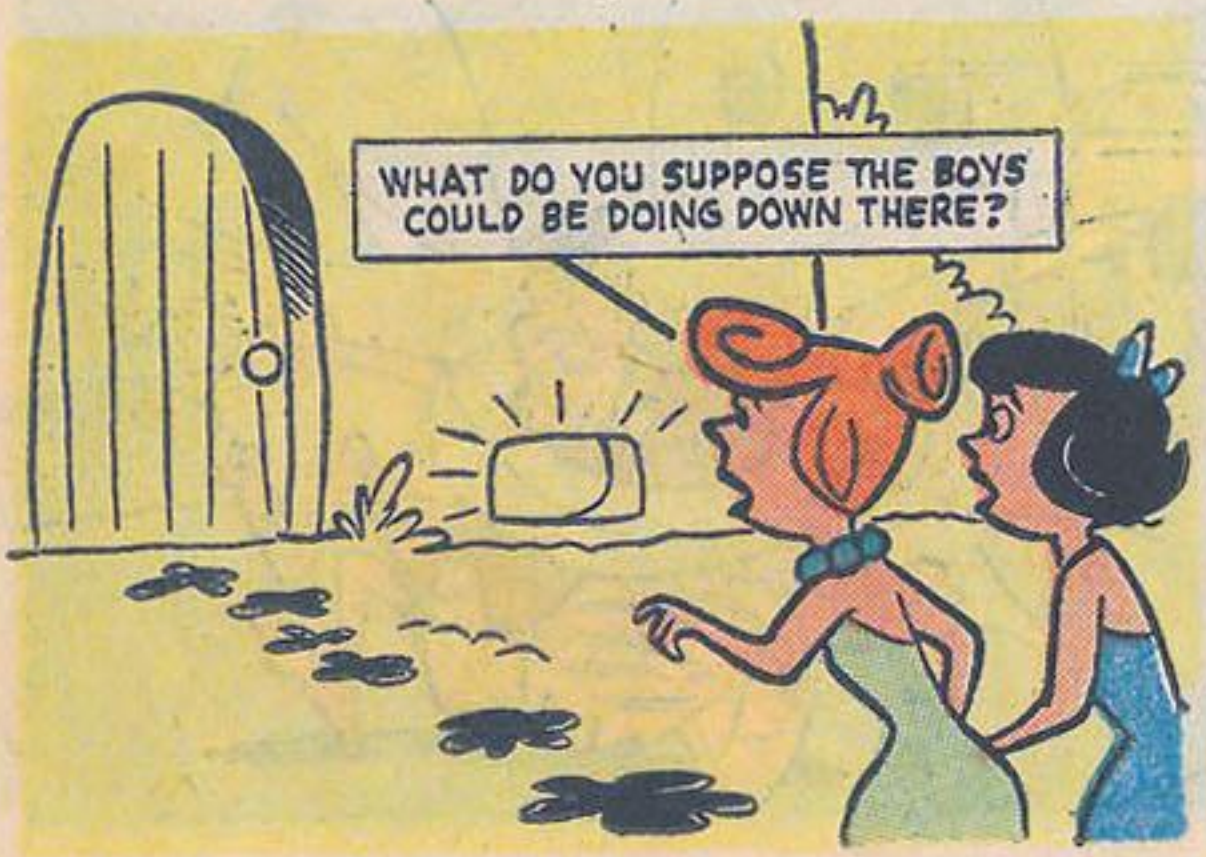
THEY'RE SO SLOPPY, IT'LL BE EASY TO FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL! LOOKS AS IF THEY WERE PAINTING SOMETHING!



MEANWHILE...

SO THAT'S WHY WE LOST THE CONTEST! WE DIDN'T HAVE OUR OWN DINOSHOE!

YEAH! TOO BAD YOU FOUND OUT! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH YOU TWO!



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THE BOYS COULD BE DOING DOWN THERE?



FRED! WHAT'S GOING ON?

WILMA! YOU BETTER GET OUT OF HERE, QUICK!



UNTIE US AND RUN FOR THE POLICE! WE'LL EXPLAIN LATER!

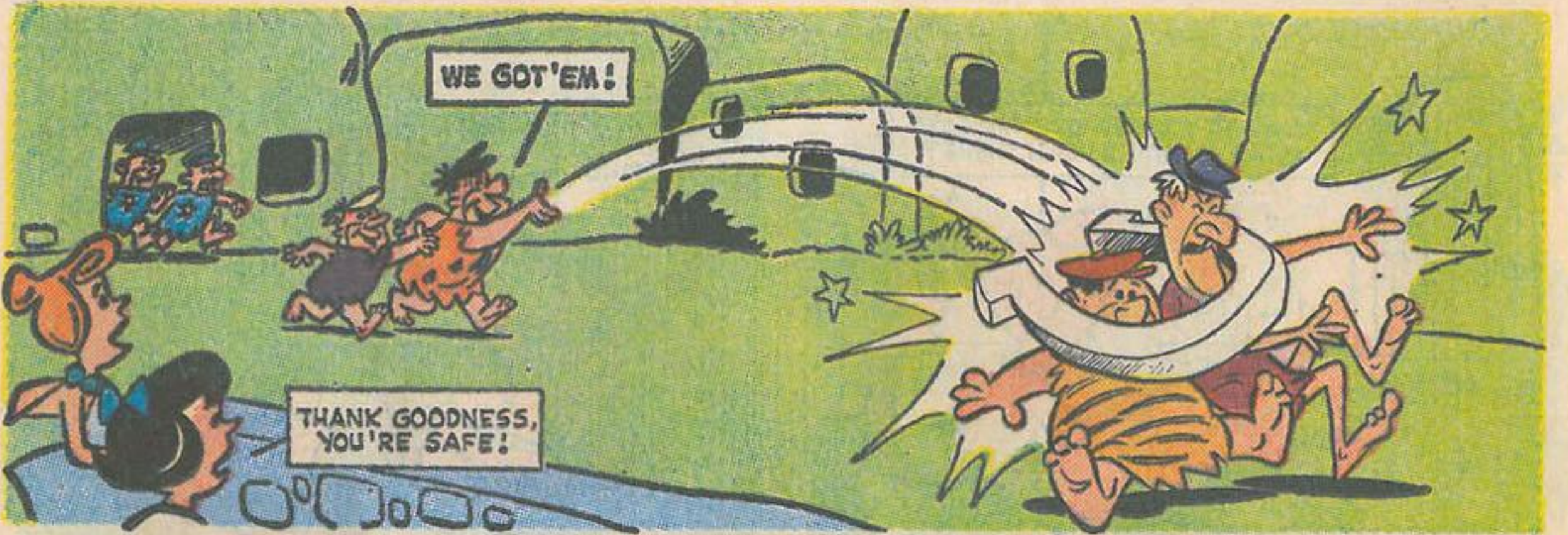


NOW, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE!



WE THOUGHT WE HEARD NOISES IN HERE! HOW'D YOU TWO GET LOOSE?

URK!

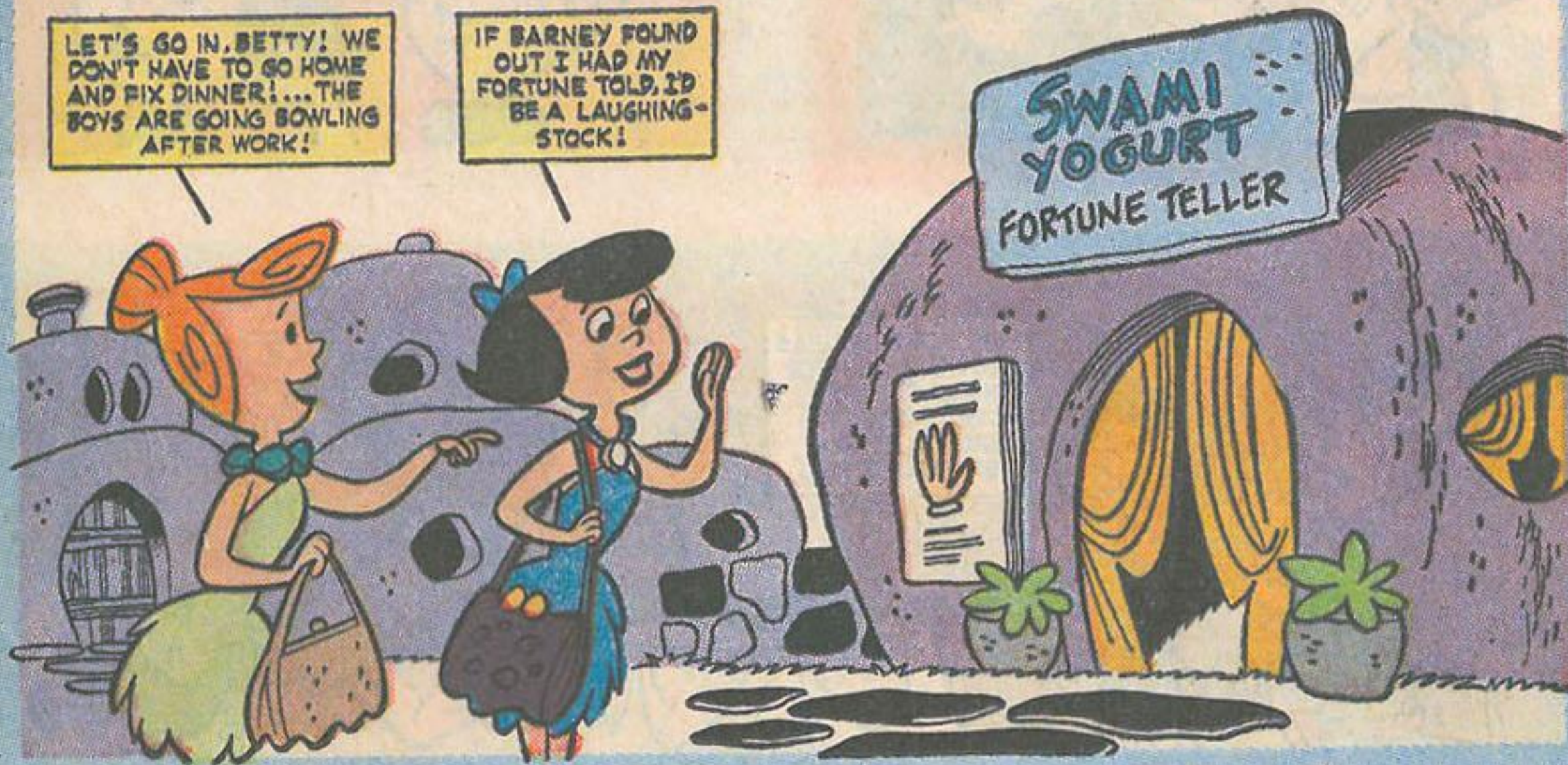


Hanna-Barbera
The FLINTSTONES

THE CRYSTAL BALL GAME

LET'S GO IN, BETTY! WE DON'T HAVE TO GO HOME AND FIX DINNER!... THE BOYS ARE GOING BOWLING AFTER WORK!

IF BARNEY FOUND OUT I HAD MY FORTUNE TOLD, I'D BE A LAUGHING-STOCK!



SAME WITH FRED!

I WONDER WHERE THE SWAMI IS?

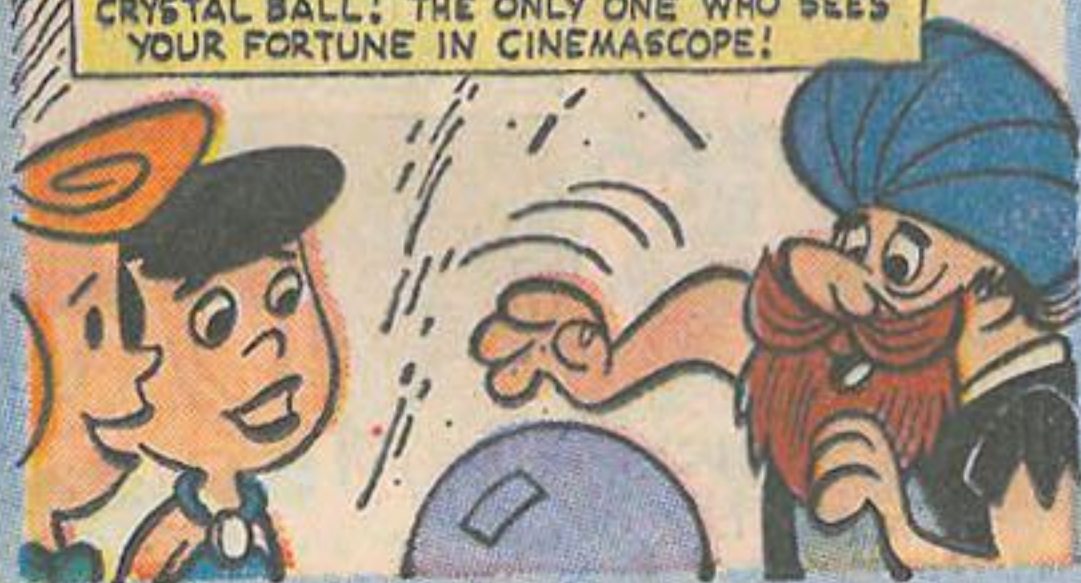


GREETINGS! YOU LADIES CAME TO HAVE YOUR FORTUNES TOLD!

GEE, HE READ OUR MINDS ALREADY!

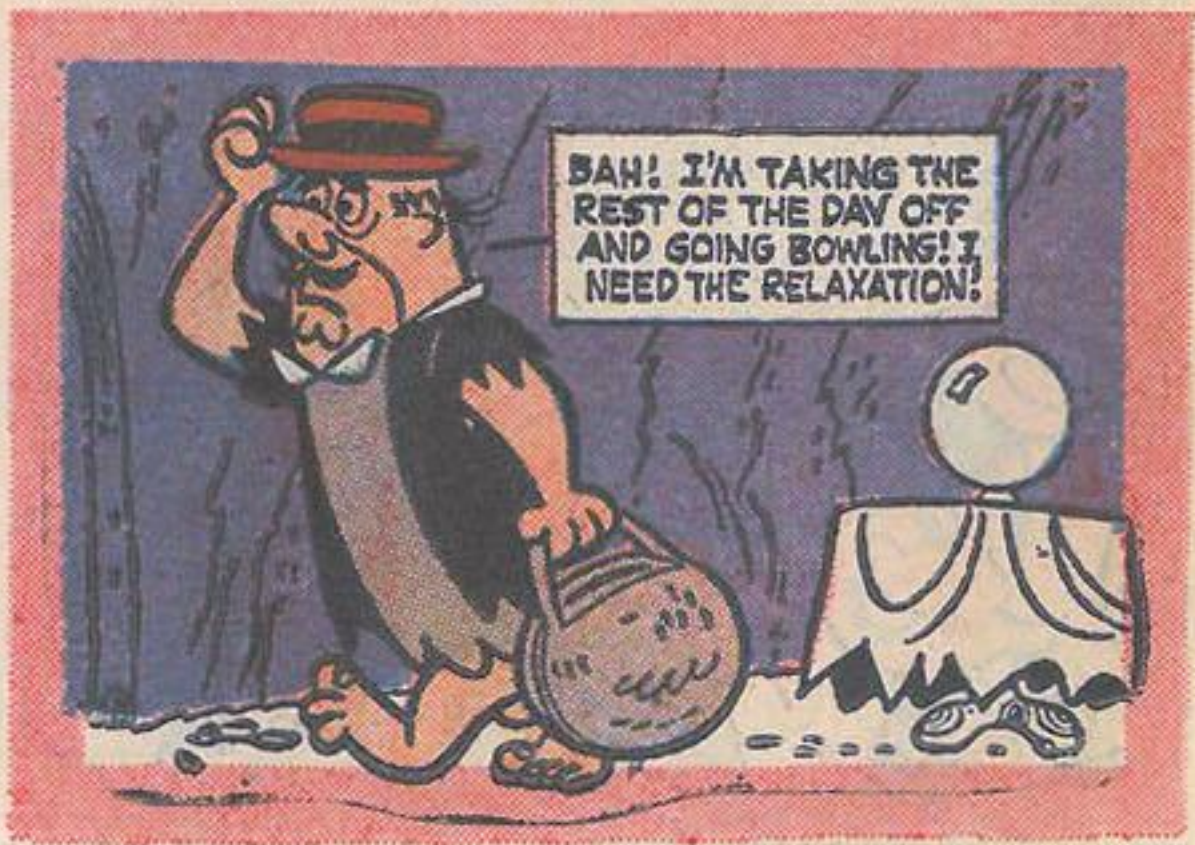


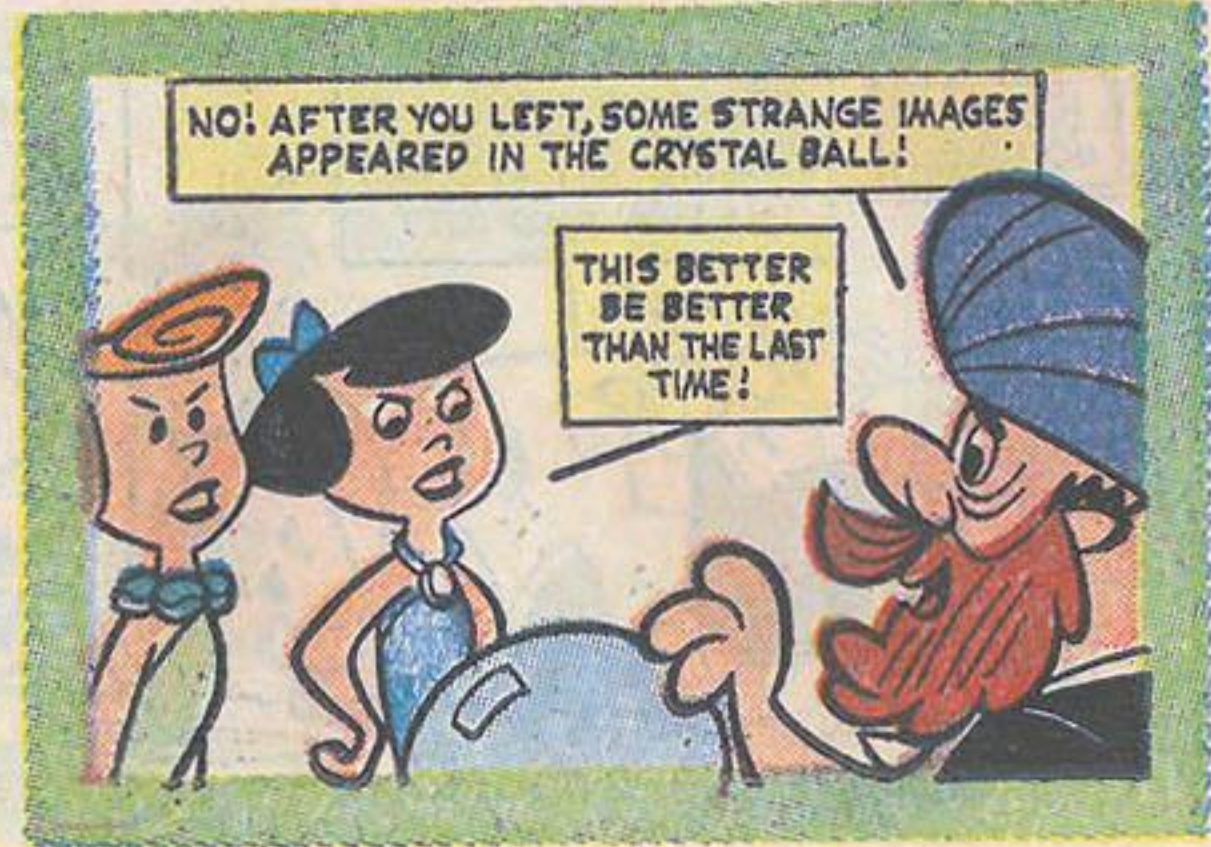
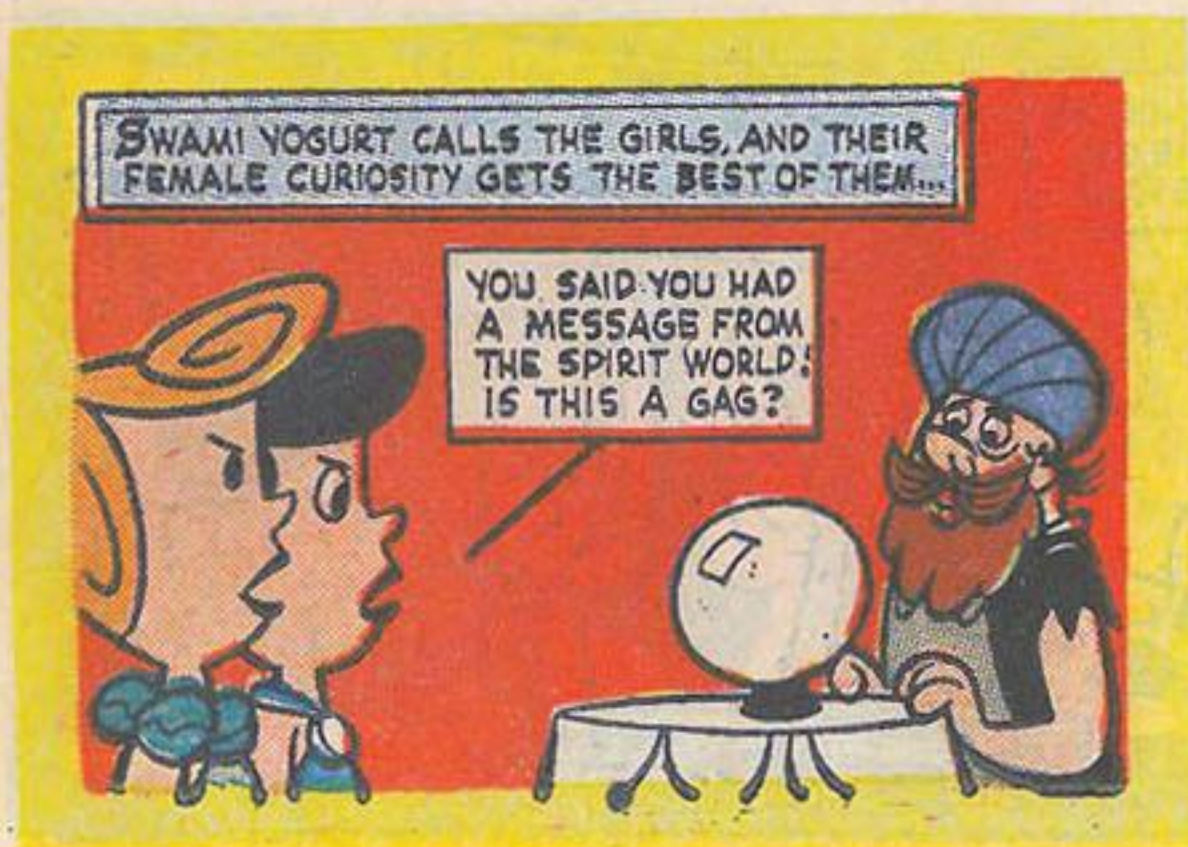
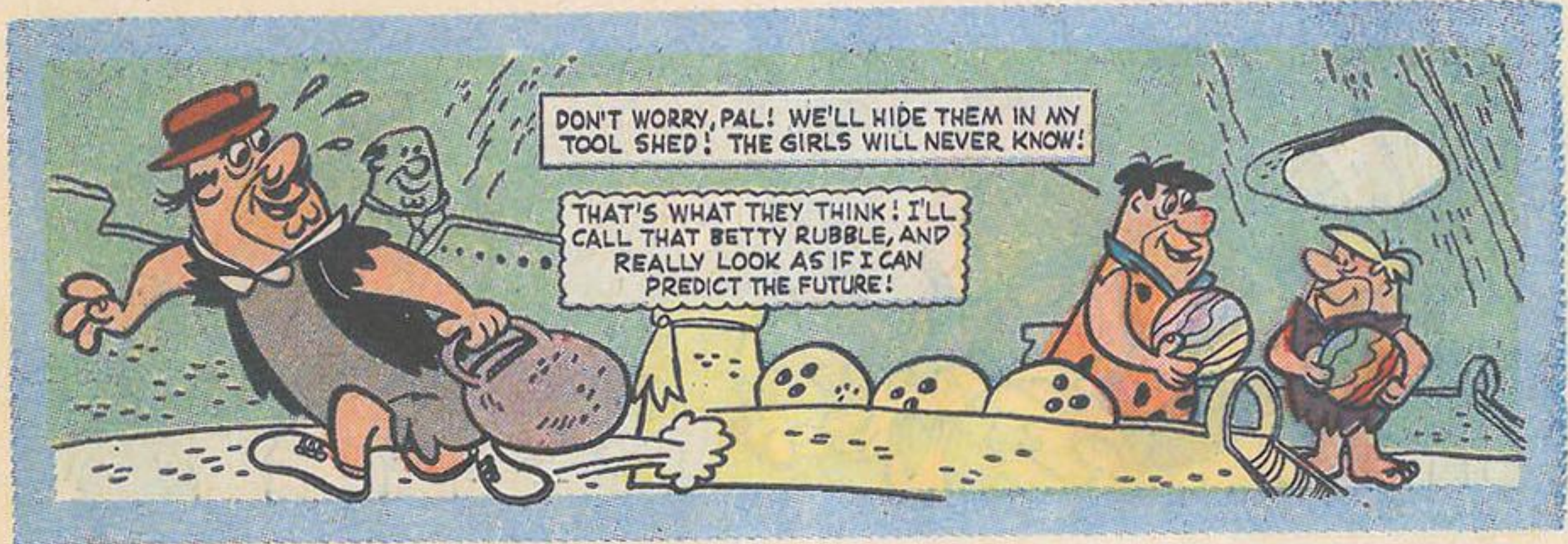
SWAMI YOGURT SEES ALL, IN HIS KING-SIZE CRYSTAL BALL! THE ONLY ONE WHO SEES YOUR FORTUNE IN CINEMASCOPE!

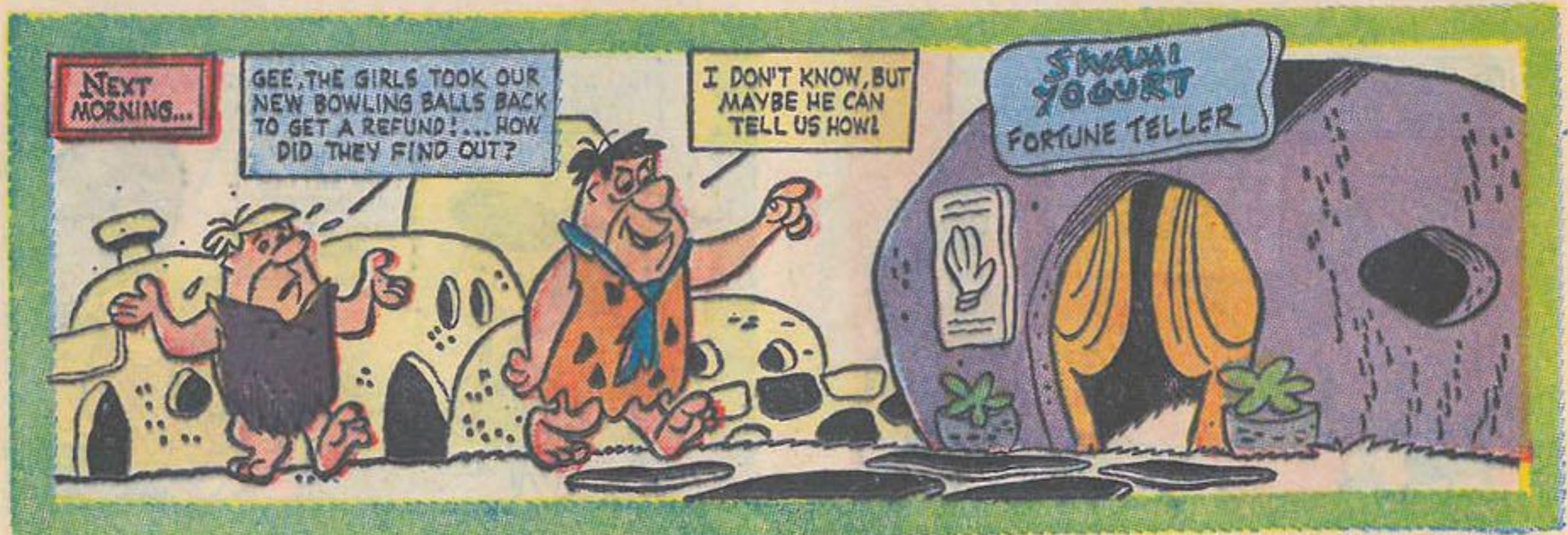
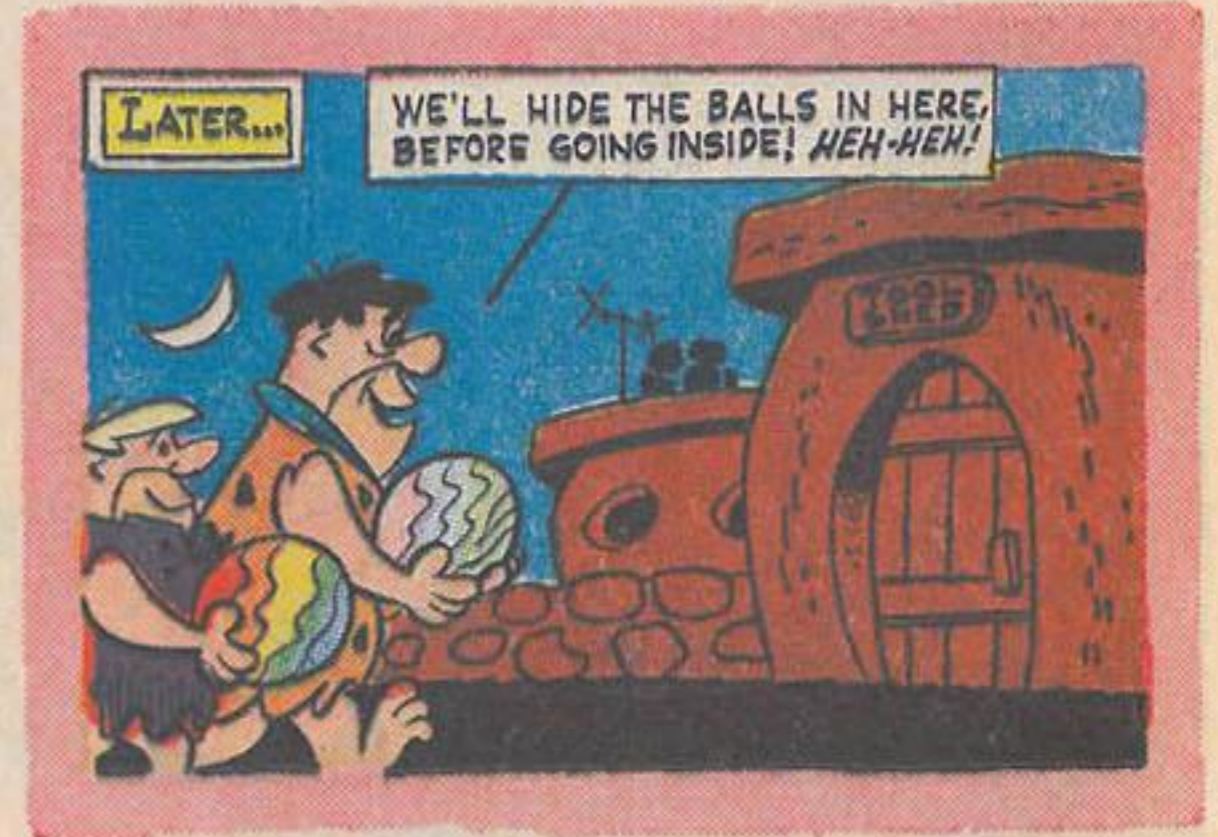
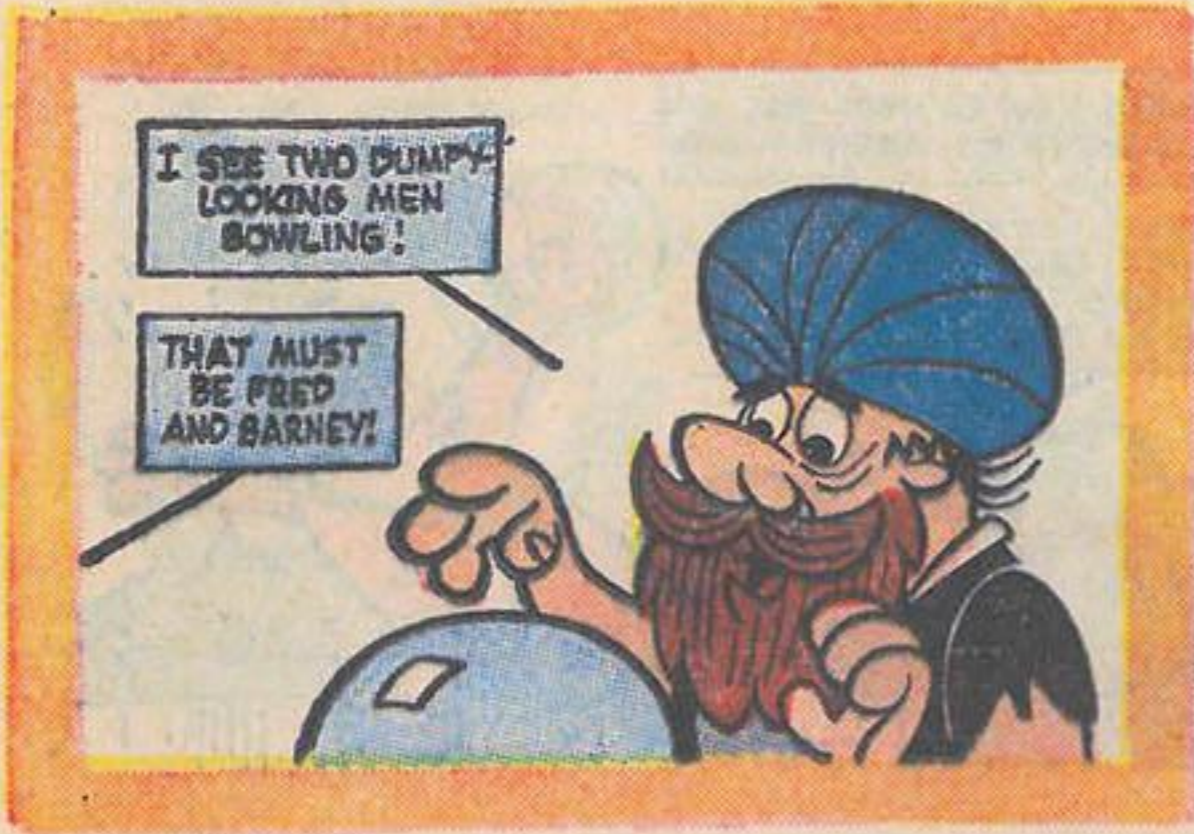


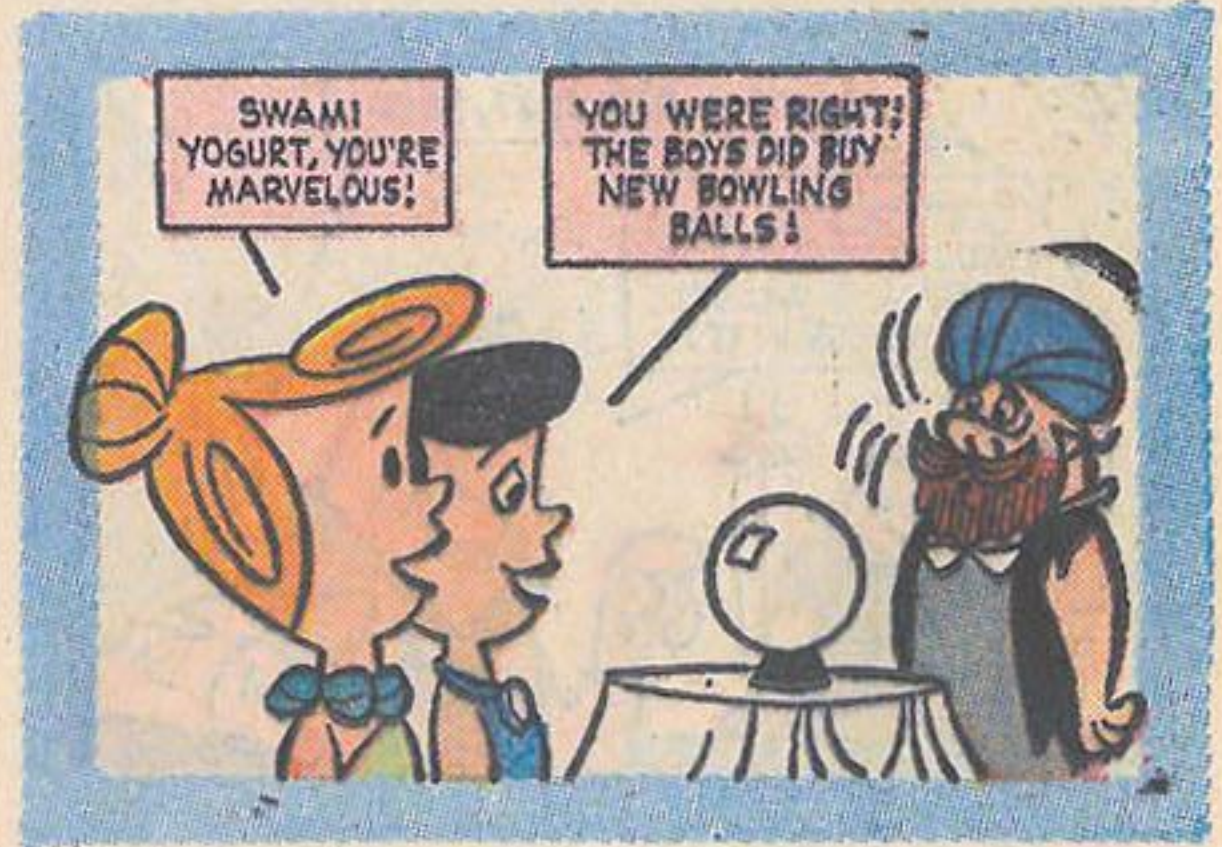
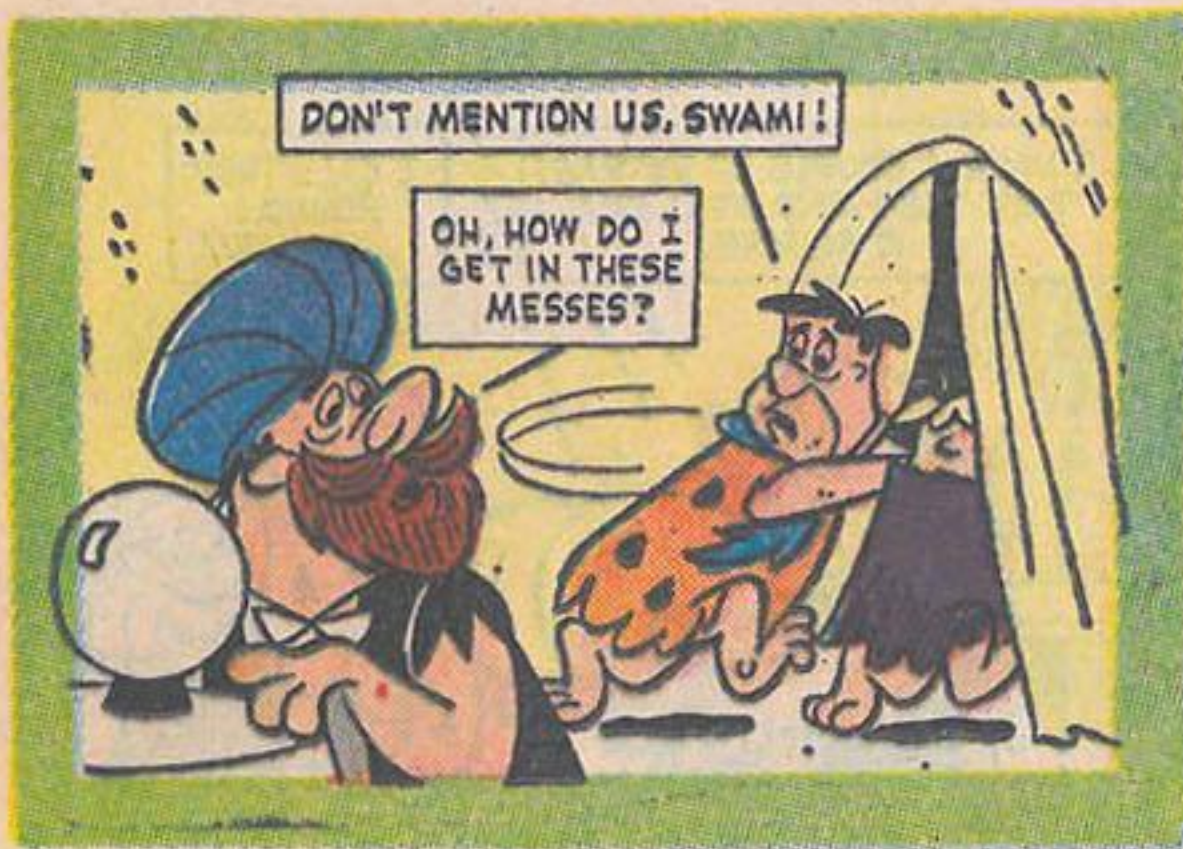
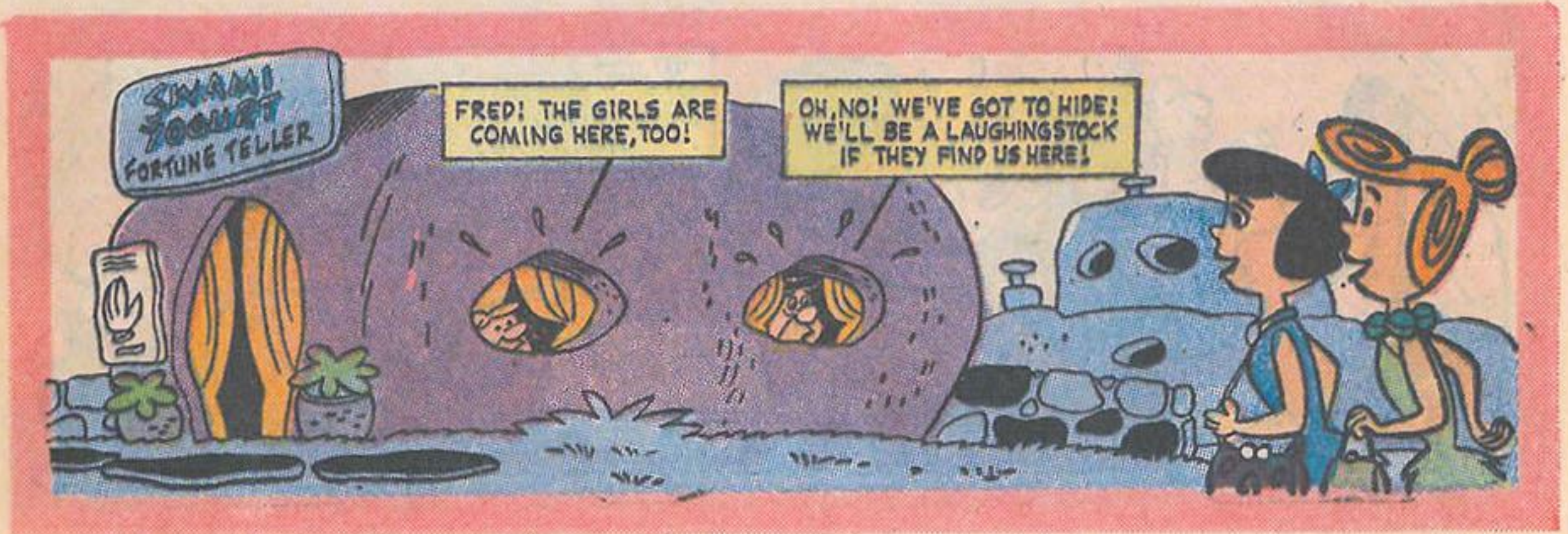
YOU WILL BOTH MEET TALL, DARK STRANGERS! YOU WILL BOTH HAVE GOOD LUCK THIS MONTH!

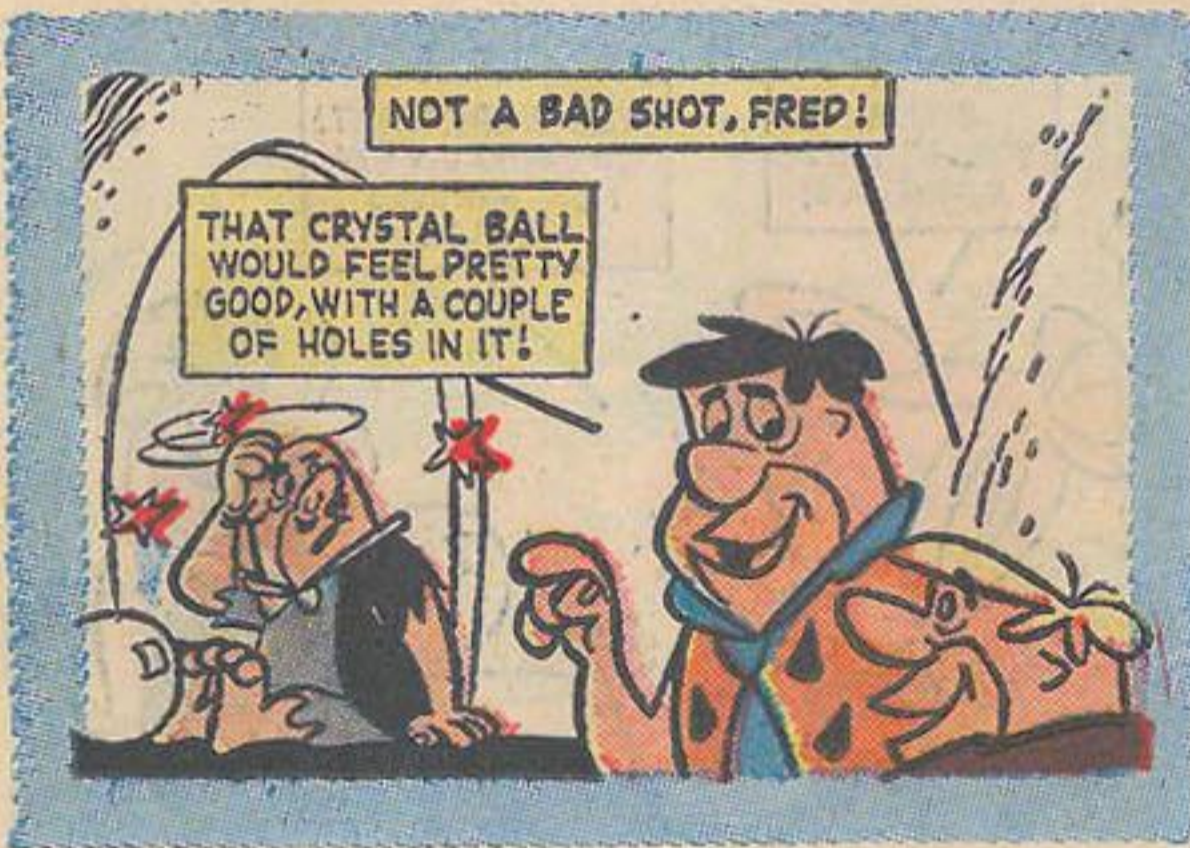




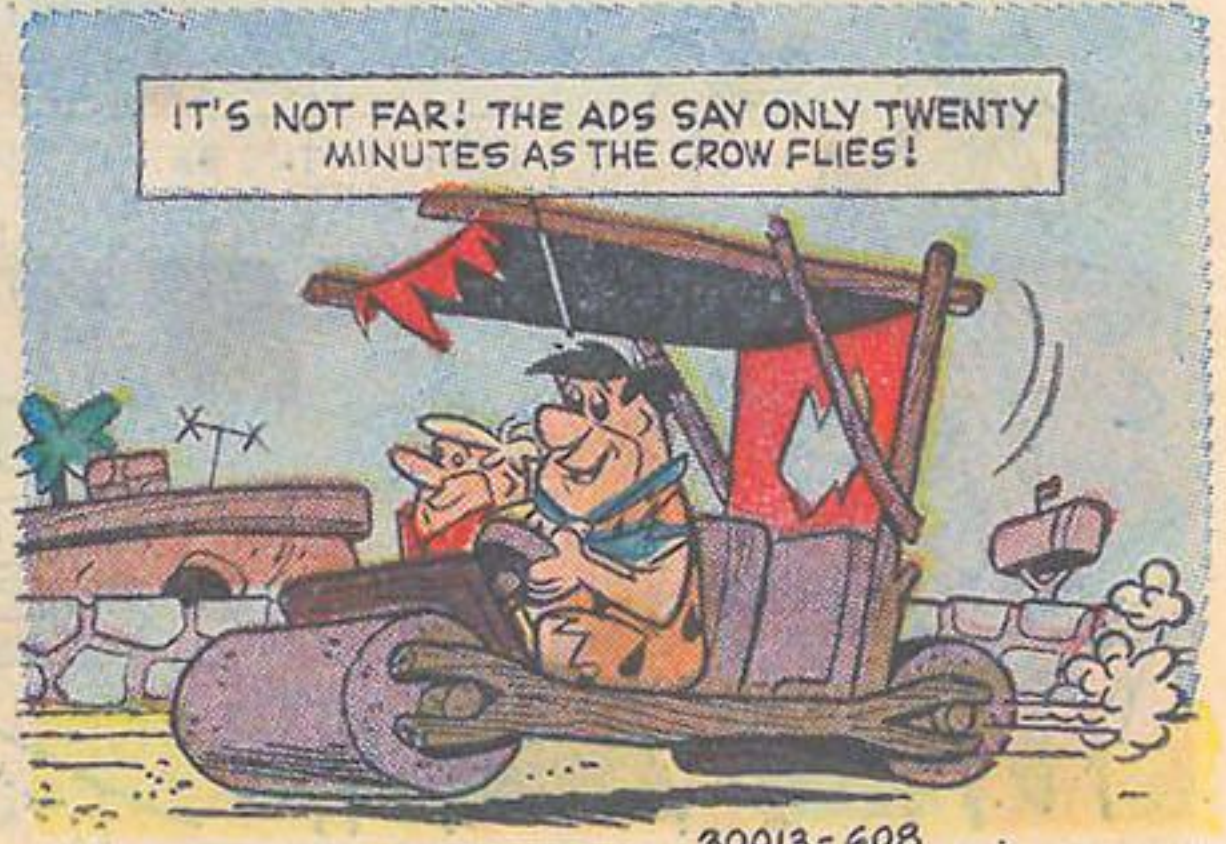
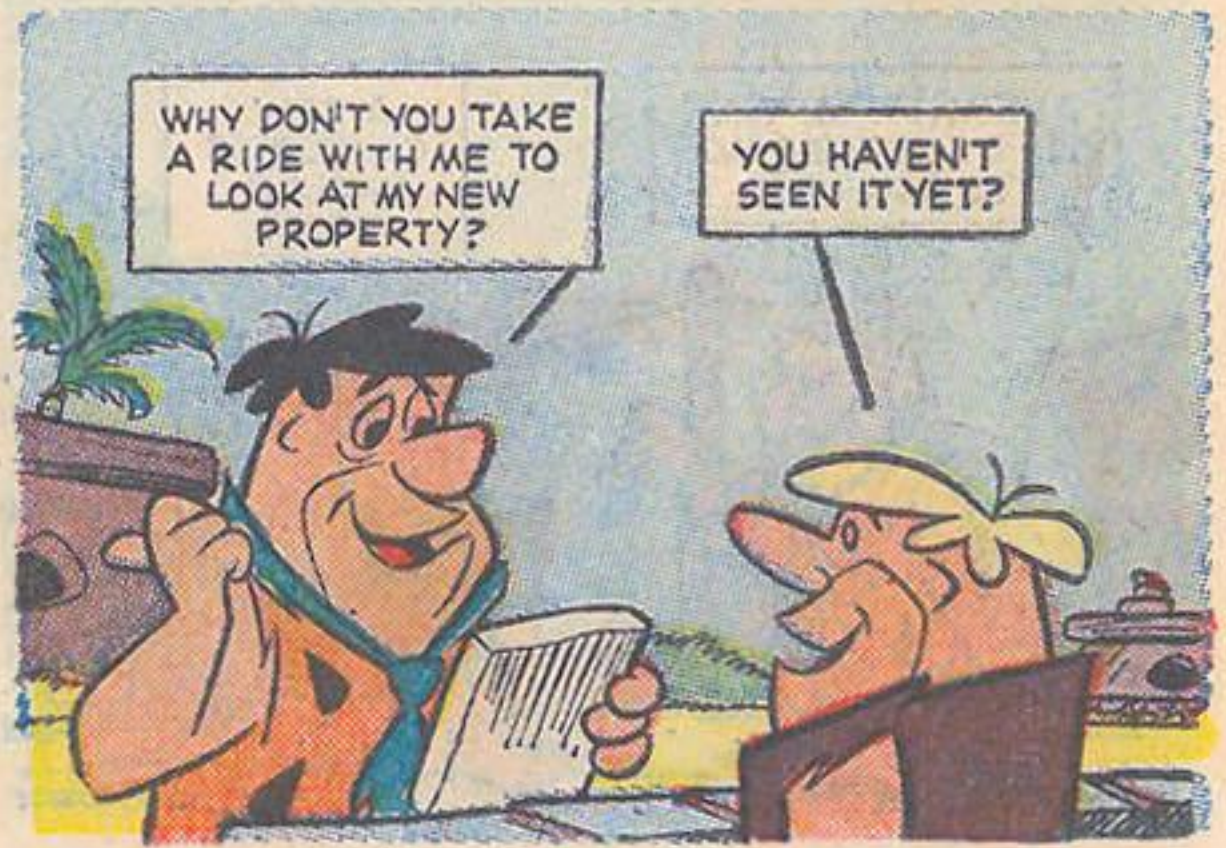
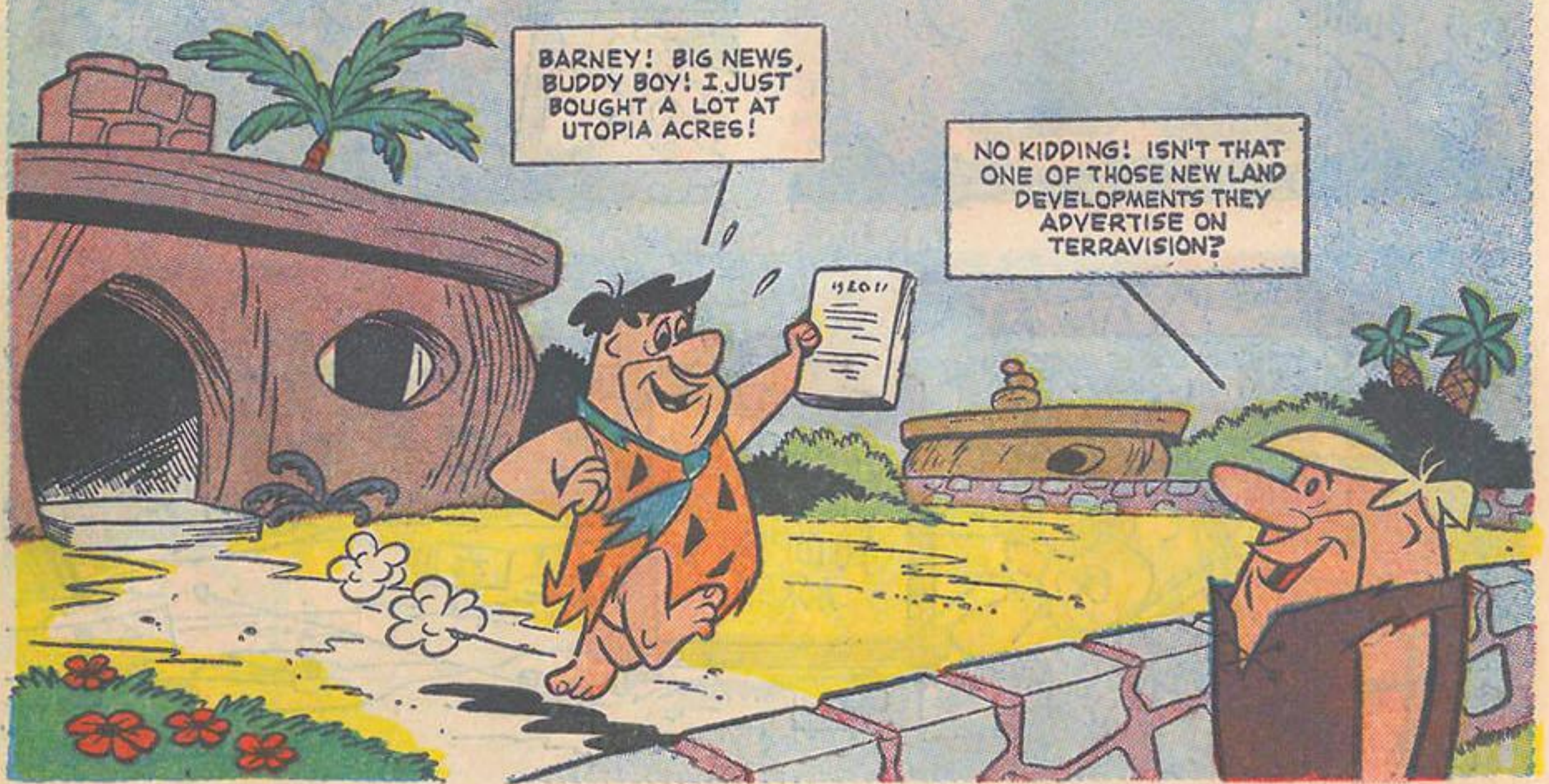




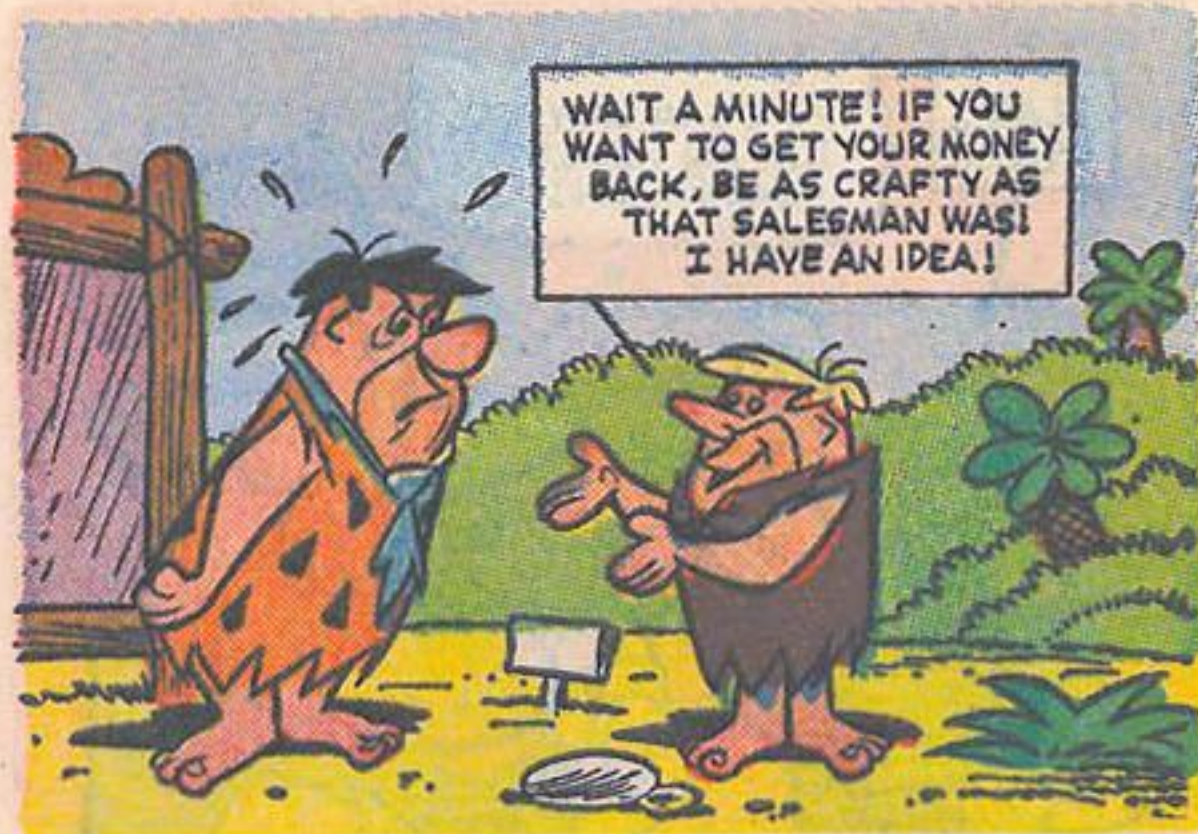


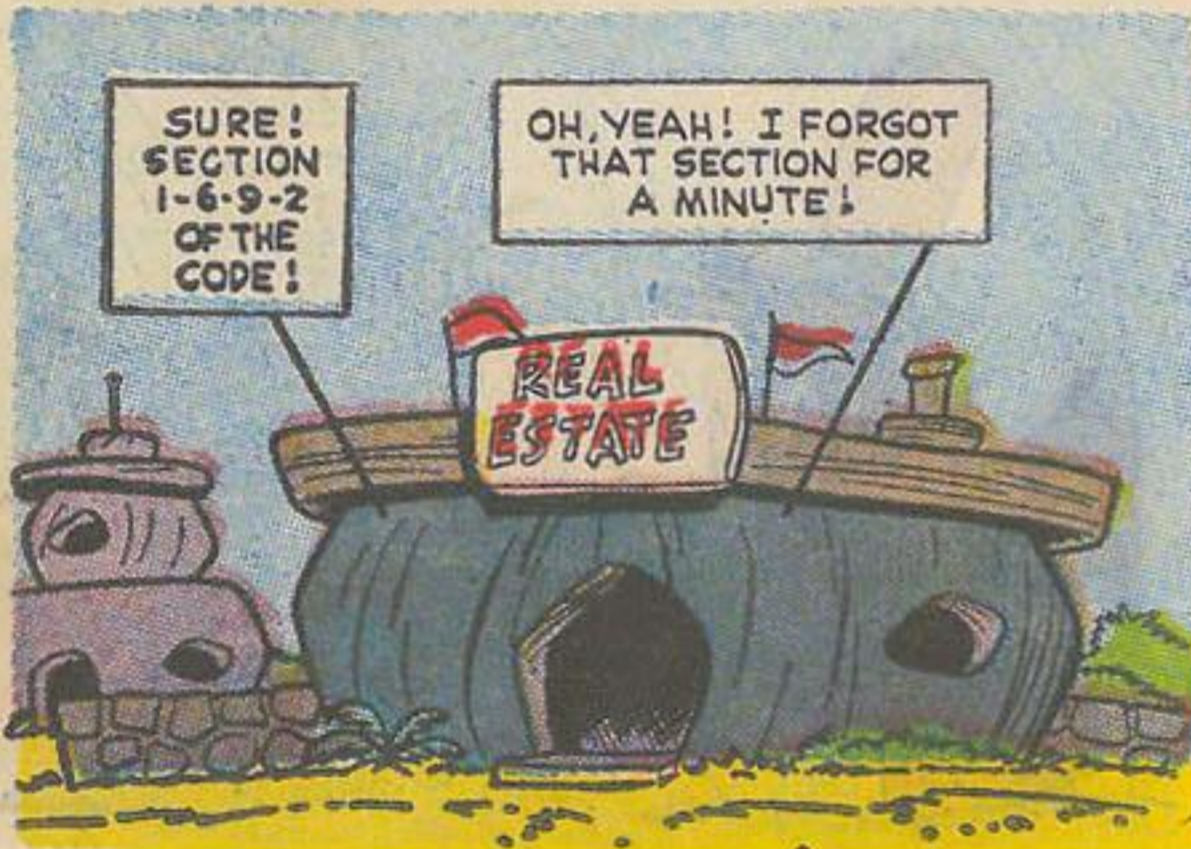
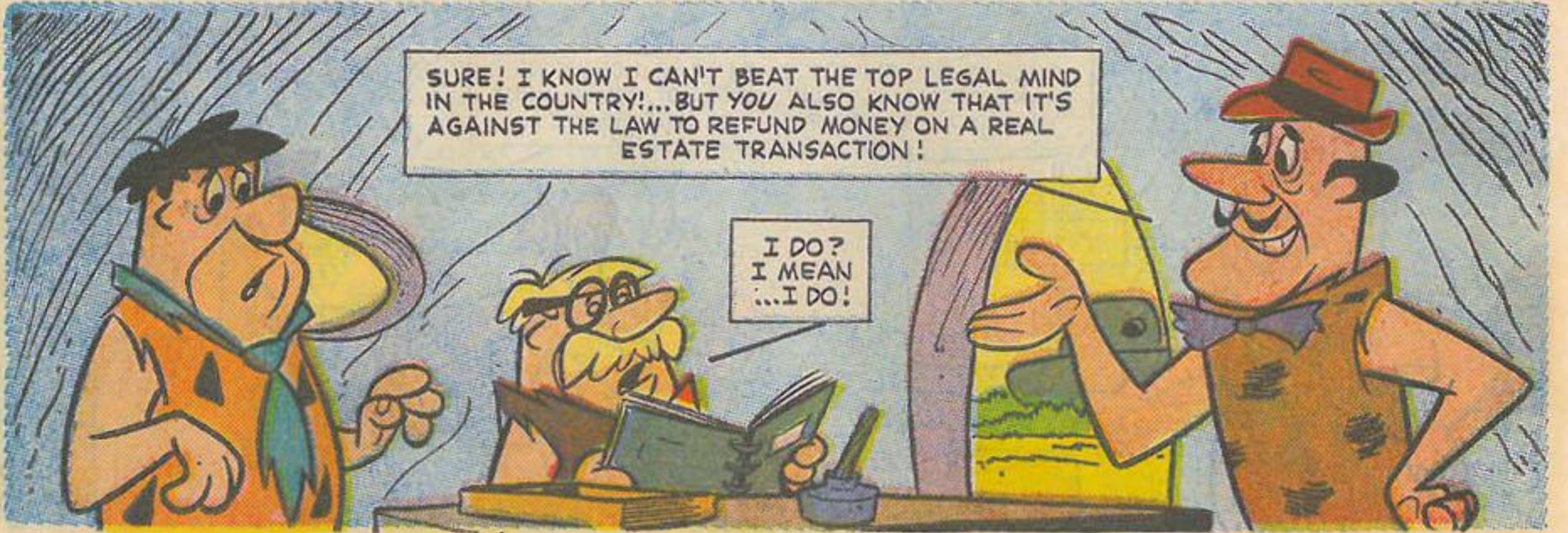


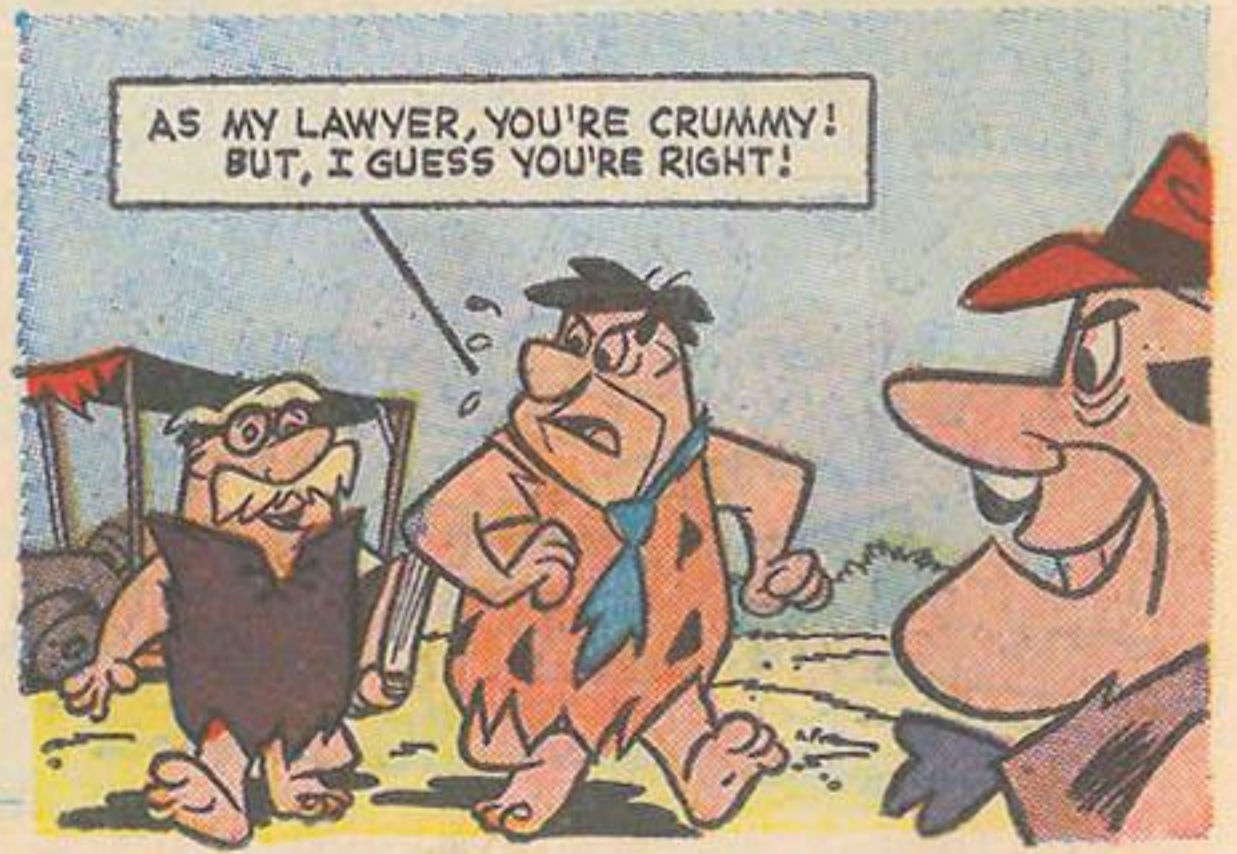
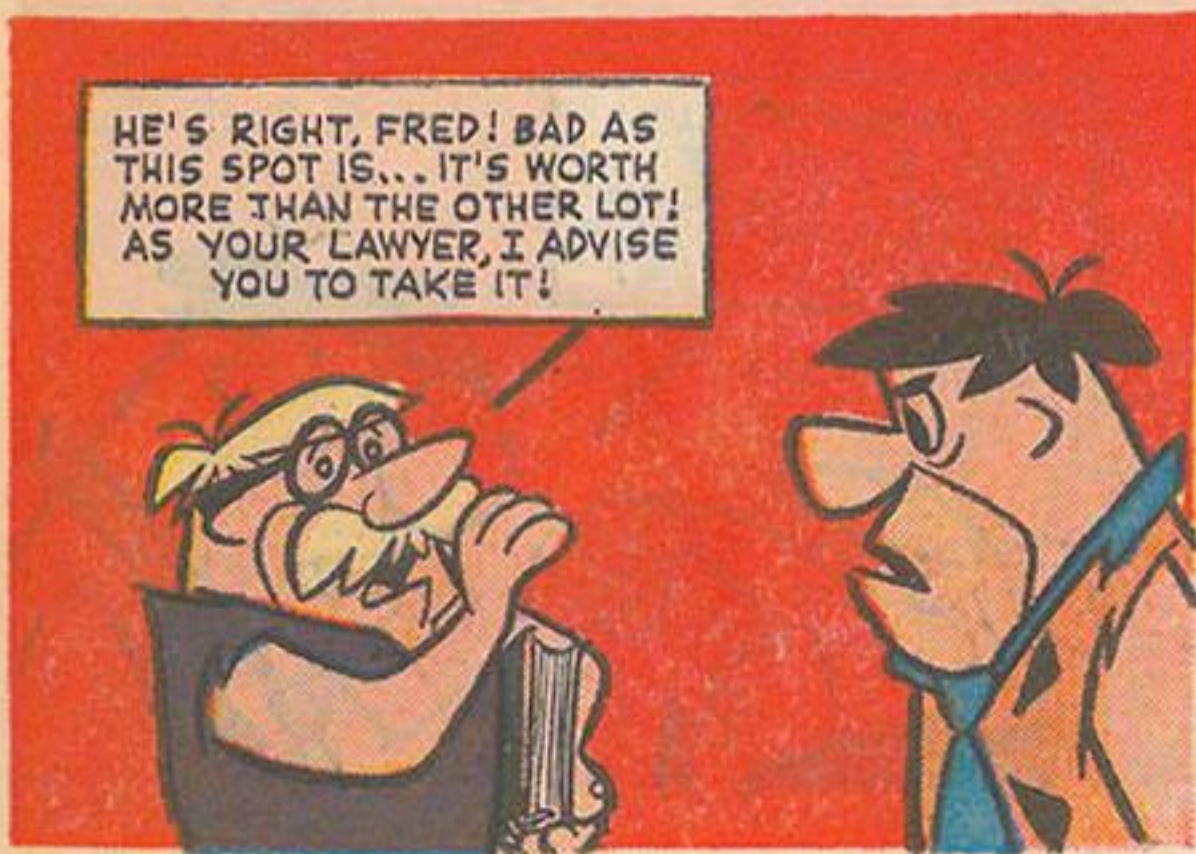
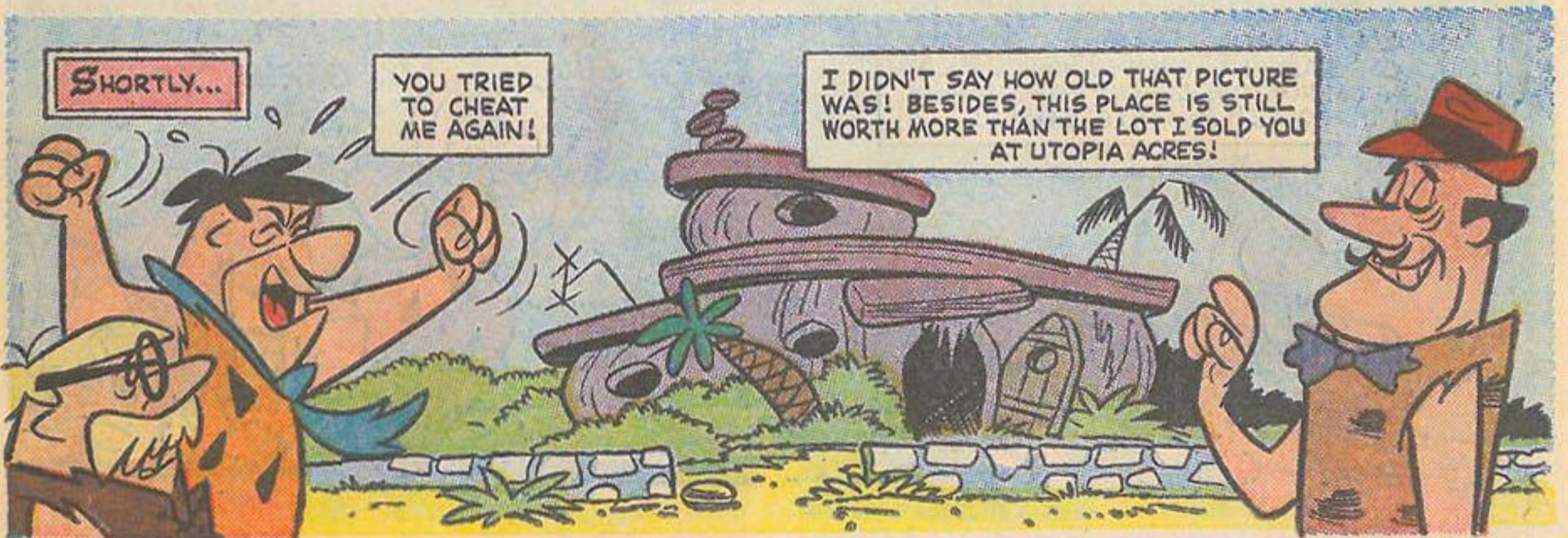
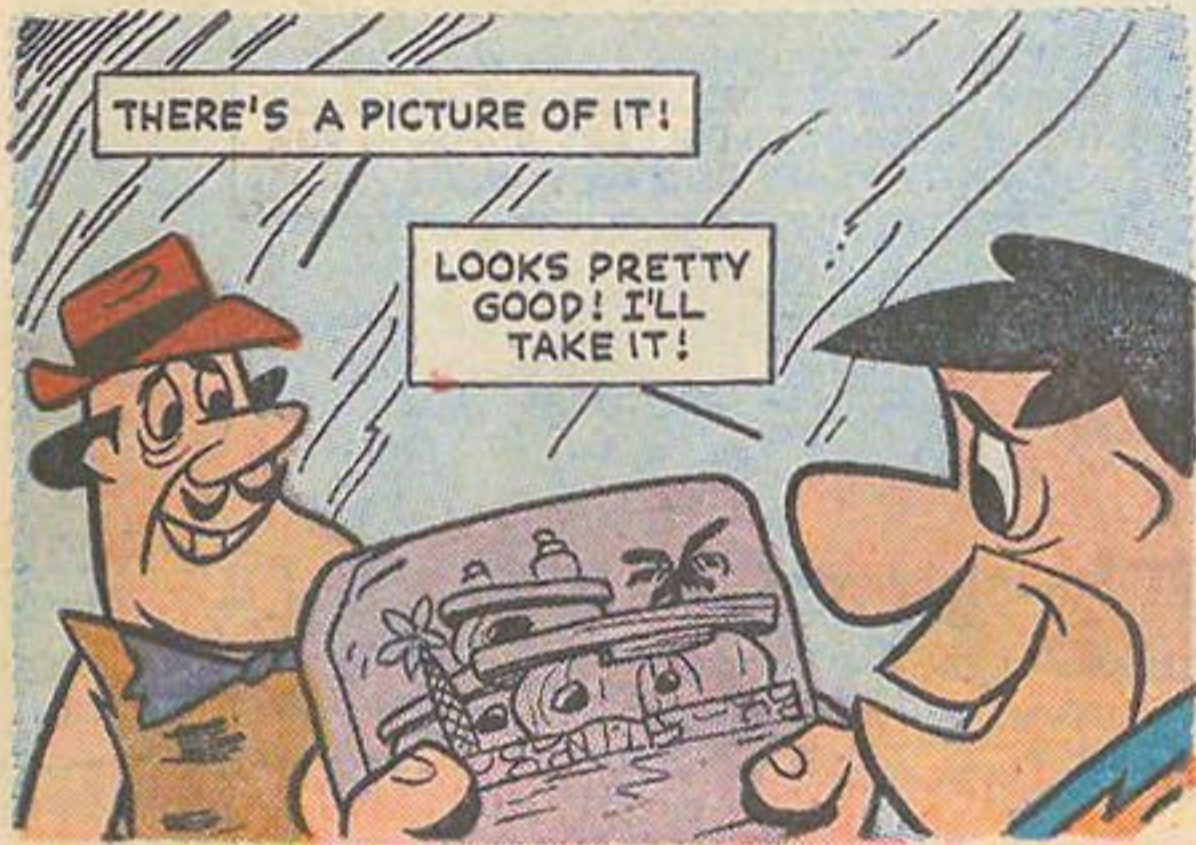
FOR LAND SAKES

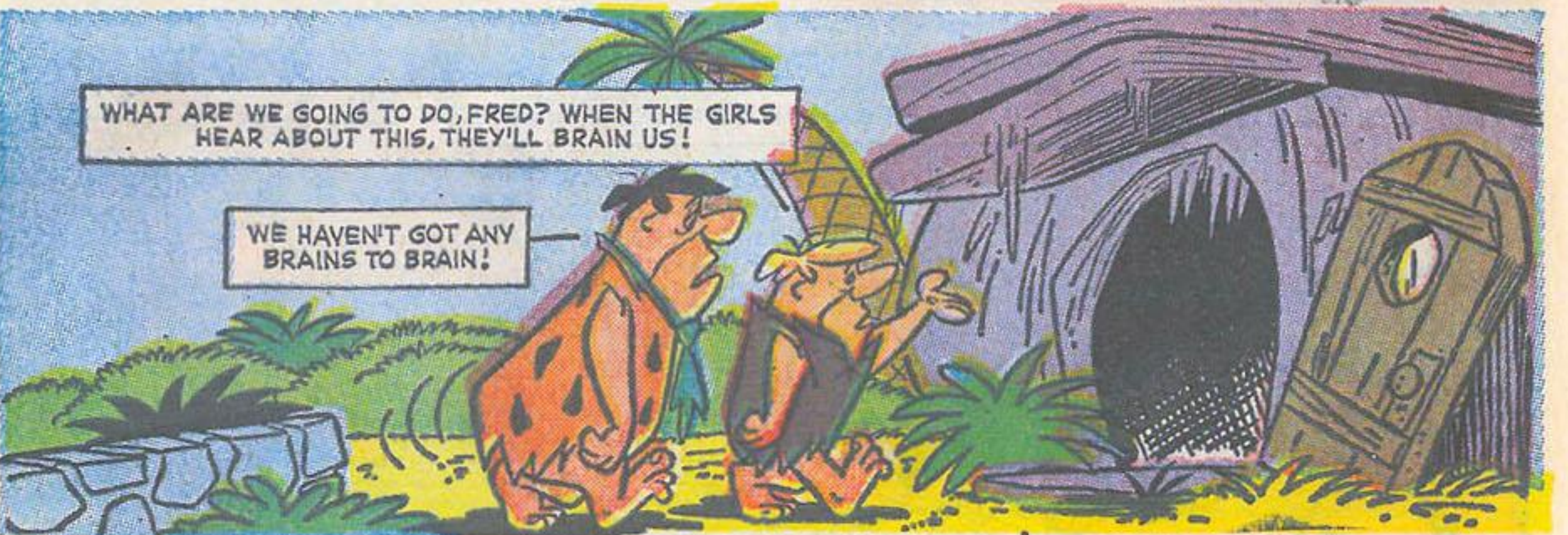
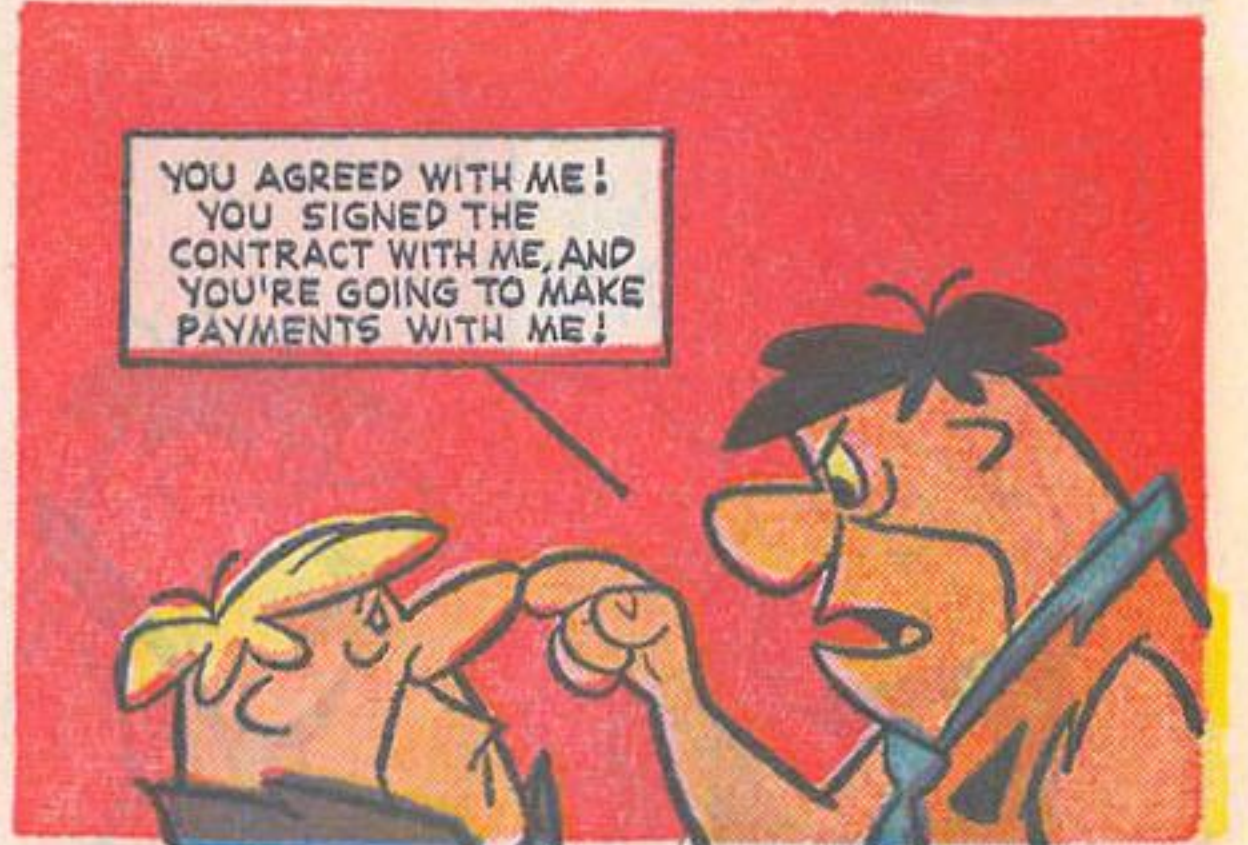


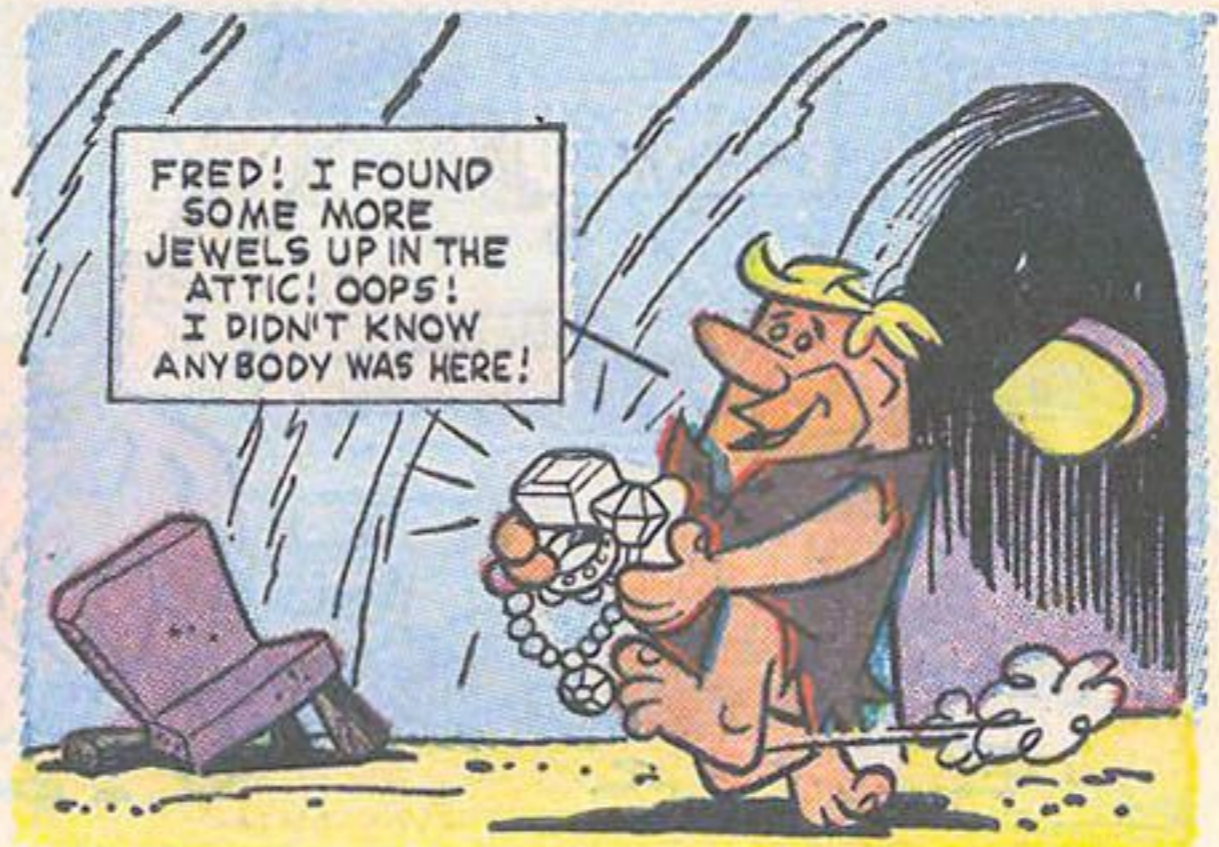
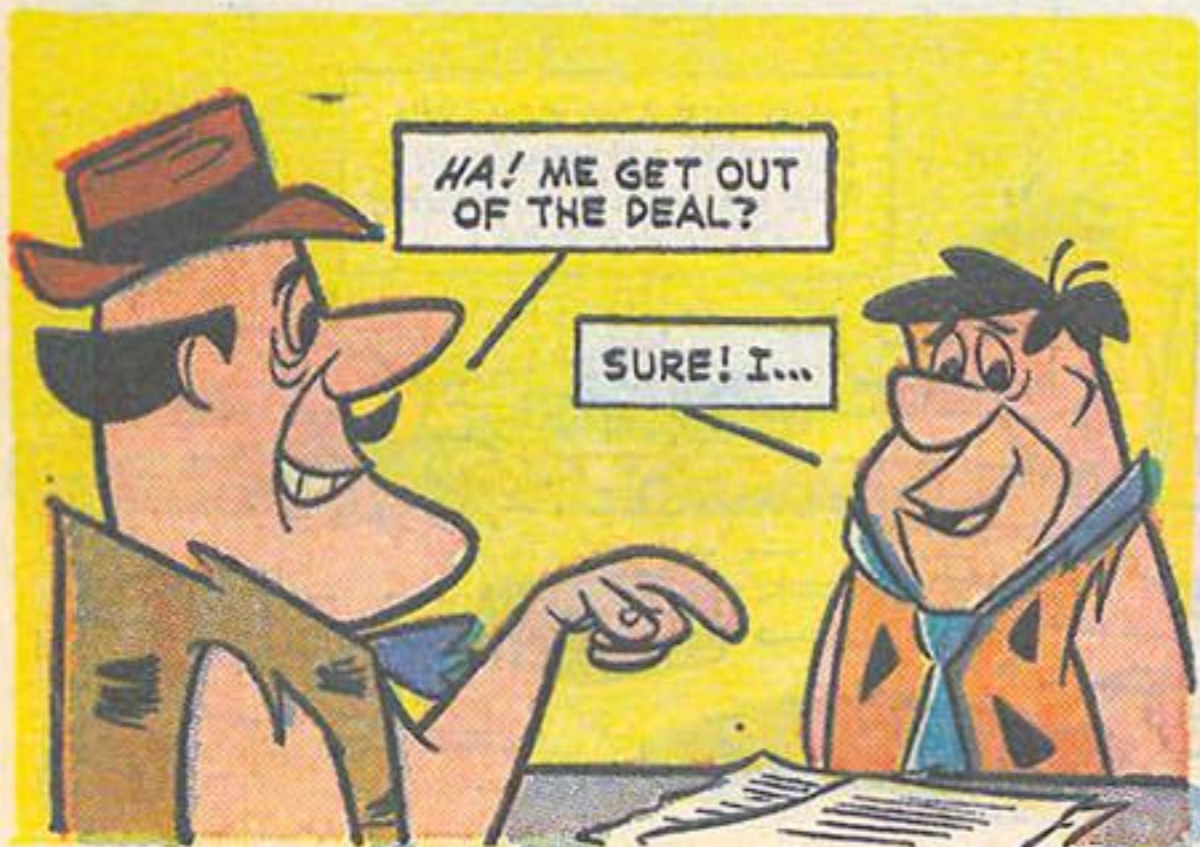
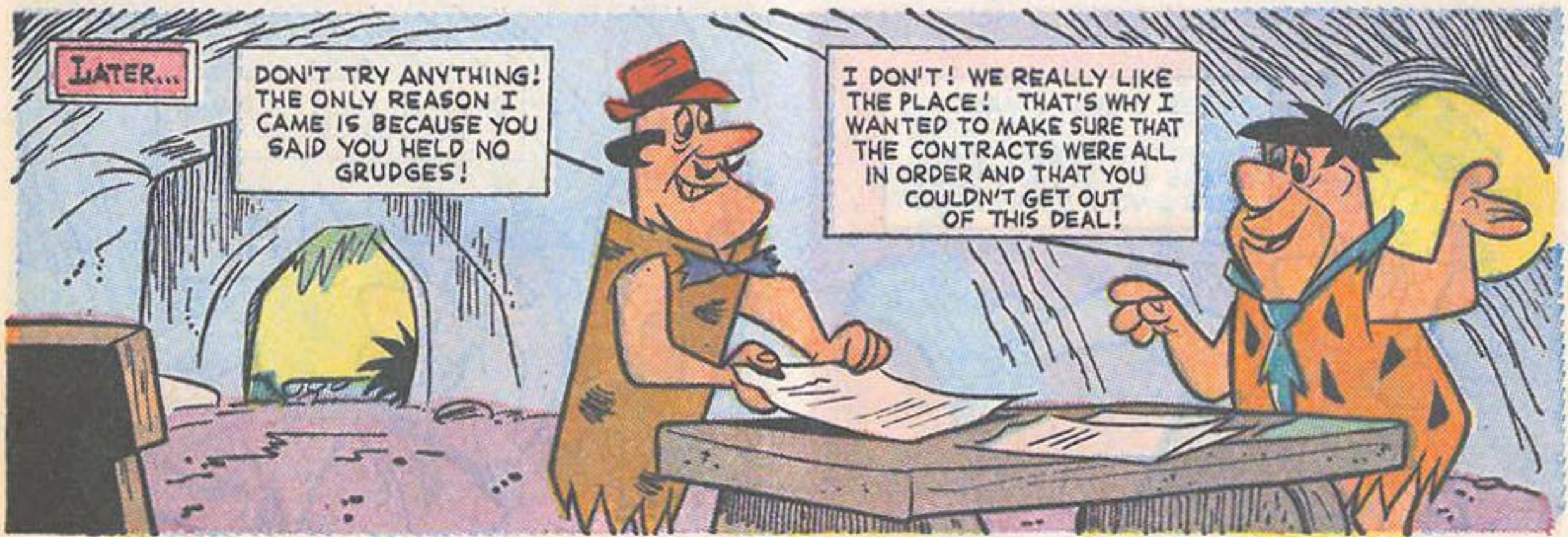
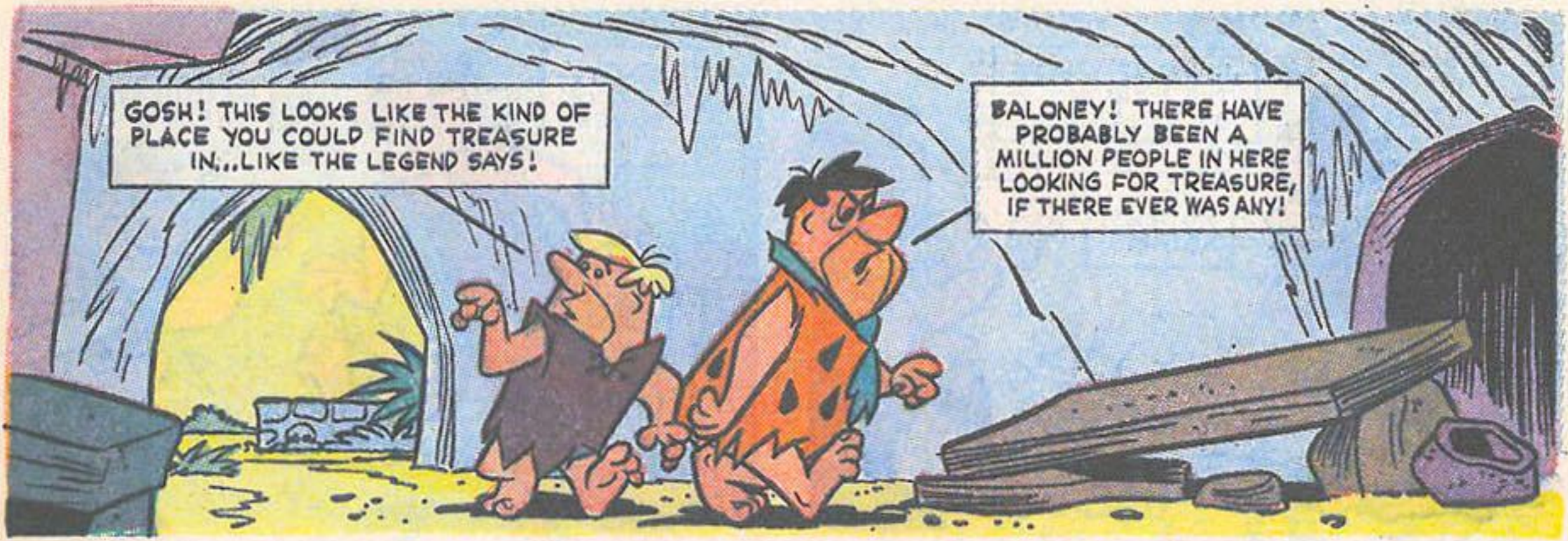


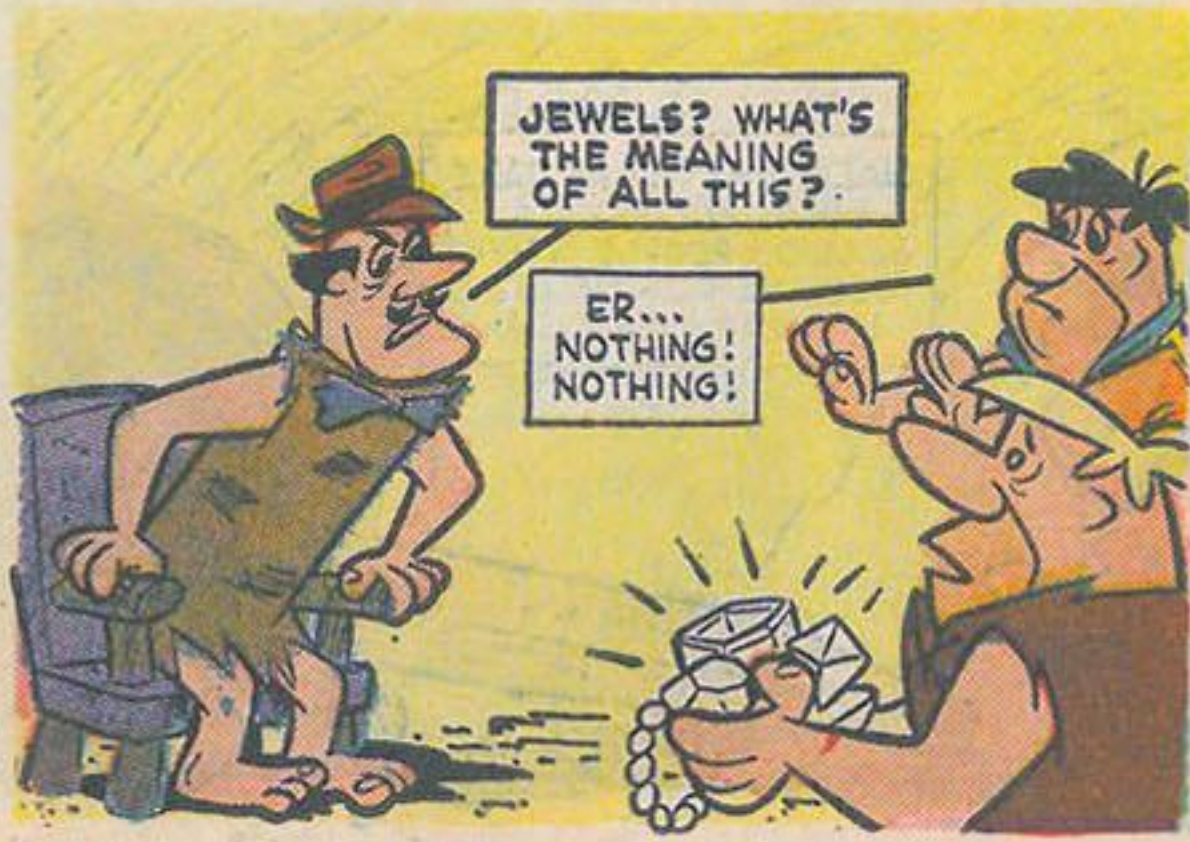






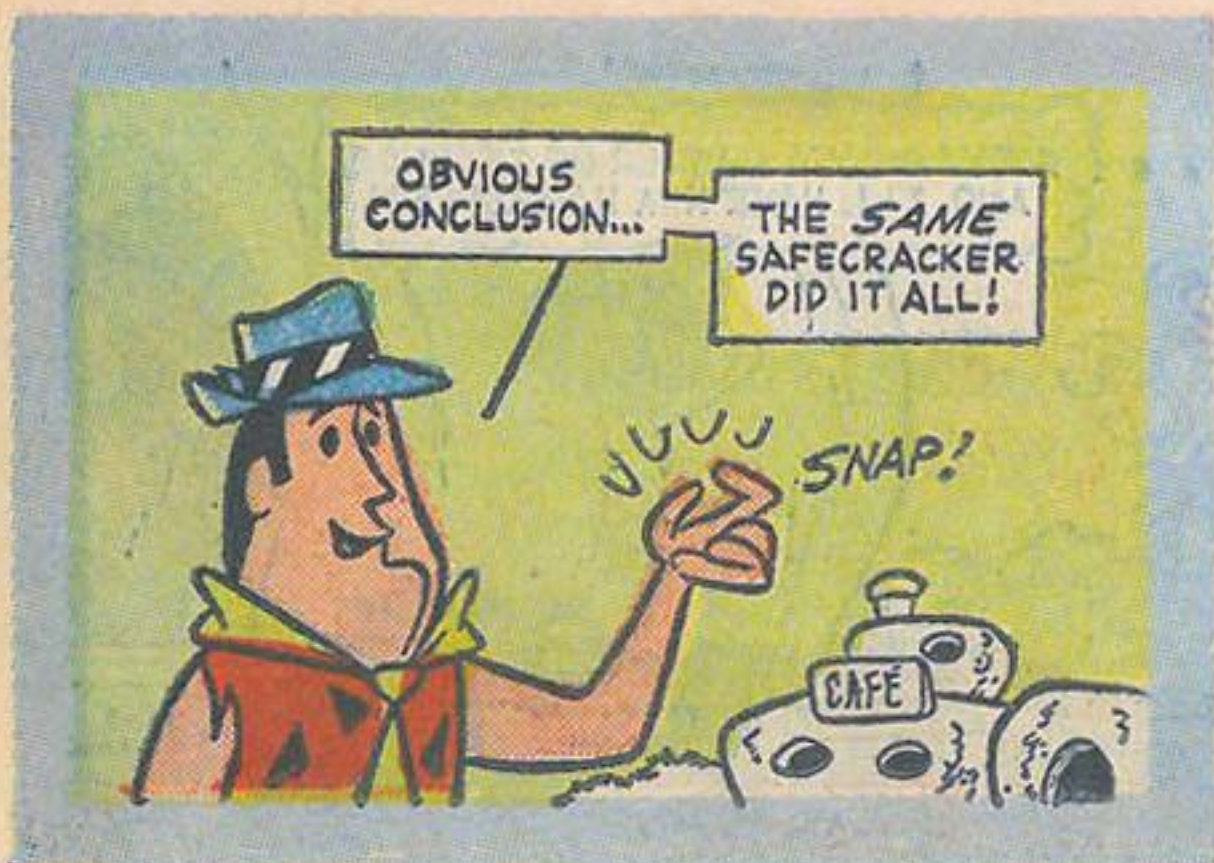


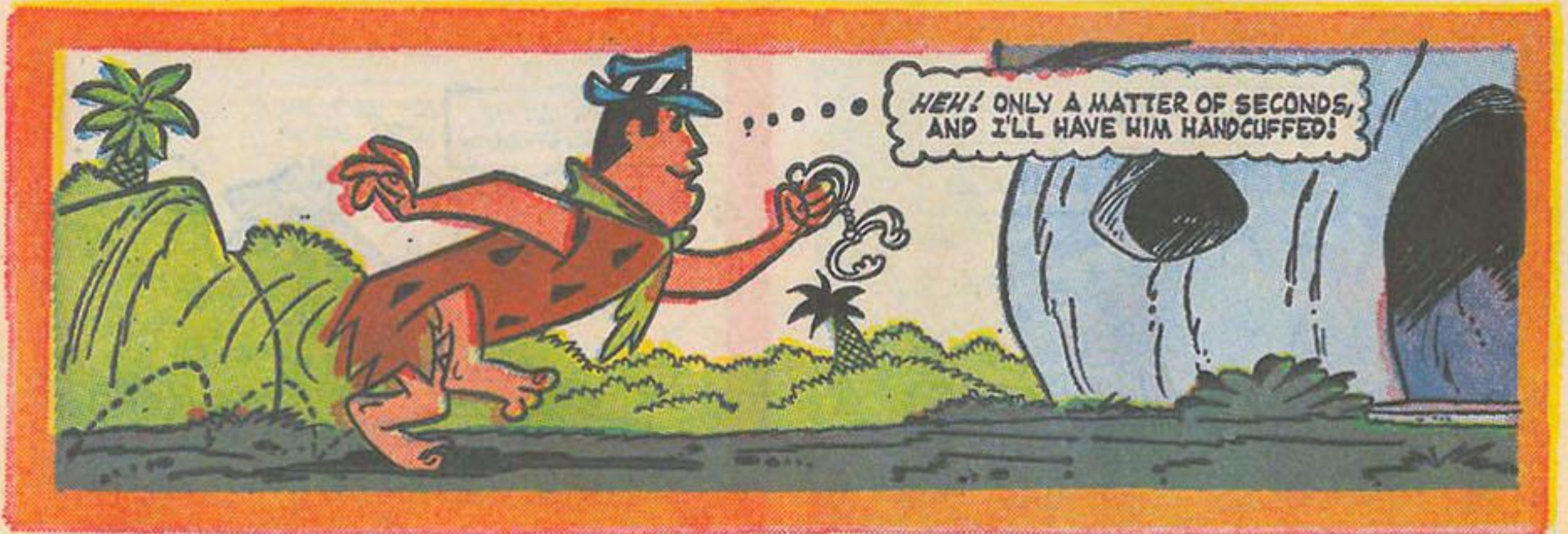
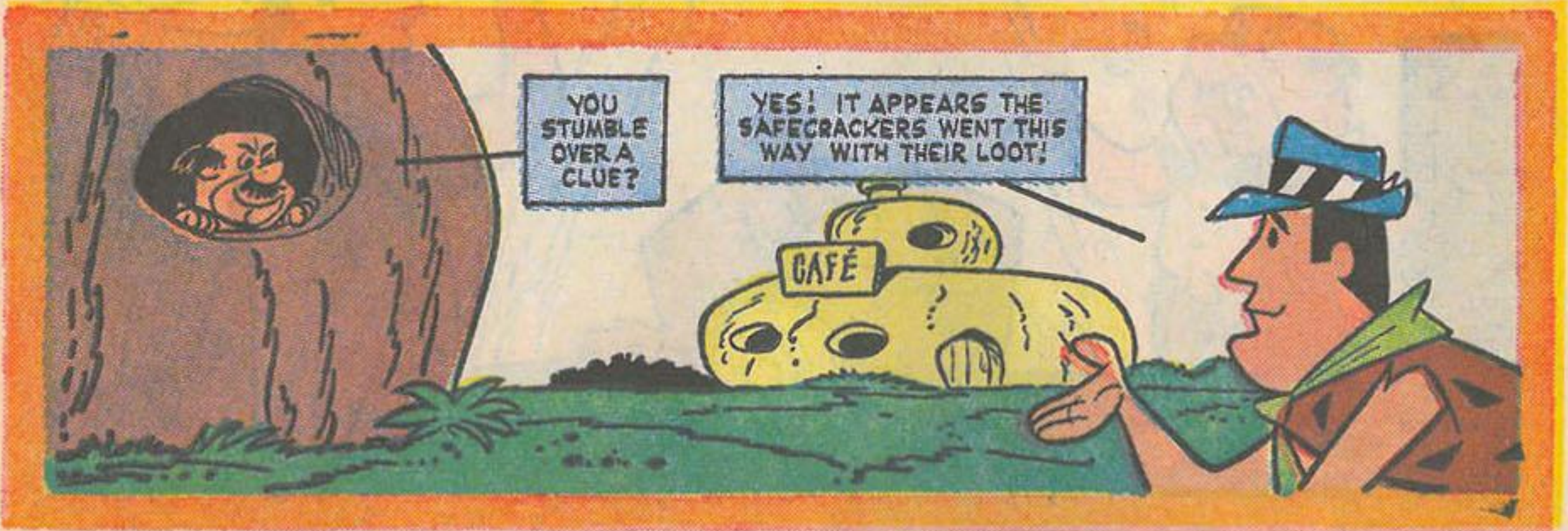


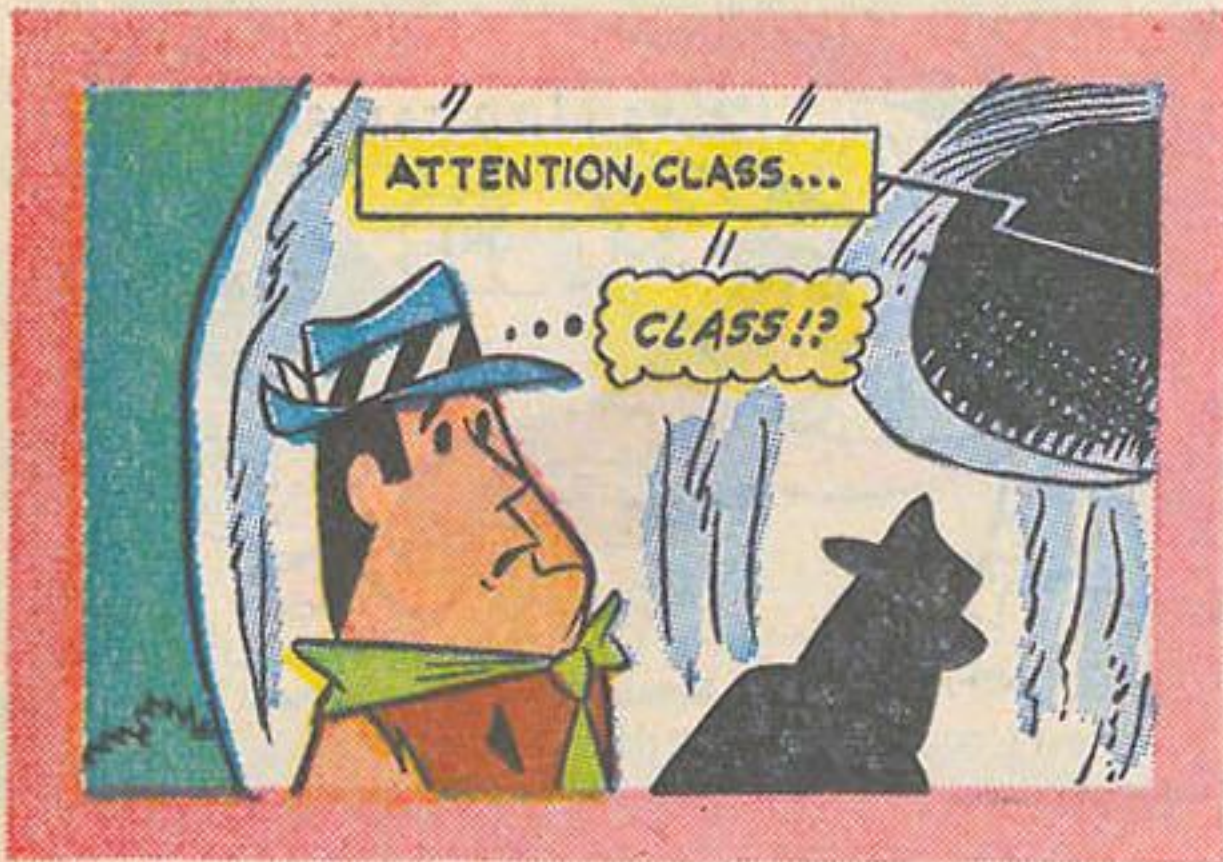


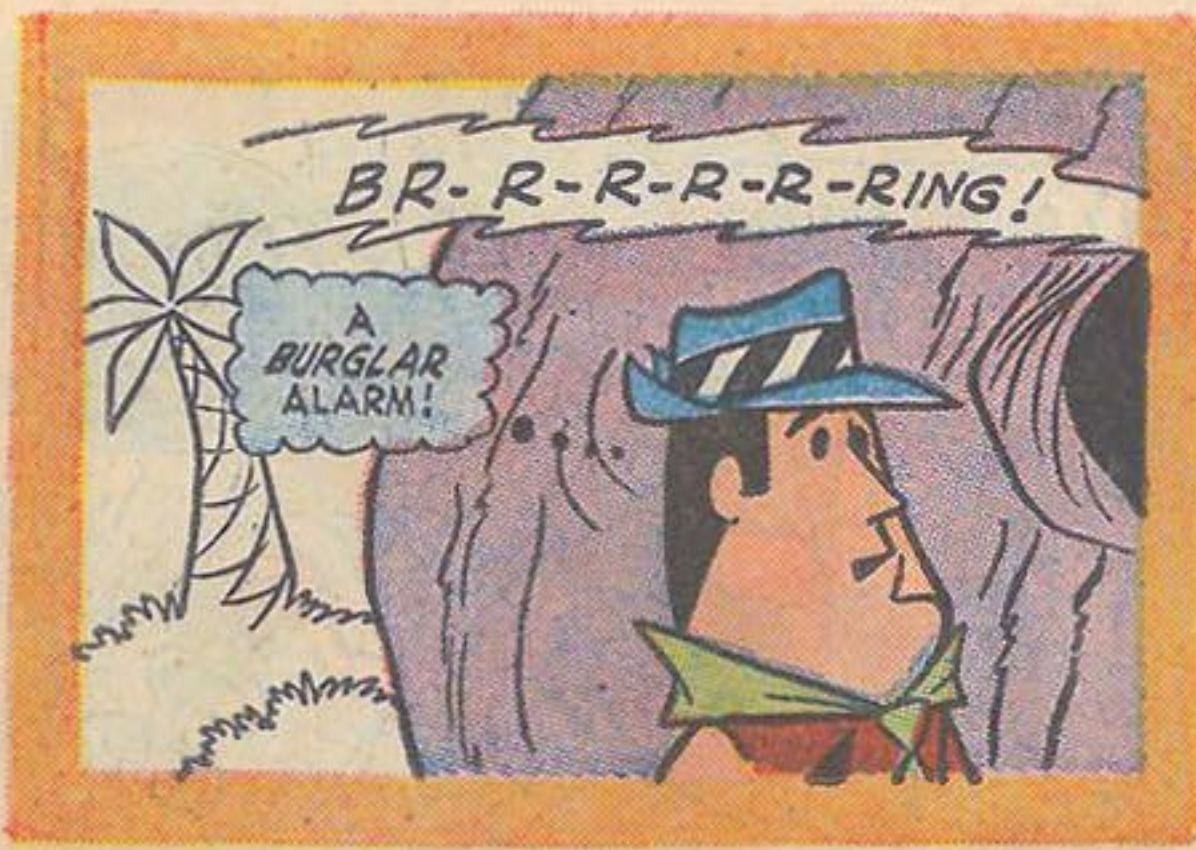
Hanna-Barbera
PERRY GUNNITE

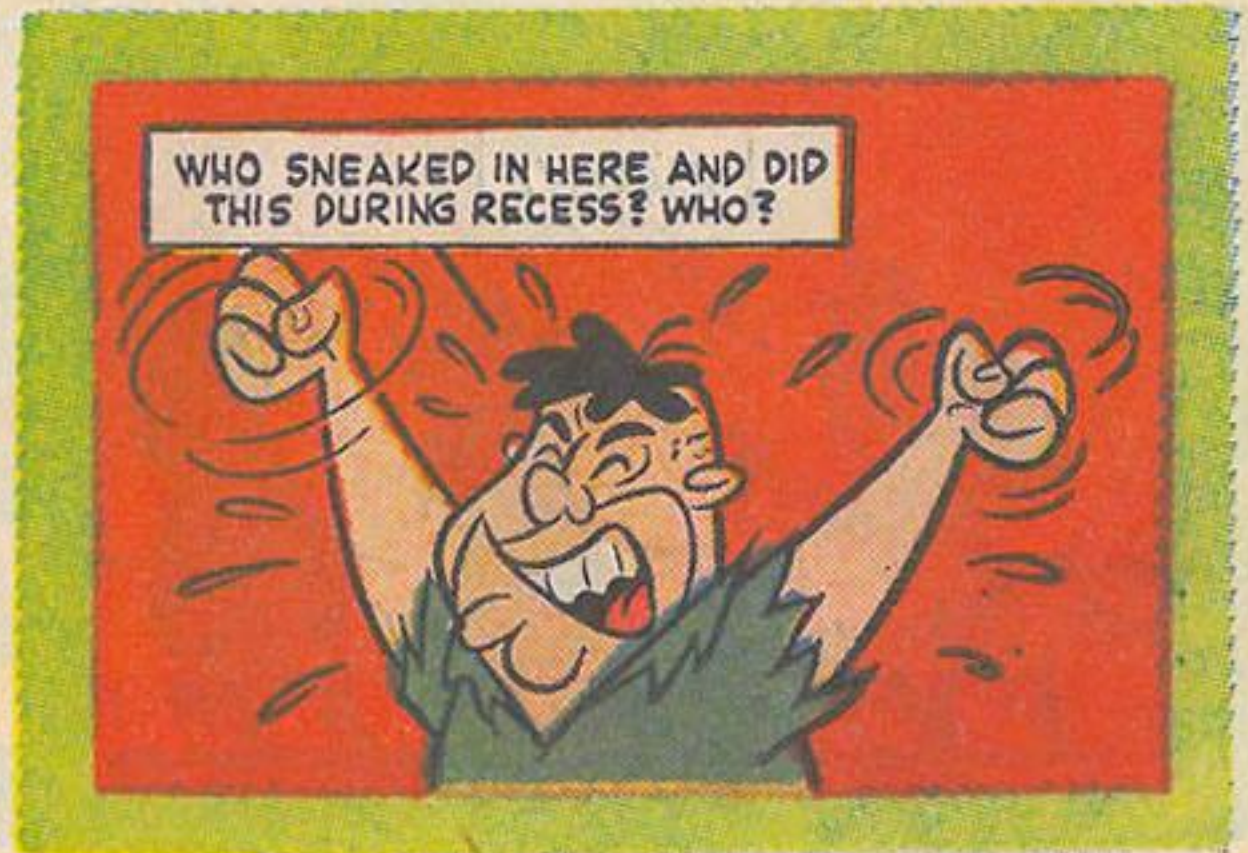
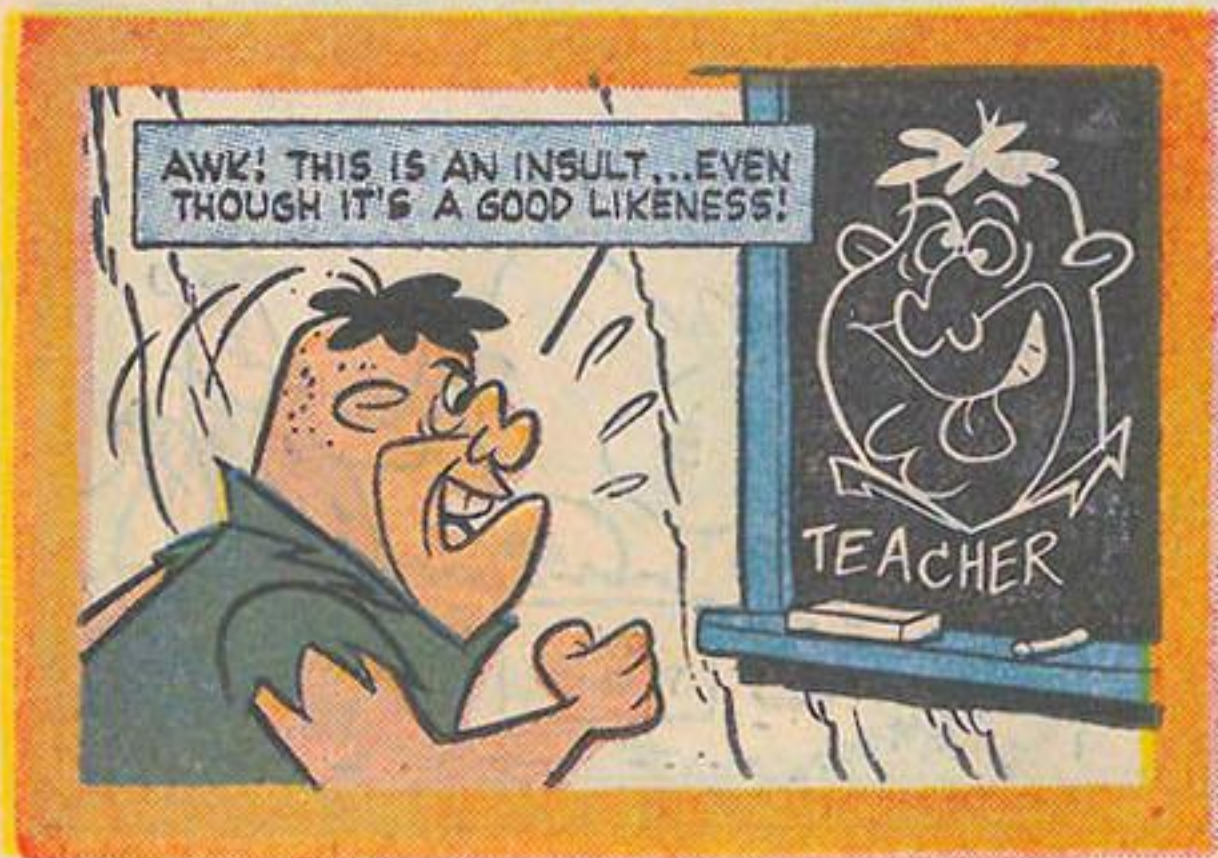
PLAYING IT SAFE

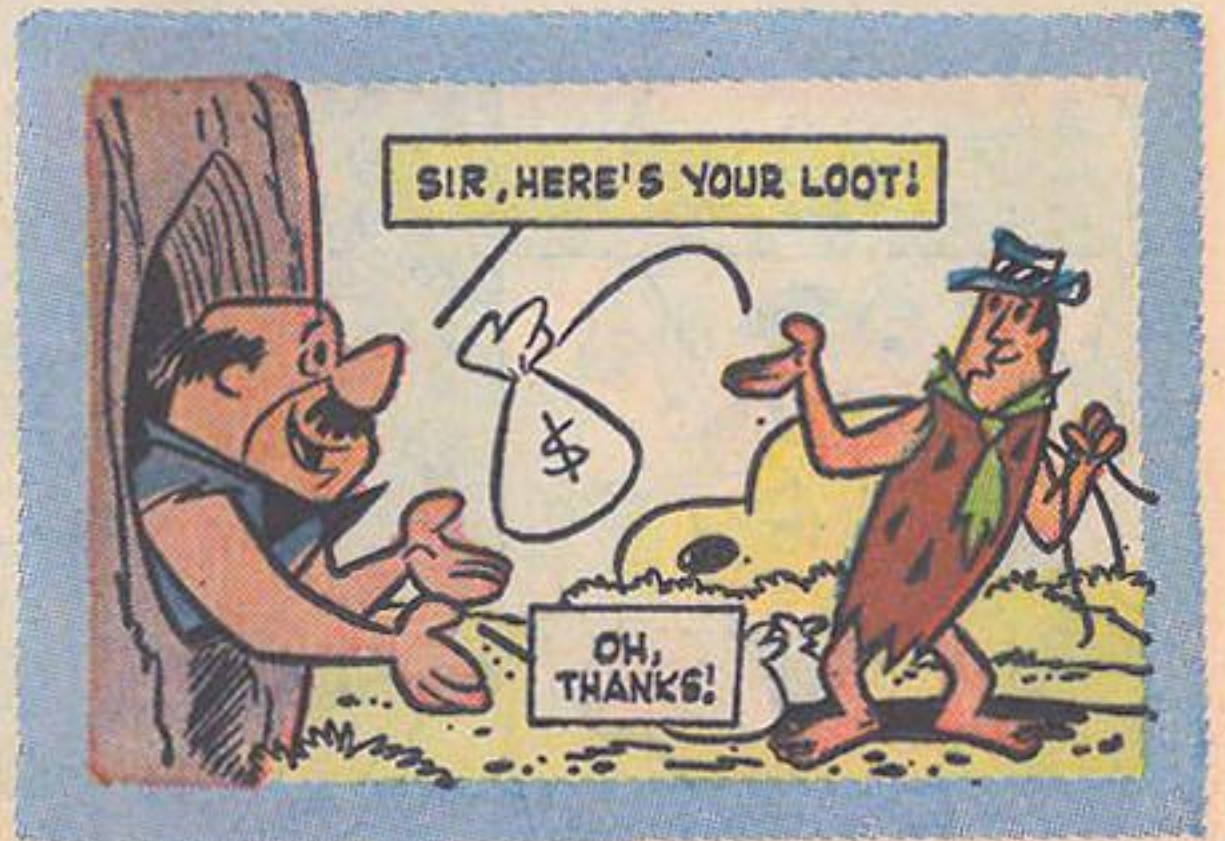




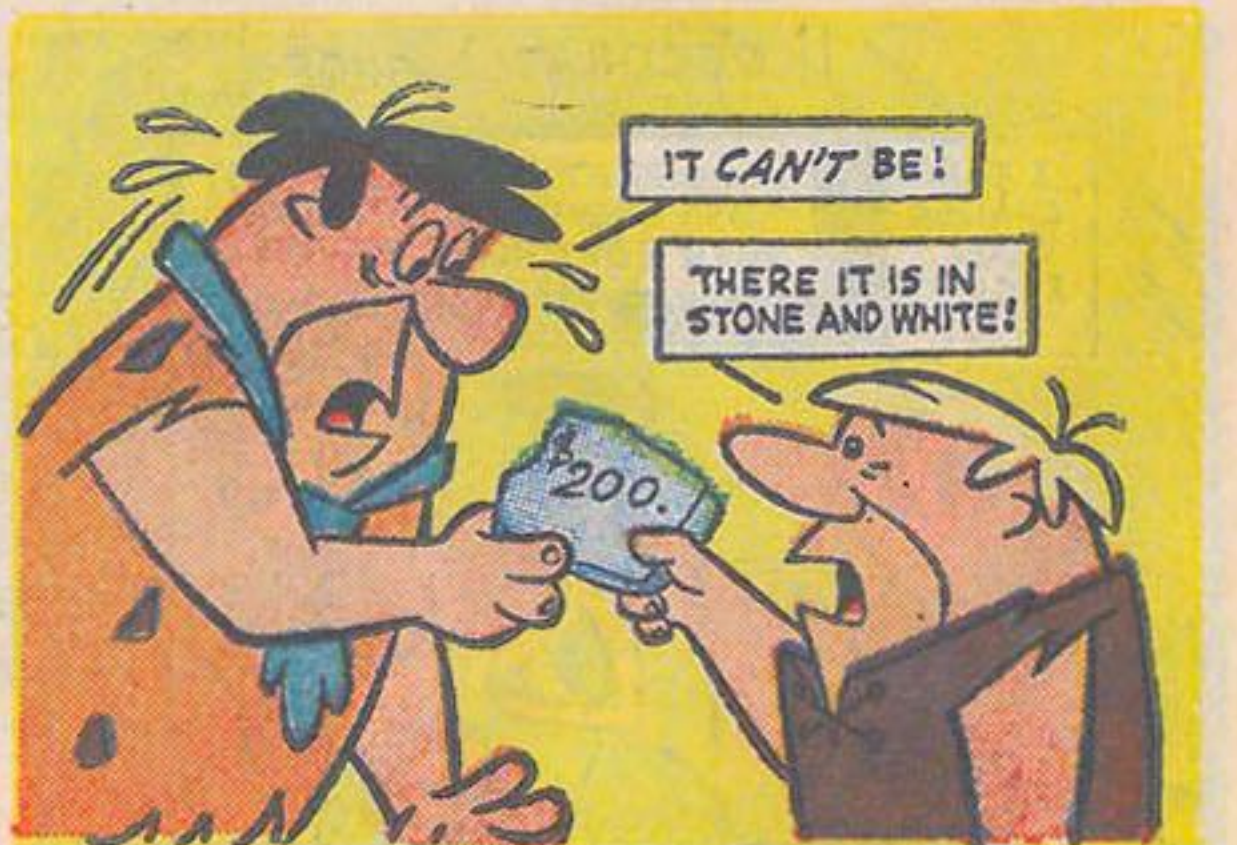
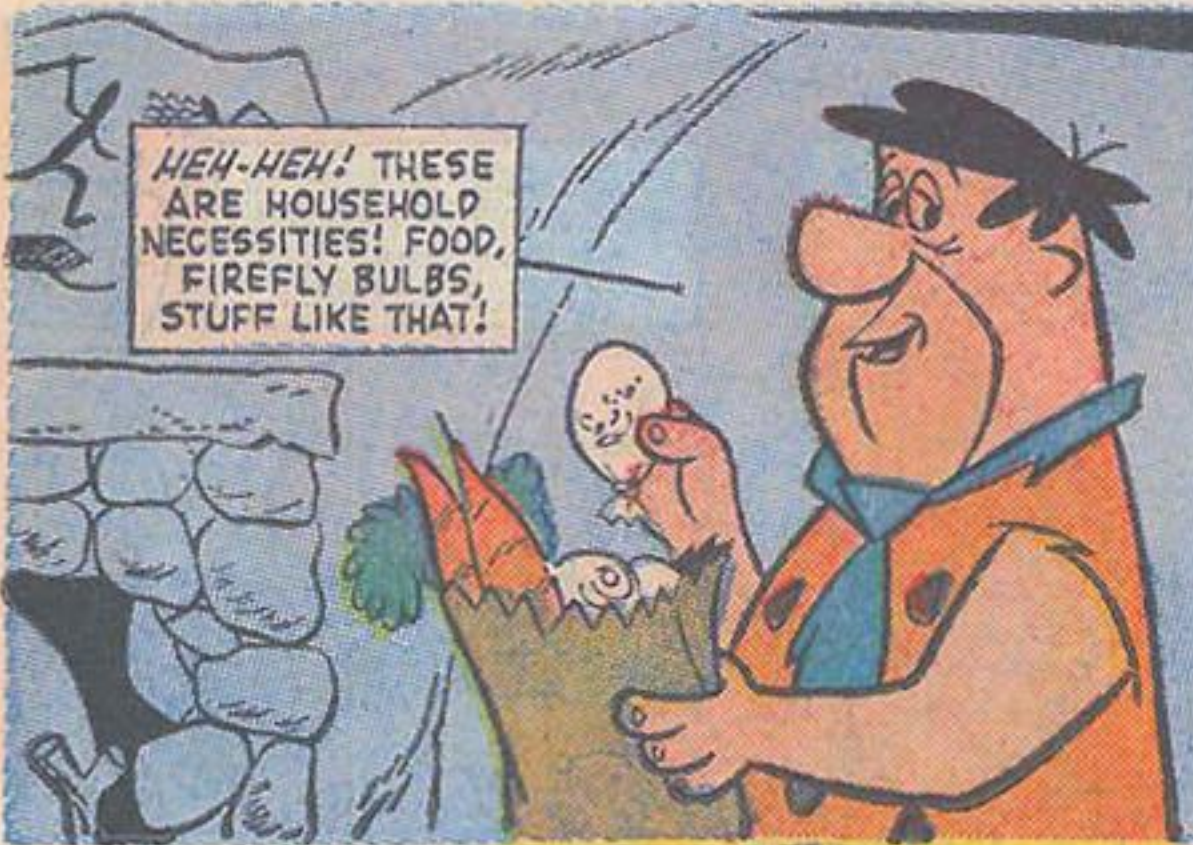


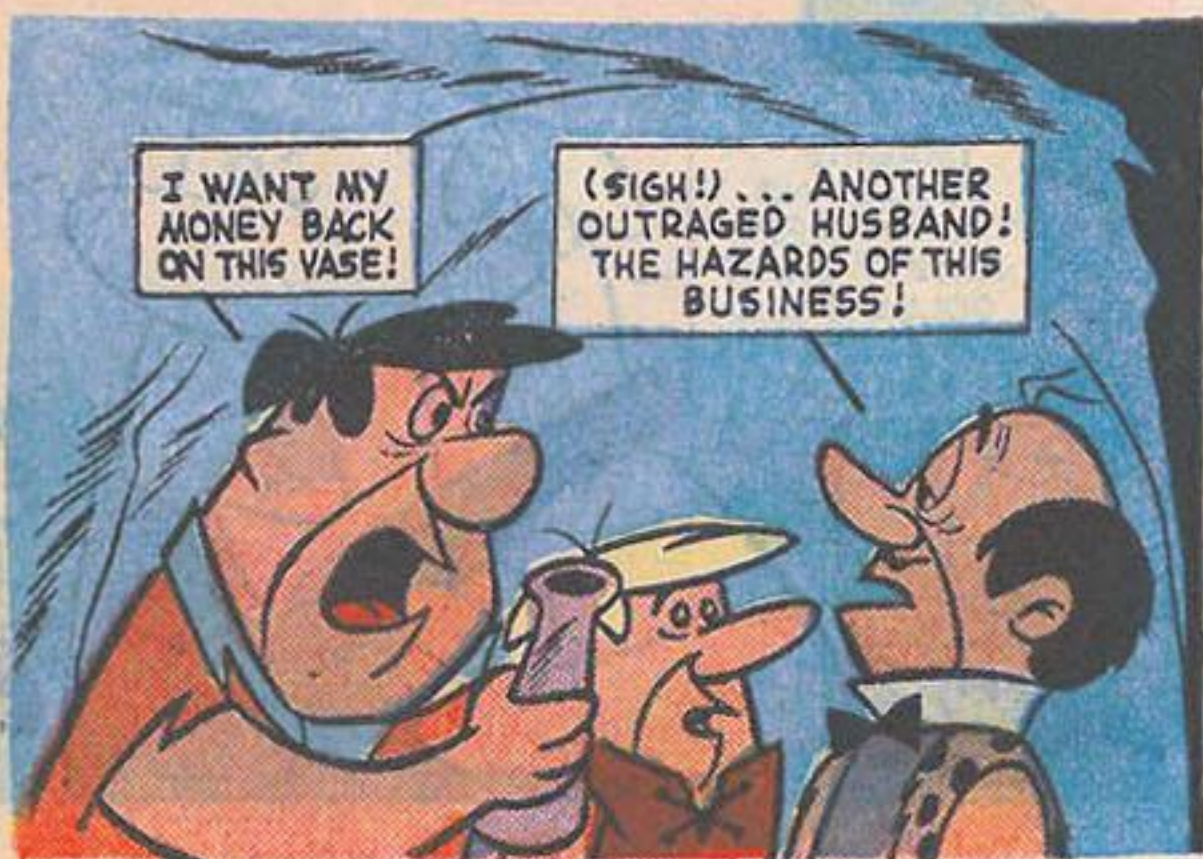




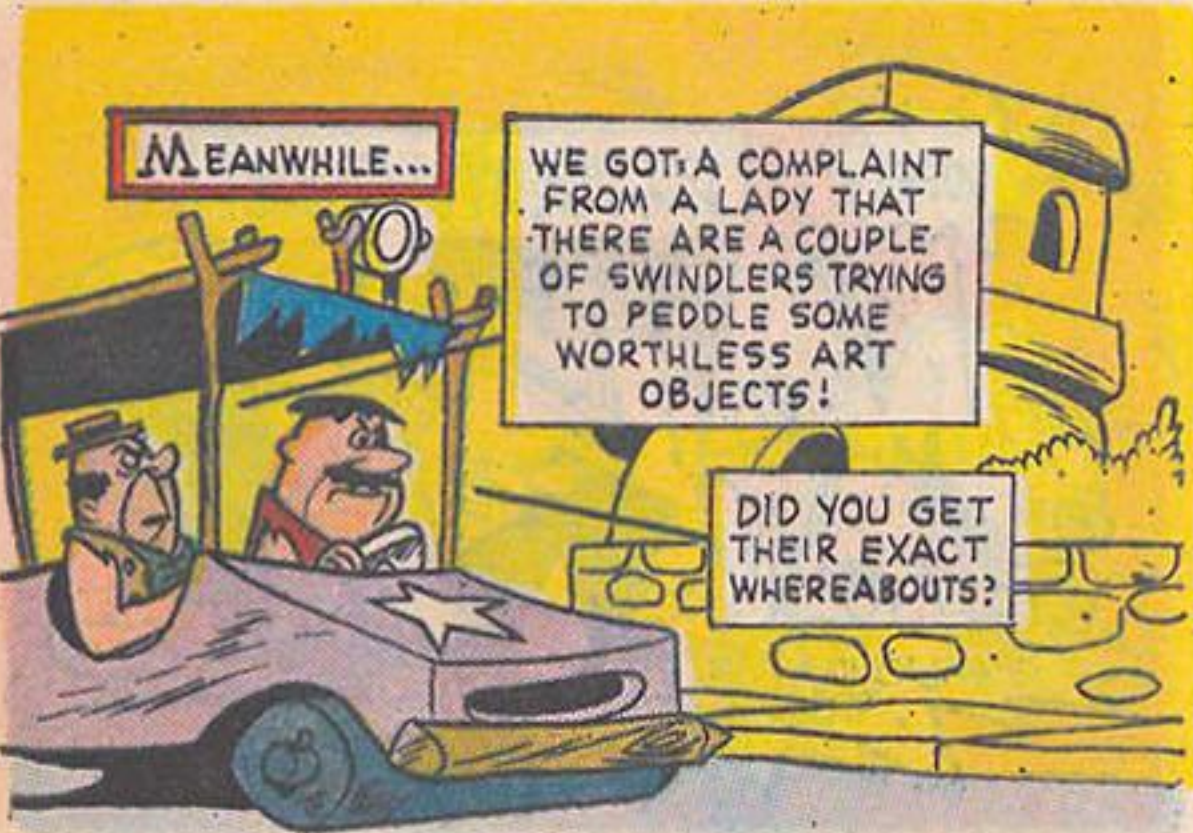
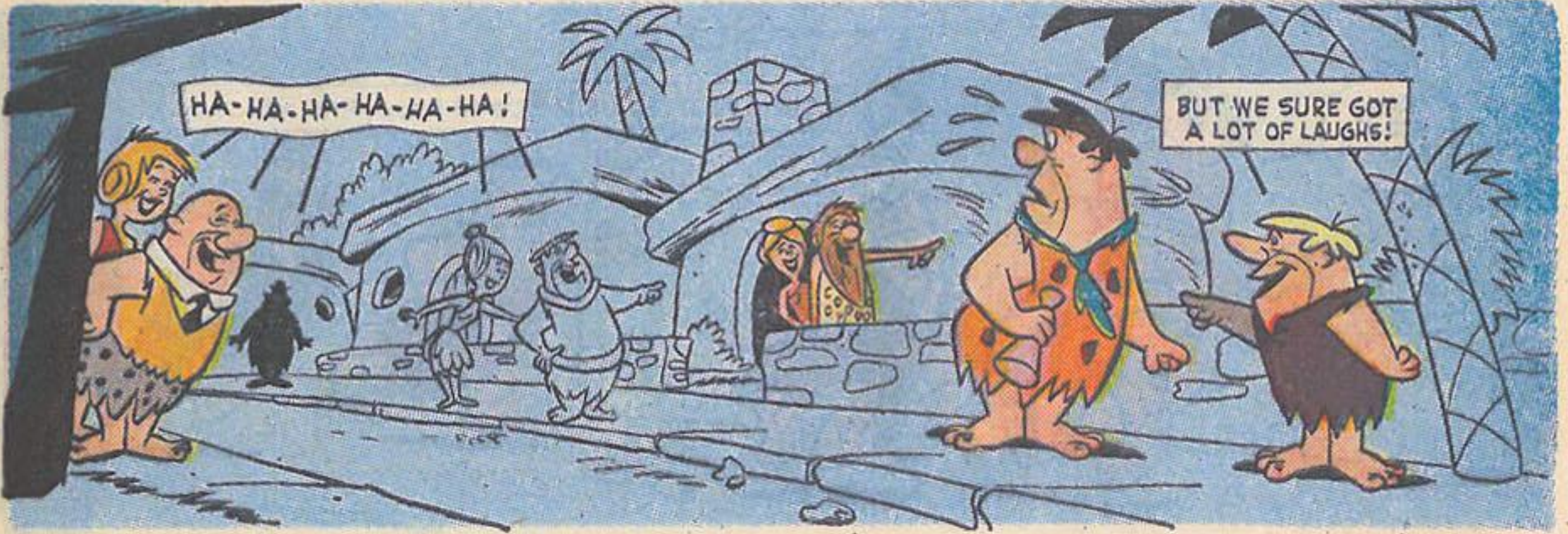




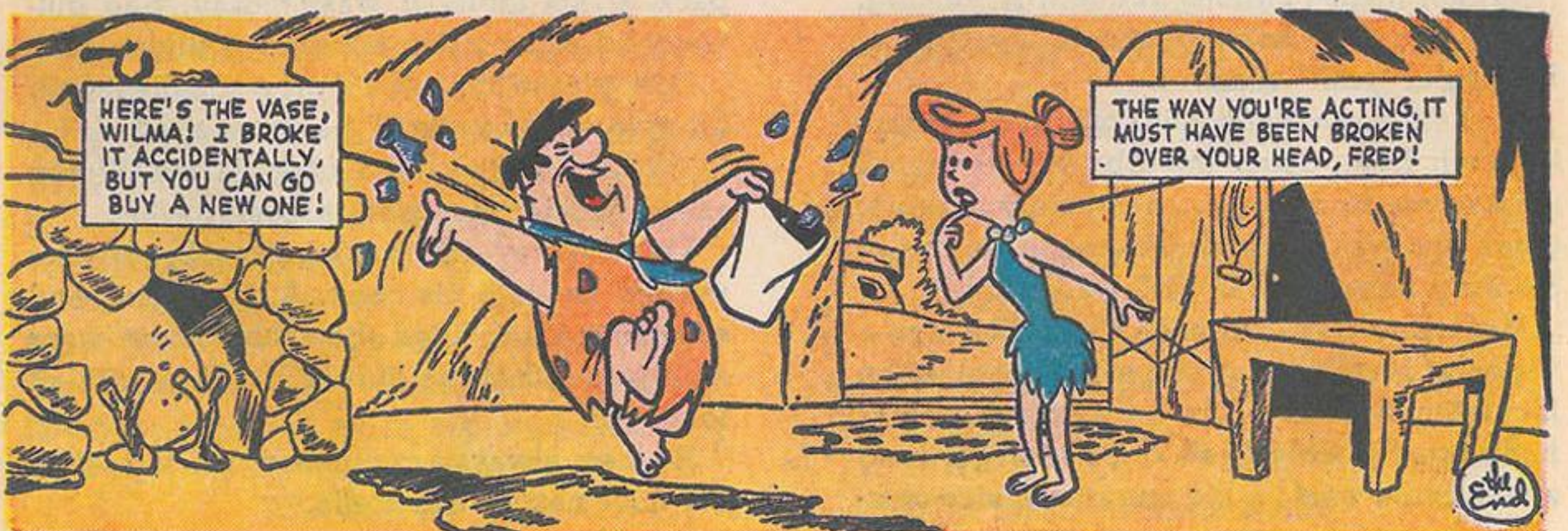
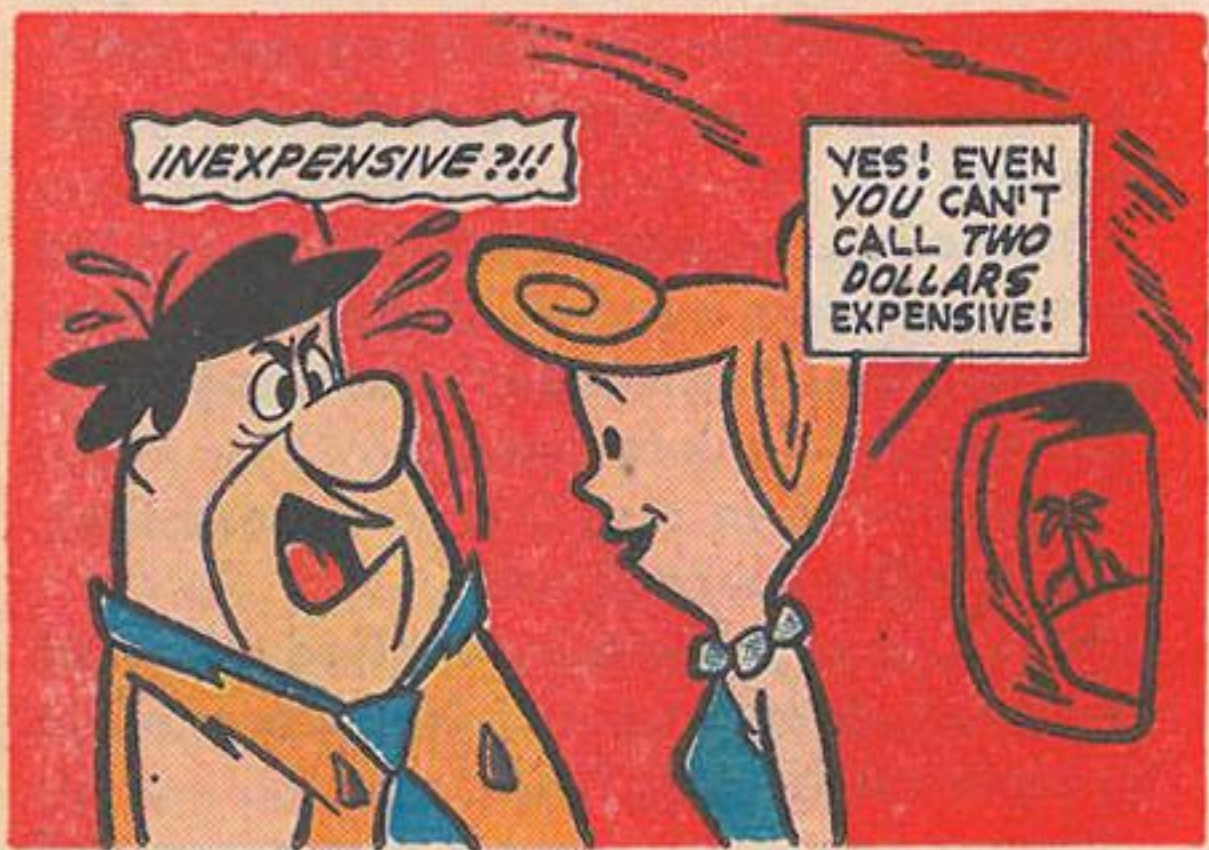
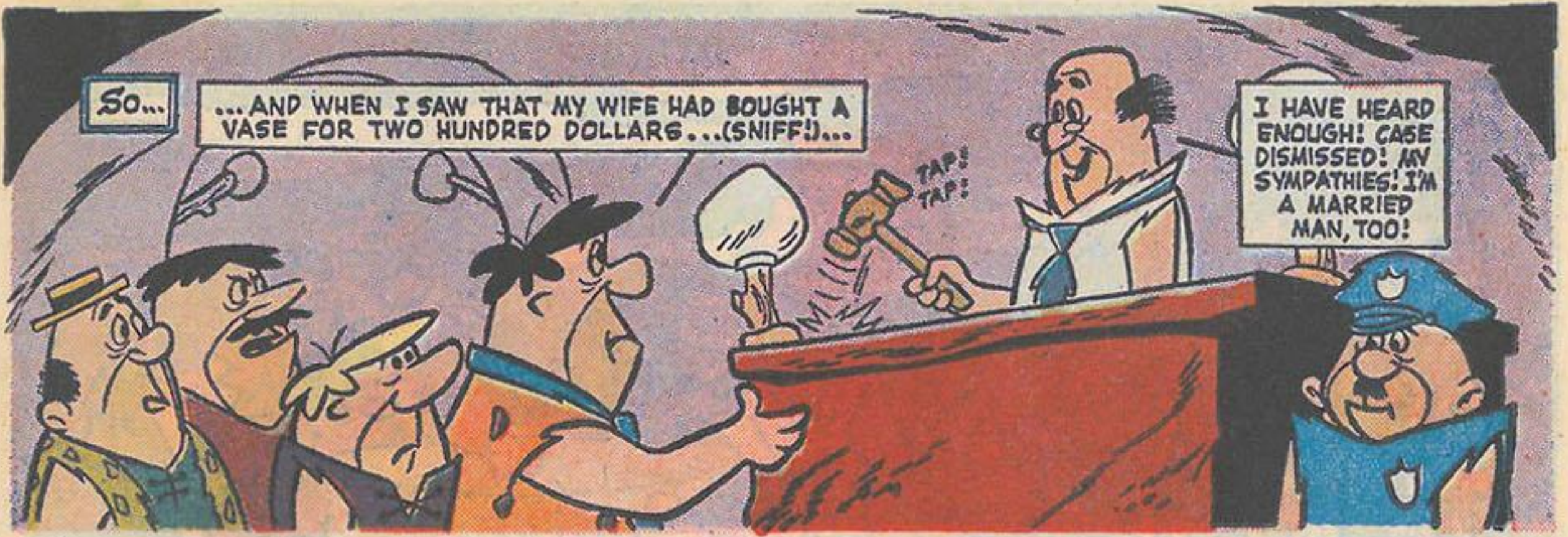












To Beat, or Not To Beat



Rodney Rocktop, Bedrock's biggest beatnik, sat in his seat of honor at the Purple Zen Den coffee house. He was proud of his chair: the only one there with all four legs.

The Purple Zen Den was a dangerous place — not because of the beatniks, but because of the falling plaster, rotting floor and slipping foundation. (The city plans to tear it down and build a slum some day.)

Nevertheless, it was home to Rodney; so as he sat idly peeling off wallpaper with one hand, braiding his beard with the other, and playing the bongoes with his toes, he felt choked with emotion. He felt even more choked when he paid for his thimble full of Café Espresso.

"Man, this place is a real gas," Rodney said with a shiver. "Now like, I wish they'd turn some on. Like, my toes are freezing!"

"Yeah, man," Twitchy Itchy, Rodney's best beat buddy said profoundly. "Yeah, man."

"Why are we complaining? At least we're not out in the ugly world working," Rod added.

"Yeah, man," Twitchy replied, scratching.

(As you may have guessed, Twitchy is Rodney's "yeah" man.)

So, here these two poetic souls were, enjoying their lives, doing the job they dedicated themselves to doing . . . absolutely nothing, when Rod was suddenly shaken to the tips of his dirty fingernails as SHE walked in!

Her name was Citronella Klotz. She was a vision of loveliness as she stood there in the flickering light of a fire an angry customer had started at table three. She had everything a man could want . . . big muscles, a nice mus-

tache . . . her hair was done up neatly in a bun, with the hamburger still in it. She had a huge lower lip, but it didn't matter . . . her upper lip covered it.

As Rodney gazed at her standing in her open-toed sneakers, overalls and YMCA sweat shirt, he could contain himself no longer. Leaping from his chair he ran to her side, his bones creaking after weeks of not moving.

"O wondrous beauty, creature of perfection," he declared, grabbing her hand, "will you send my humble soul soaring and be mine?"

Citronella's lips parted, and she said in her sweet and simple way (mostly simple), "What are you? Some kinda nut or something?"

Rodney fell back in ecstasy.

"She spoke to me! Did you hear that, Twitchy? She spoke to me!"

"Yeah, man," Twitchy replied, quickly downing Rodney's cup of Café Espresso while his back was turned. "Yeah, man."

Rodney began tugging his new dream girl back to his table. It wasn't easy. She outweighed him by two hundred pounds.

"Oh, please join me. I'll give you the moon. I'll give you the stars," he beseeched.

"Will you give me a chocklit malt?" she asked, picking her teeth gracefully.

This, Rodney had to think over. Eagerly he pushed her into his chair. A splintering and sickening crash filled the room. There were no chairs left at the Purple Zen Den with all four legs.

Rodney, always a gentleman, quickly sat on the floor next to Citronella.

"In Japan, all people sit this way," he said merrily.

"Maybe that's why they lost the war, you big drip. Say, you made me swallow my bubble gum," Citronella gasped, with a touch of pique in her voice, "and it was only three weeks old!"

Angrily, she started to get up and leave, but Rodney restrained her gently with a full nelson.

"Like, don't go," he pleaded. "We were meant to be together. Something guided you to this place." He lowered his voice for emphasis. "Something bigger than both of us."

"Yeah. A bus," was her sweet reply.*

"No," Rodney protested. "I mean you were seeking something. You were seeking love, or you were seeking truth, or . . ."

Citronella interrupted, "Look, loose lips, the only thing I was seeking in here was some old stones to sell to the junk yard. This place looked like a condemned building from outside, so I thought I'd come in and root around. I'm sorry I did. What a bunch of creeps. They all look like barber college rejects."

"But, dearest, these are my friends," Rod said.

"Um-hmm, I'll bet you could count your friends on the fingers of a catcher's mitt . . . and, who said you could call me dearest? You're not my type. You're broke."

Rodney jumped to his feet exclaiming, "You mean you would let mere money stand between us? You mean you won't accept me unless I have a . . . ugh . . . job?"

"Right, Charley," Citronella replied, rubbing her hands together. "Money doesn't buy happiness, but it puts you in a wonderful bargaining position. If you can't take it with you, I'm not going."

"Like, it's settled," Rodney declared, as he expanded his chest to its full sixteen inches. "I'm getting a job!"

For the first time in his life, Twitchy Itchy stopped twitching and itching. His face turned pale and he uttered something he had never uttered before or since.

"No, man! No, man!"

But Rodney's mind was made up. (What it was made up of is a matter for psychology books and not for us to explore.) Grabbing

Citronella's hand he made his way through the boogie beats and out the door.

Unaccustomed as he was to sunlight, Rodney managed to open both his eyes and stare into Citronella's. Tears were brimming in her eyes, the blue one and the brown one. Rod had had onions for lunch.

Then he made the vow.

"I will find employment in this hostile world and then seek you out to be mine," he declared fervently.

"Seek, shmeeek. If you find a job and can afford to buy me chocklit malts and garlic toast and stuff like that, I'll be glad to go out with you. I'm staying at the Bedrock Kennel Club. See ya'." And with that, she tripped off lightly. (As lightly as possible for a three hundred pounder, that is.)

The next days were not easy ones for our hero, Rodney. He went from pillar to post to look for jobs, but there just weren't any jobs around pillars and posts; so he finally tried some stores and offices.

He didn't want just any job. He wanted a job that would fit in with his character.

He tried working at a bakery cutting out brownie squares. But that was too square, so he cut out permanently.

He tried dragging sacks of cement for the Bedrock Building Company. But that was too much of a drag.

He tried working down in a coal mine, but that wasn't "far out" enough for our Rodney.

"What am I going to do, Twitchy?" Rodney asked, as they sat in the park. (Since he started looking for a job he was no longer permitted in the Purple Zen Den. Bad for the morale of the other beats.) "I can't live without Citronella. I must find a job that suits my particular genius. I must find a cool job. Like, being cool is even more important than Citronella. What do you suggest, man?"

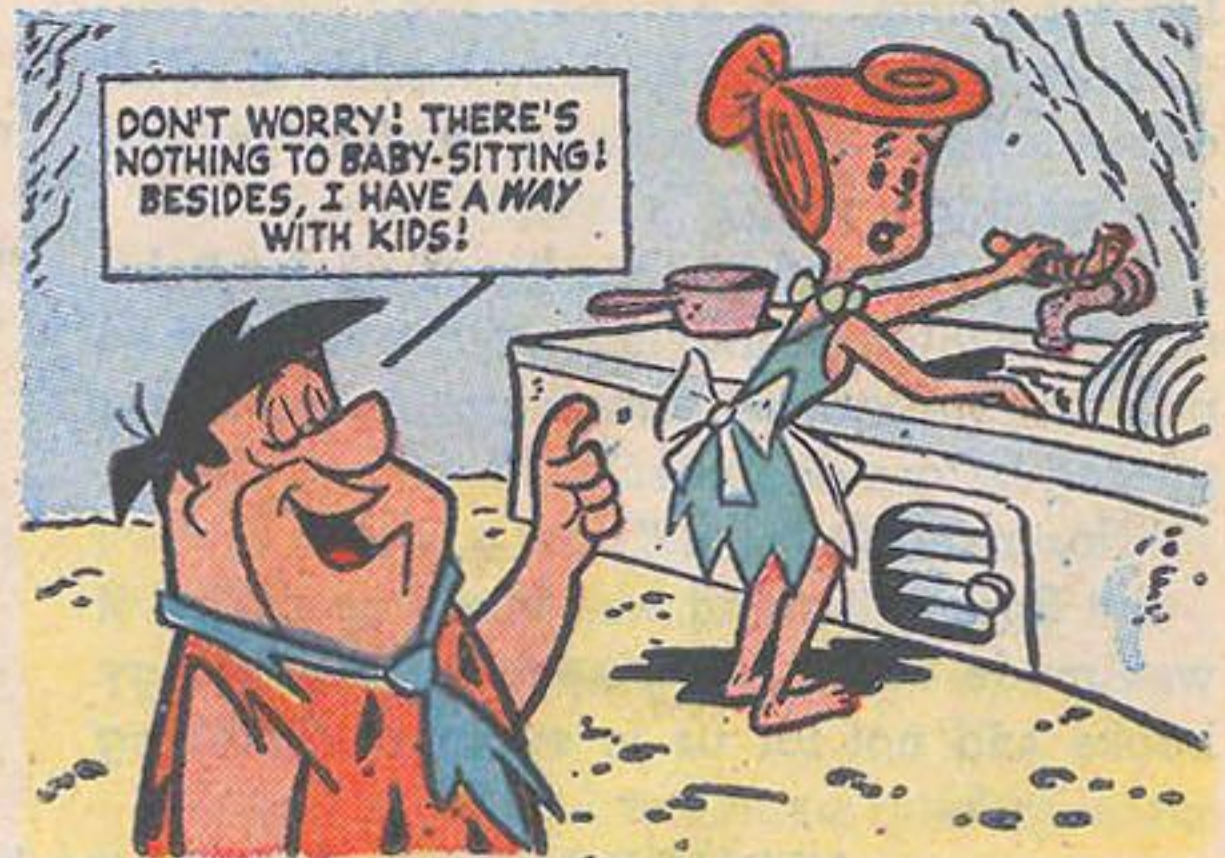
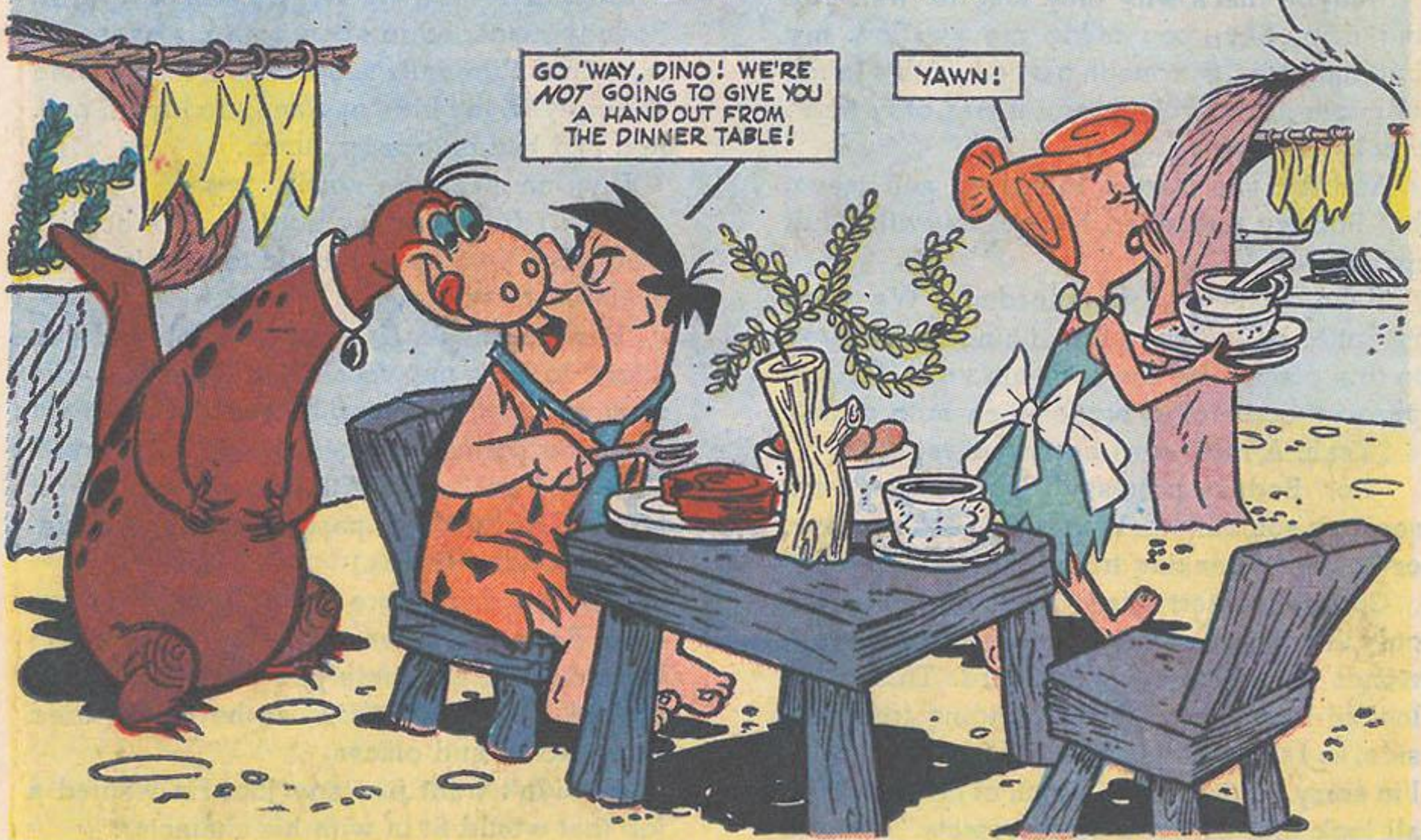
"Yeah, man," said Twitchy. "Yeah, man."

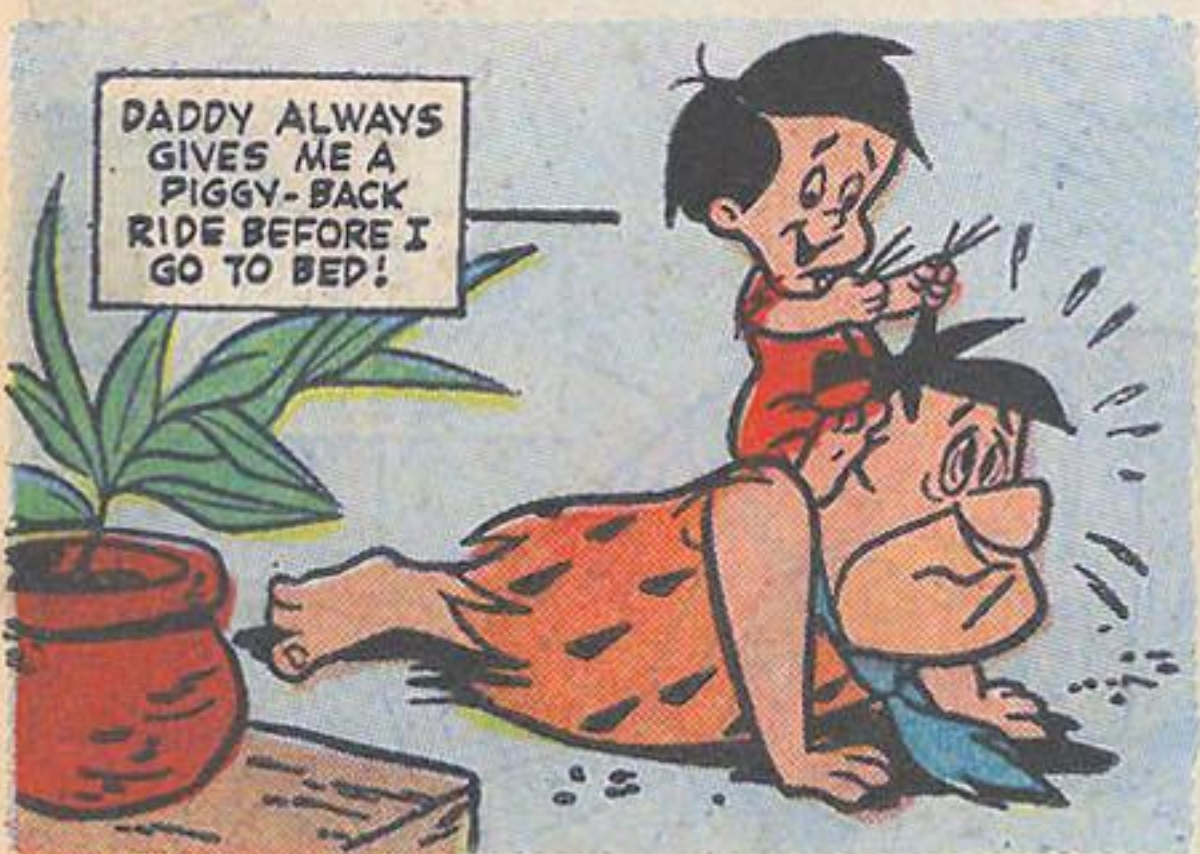
Rodney leaped to his feet. "That's it! I know where I'll get a job!"

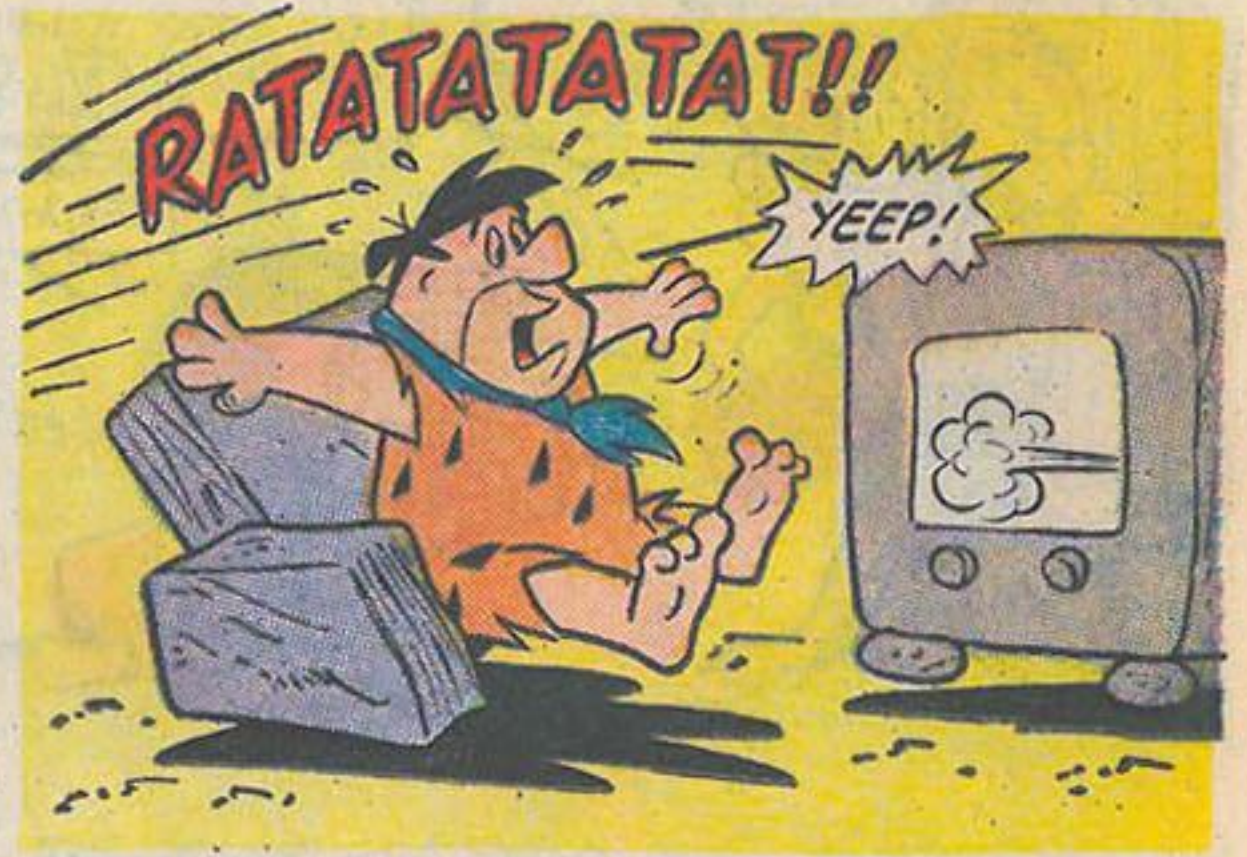
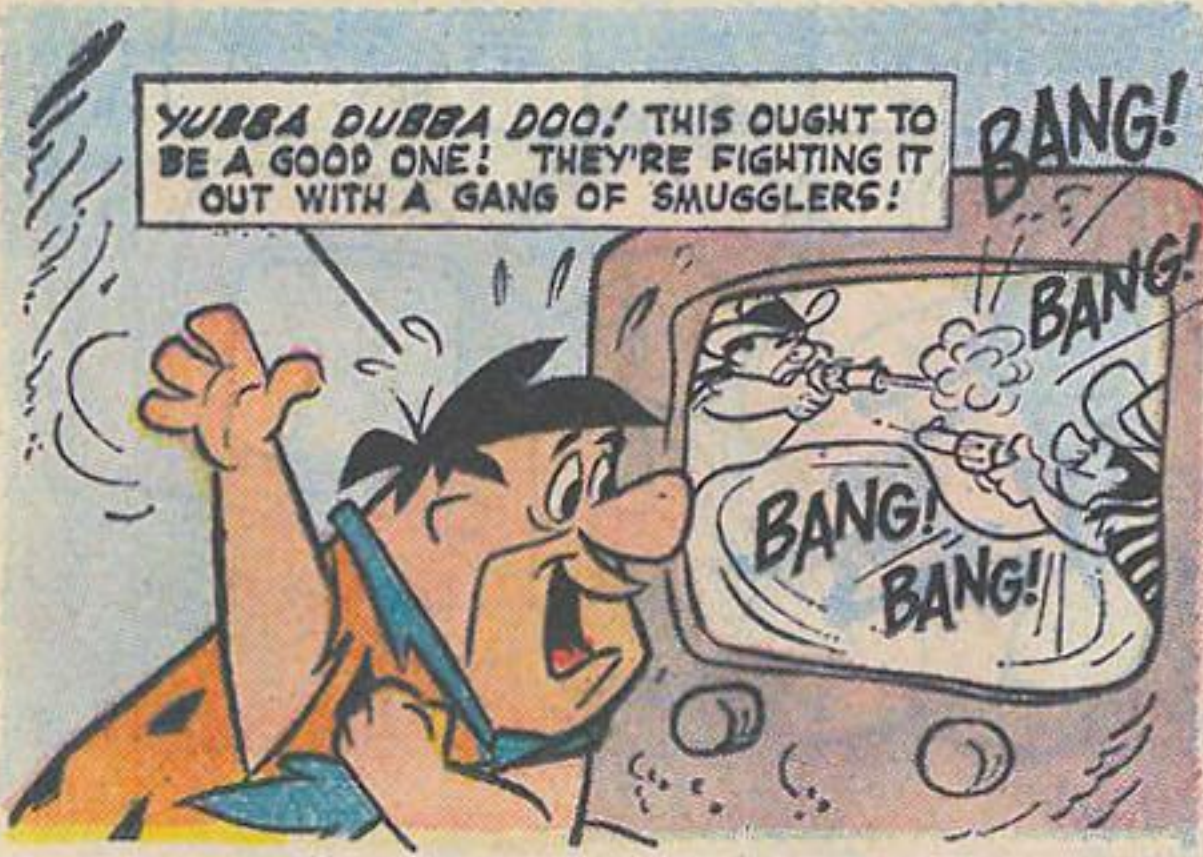
And so, our story has a happy ending. Rod found a cool job and Citronella truly loves him . . . on payday.

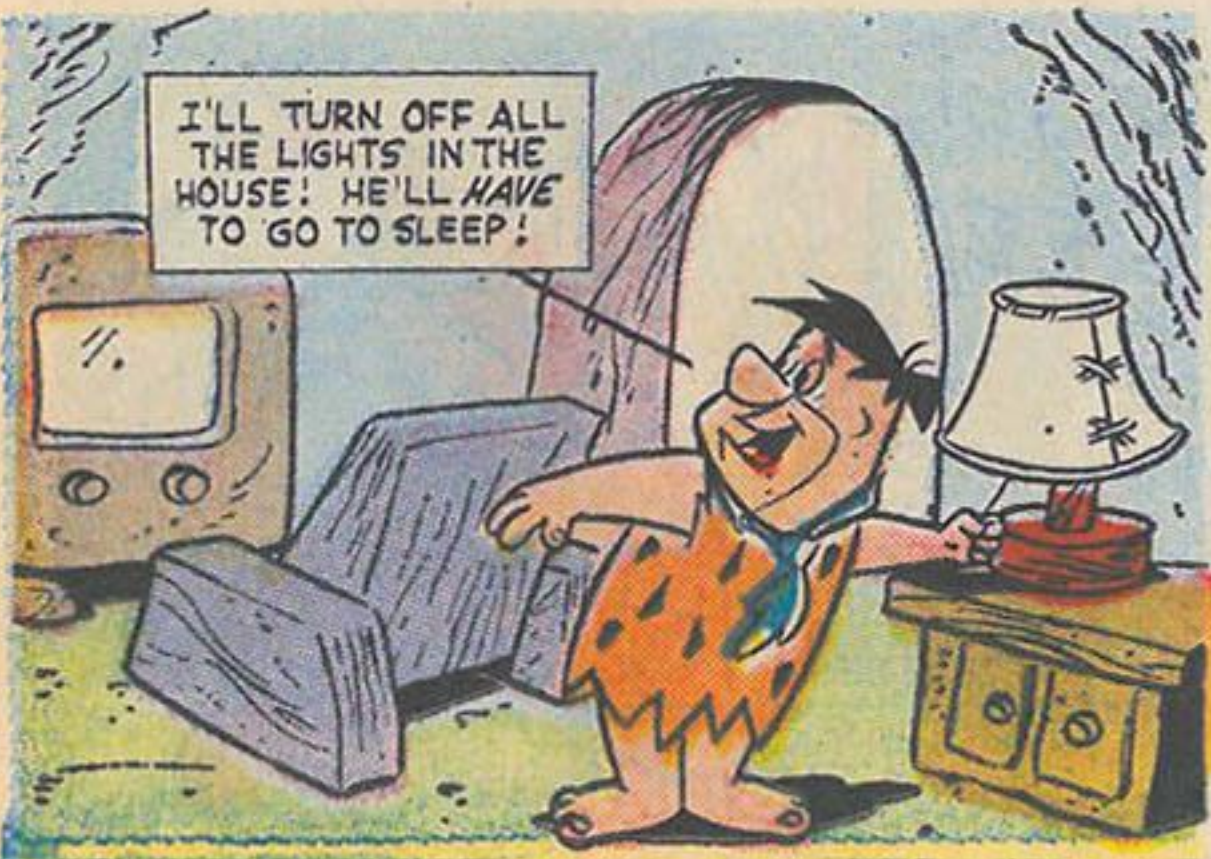
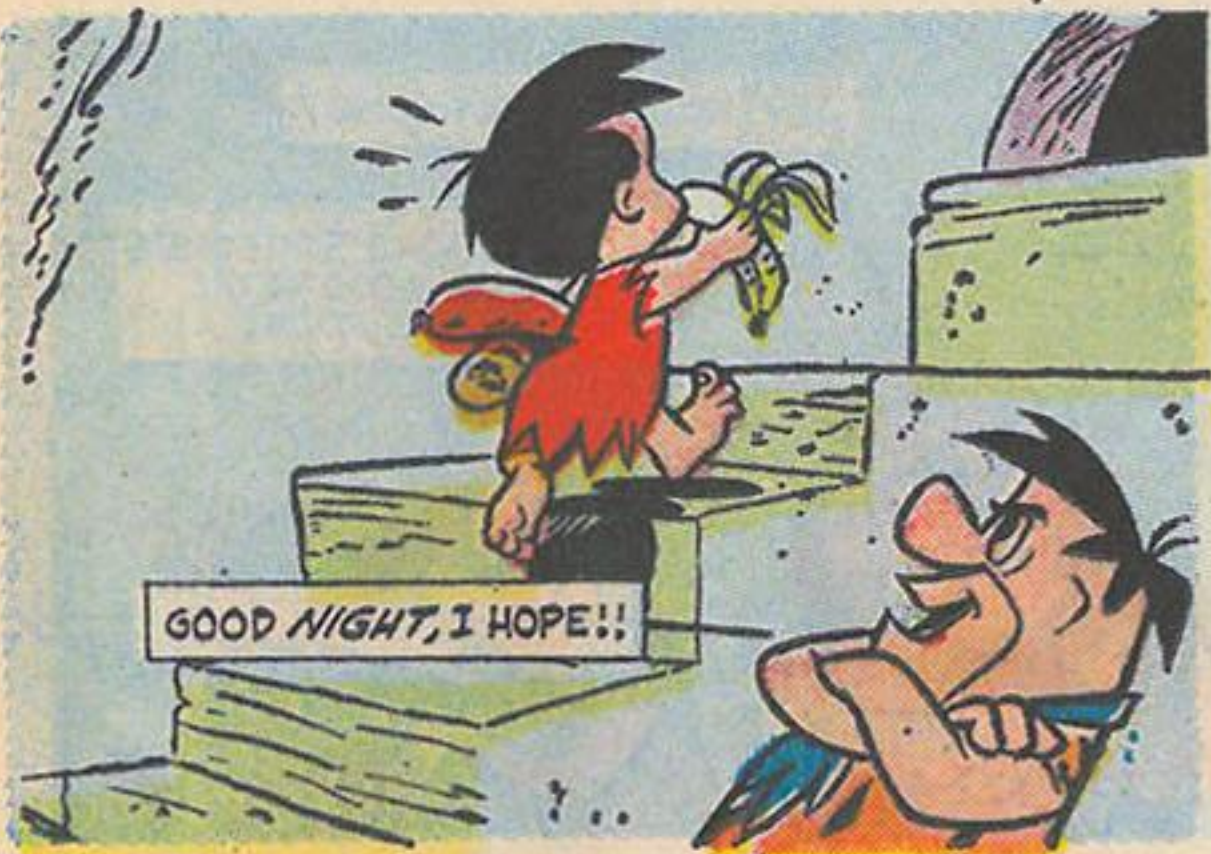
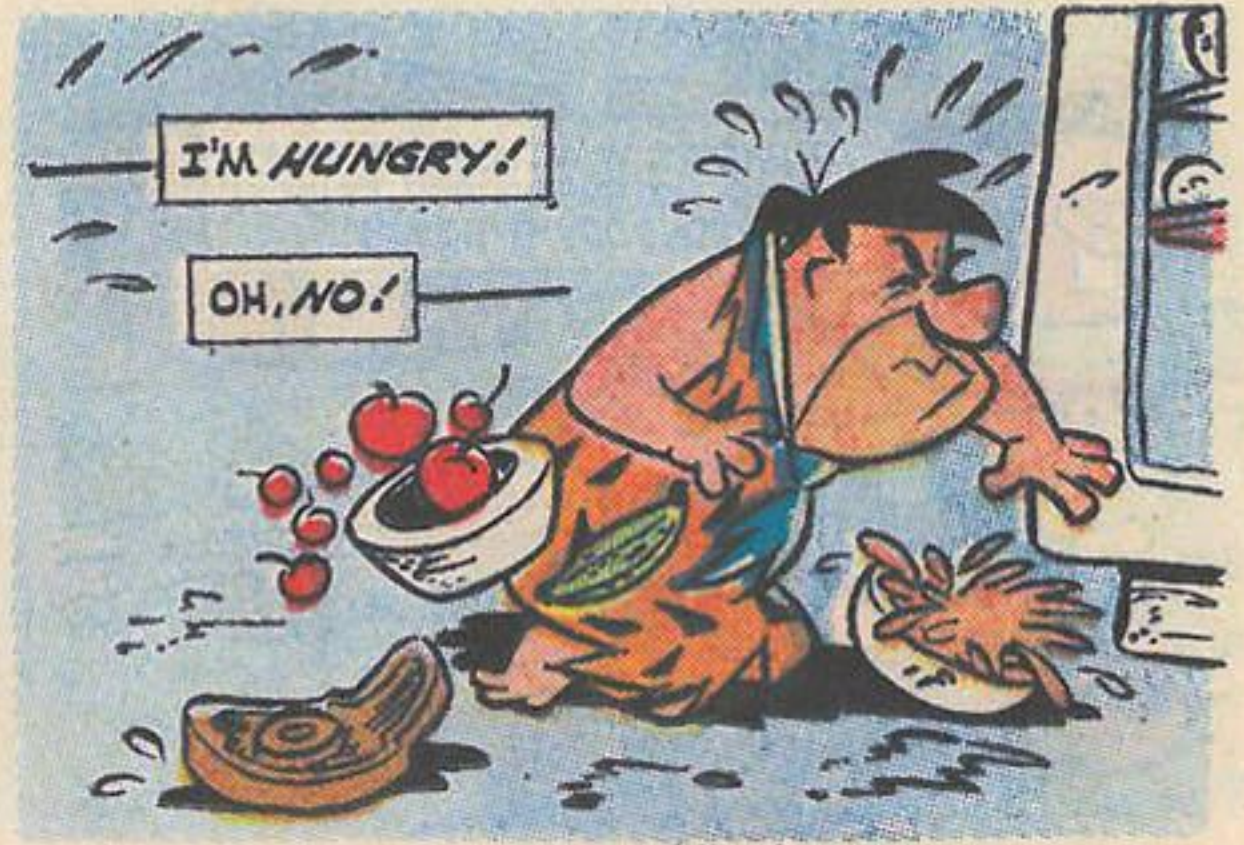
Where did Rodney Rocktop go to work? At the Bedrock Ice Plant . . . where it was "Cool, man. Real cool."

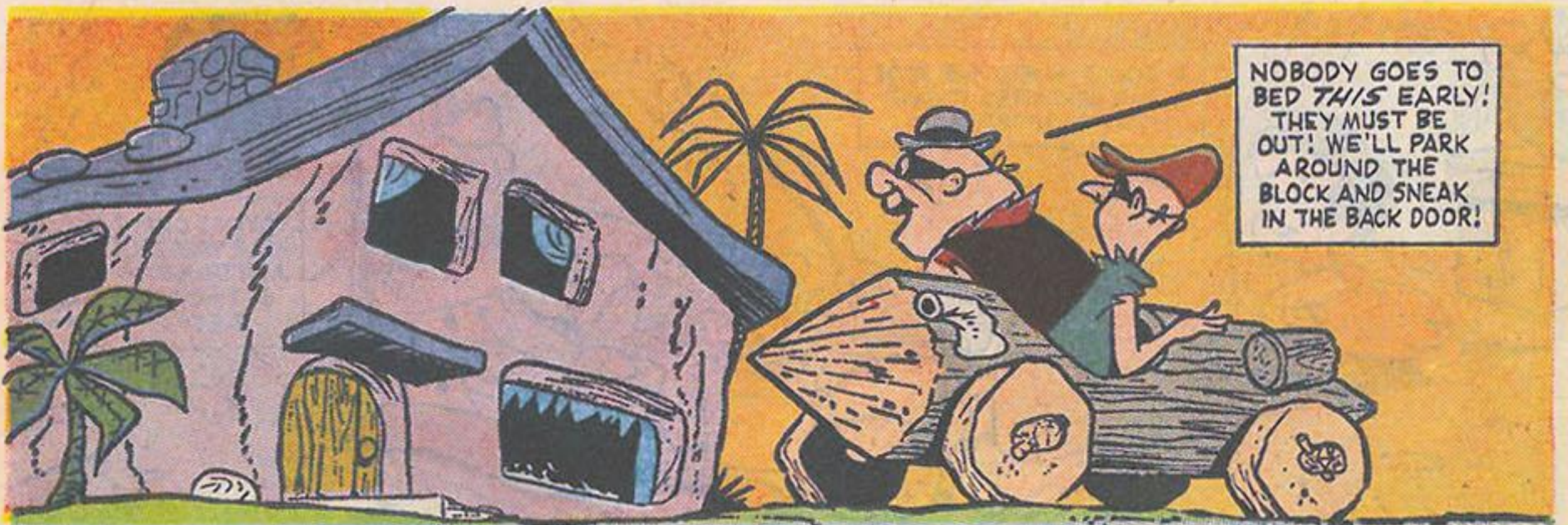
* (EDITOR'S NOTE: Actually no bus is bigger than Citronella Klotz)

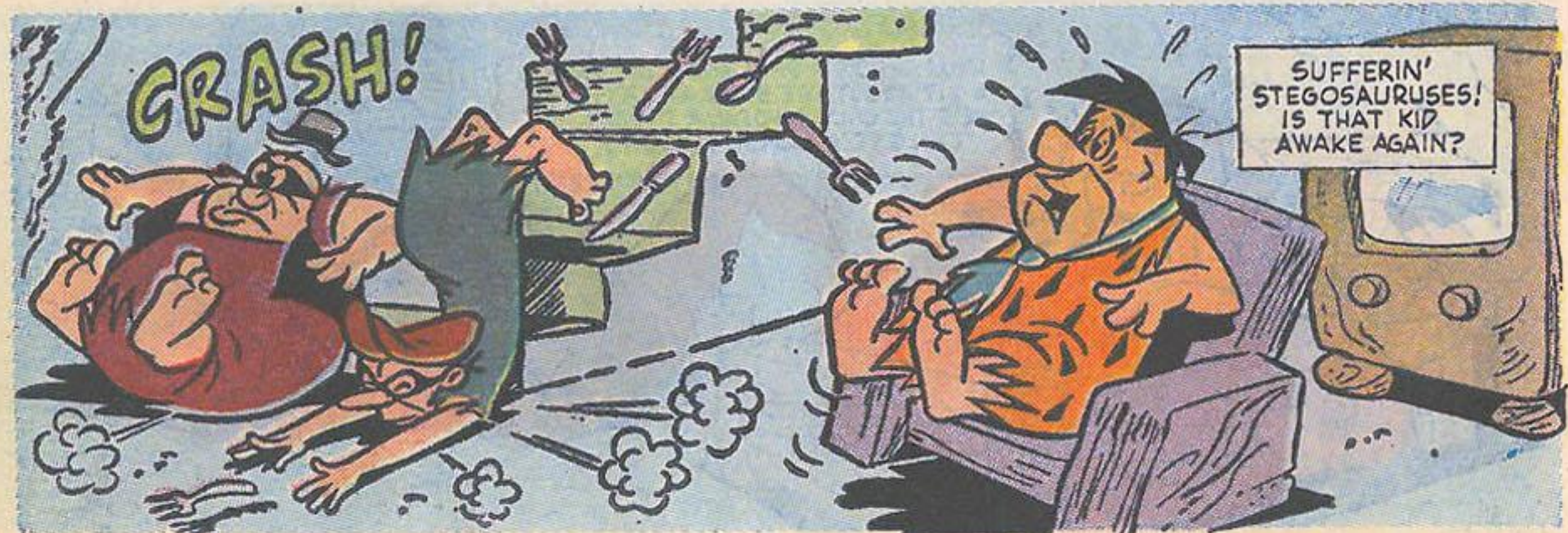
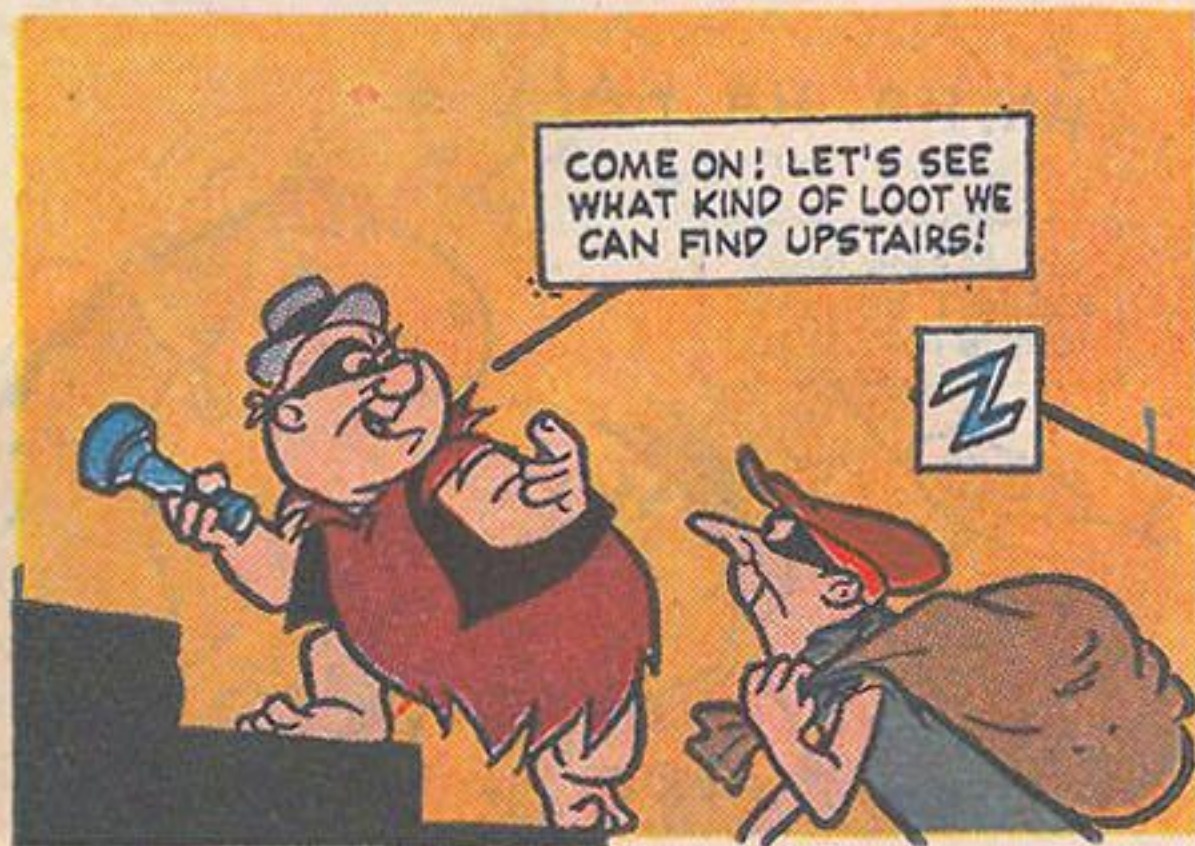


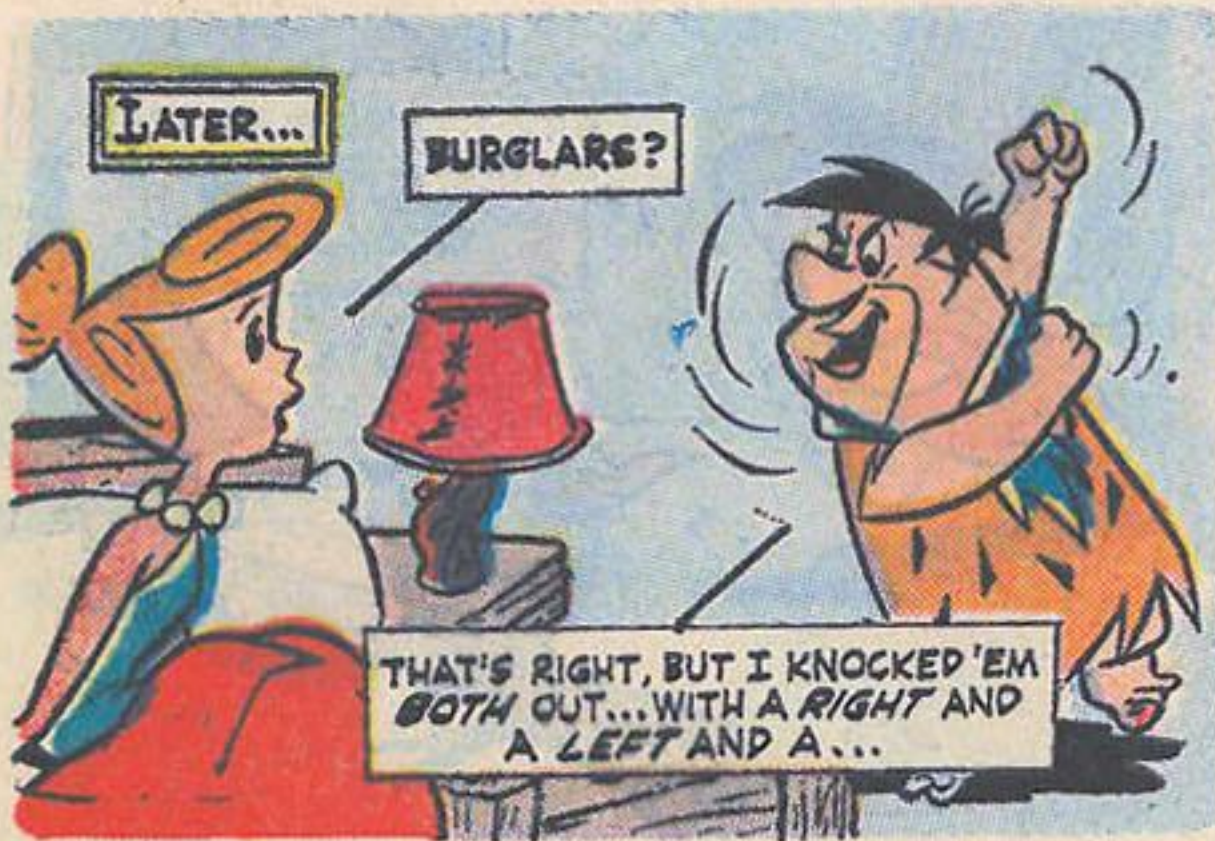




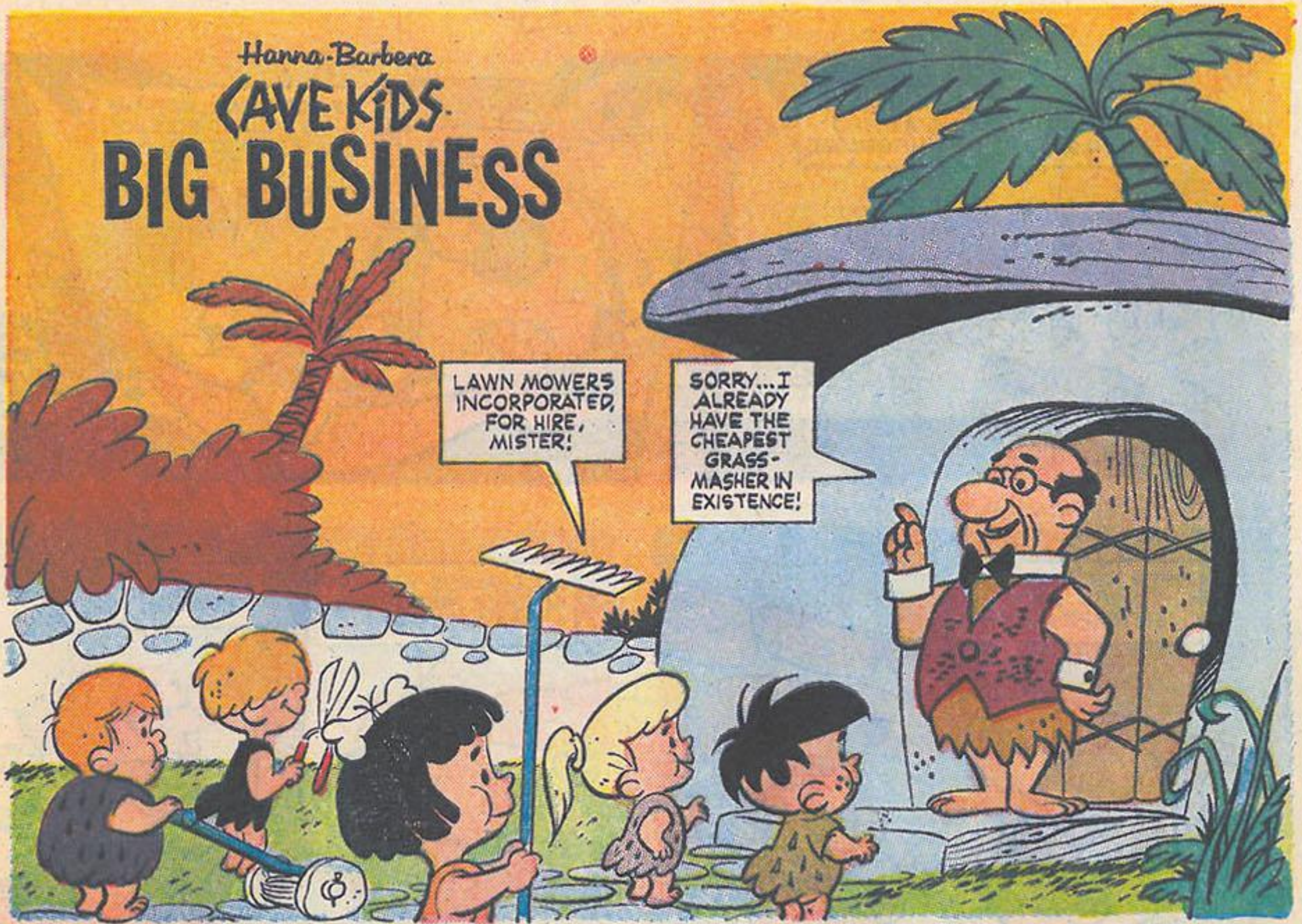








Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS
BIG BUSINESS



LAWN MOWERS
 INCORPORATED,
 FOR HIRE,
 MISTER!

SORRY...I
 ALREADY
 HAVE THE
 CHEAPEST
 GRASS-
 MASHER IN
 EXISTENCE!



THE CHOMPASNORTUS!
 ALL THE PAY HE ASKS
 IS THE GRASS HE EATS!

CHOMP!
 SNORT!



DOGGONE! SEEMS LIKE MOST EVERYONE
 OWNS A CHOMPASNORTUS!

...OR ELSE THEY
 LIKE DEEP GRASS!



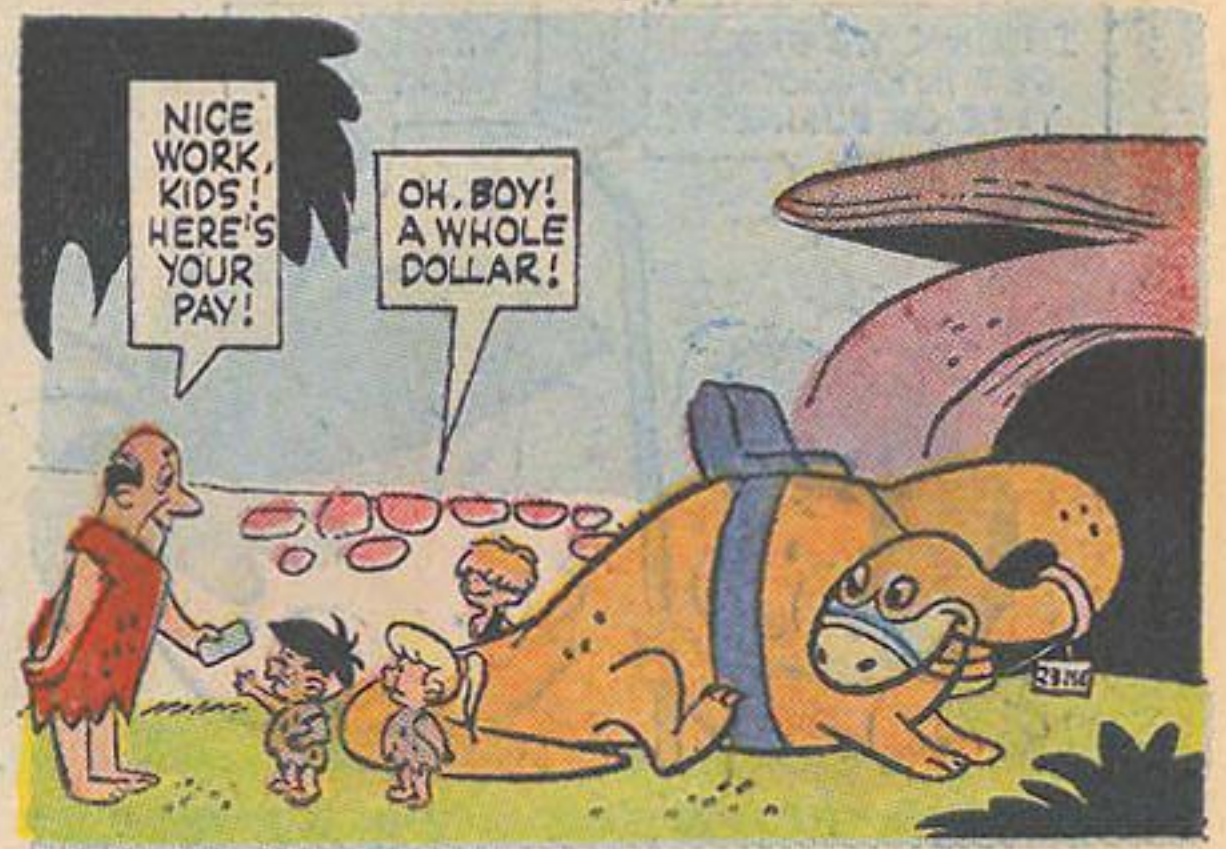
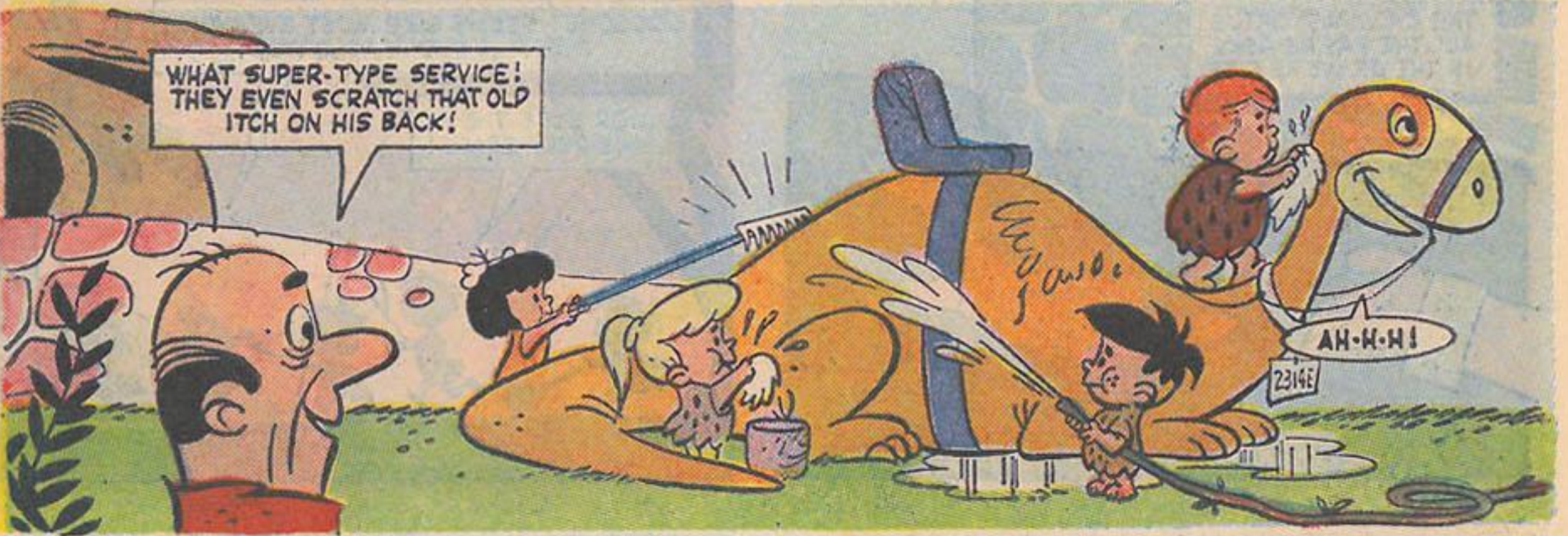
I THINK WE SHOULD
 GET INTO ANOTHER
 TYPE OF BUSINESS!

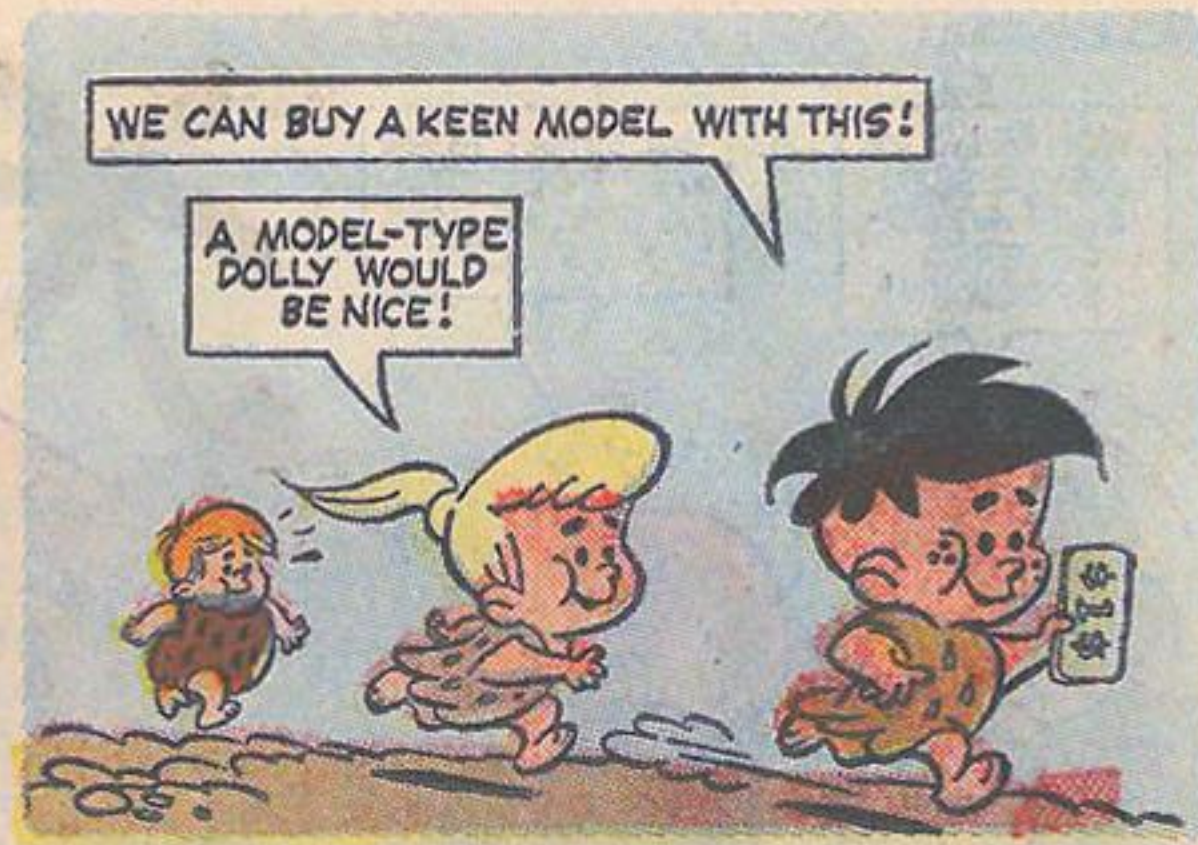
YEAH, BUT
 WHAT KIND?

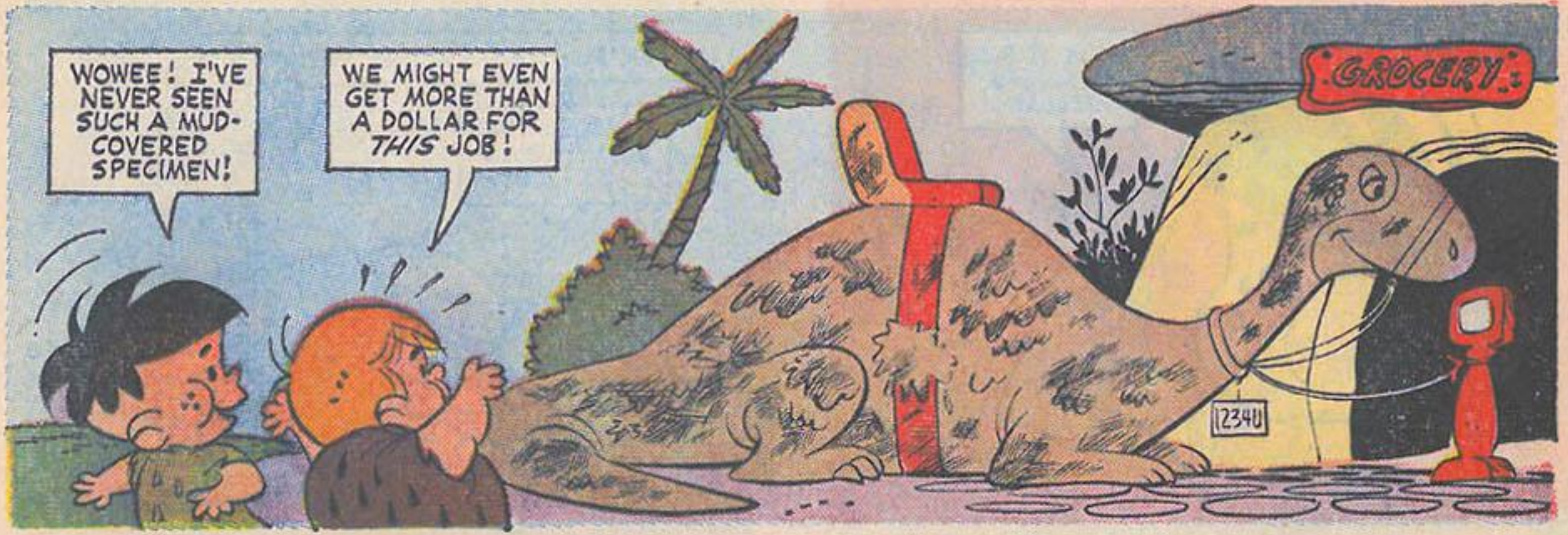


WASH THAT AUTOSAURUS!

HUH?







WOWEE! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A MUD-COVERED SPECIMEN!

WE MIGHT EVEN GET MORE THAN A DOLLAR FOR THIS JOB!



BUT I DON'T SEE THE OWNER AROUND!

WHAT'S THE DIFF? HE SURELY WON'T MIND IF WE JUST HELP OURSELVES!



YEAH! LET'S GIVE THE OWNER A HAPPY SURPRISE WHEN HE GETS BACK!

SQUIRT!



BOY, HE'S DIRTIER THAN MY BACK YARD!

IT'S TWICE AS MUCH WORK AS THE FIRST ONE WE WASHED!

SO MAYBE WE'LL GET TWICE AS MUCH PAY FROM THE SATISFIED OWNER!

THIS IS REALLY BIG BUSINESS!

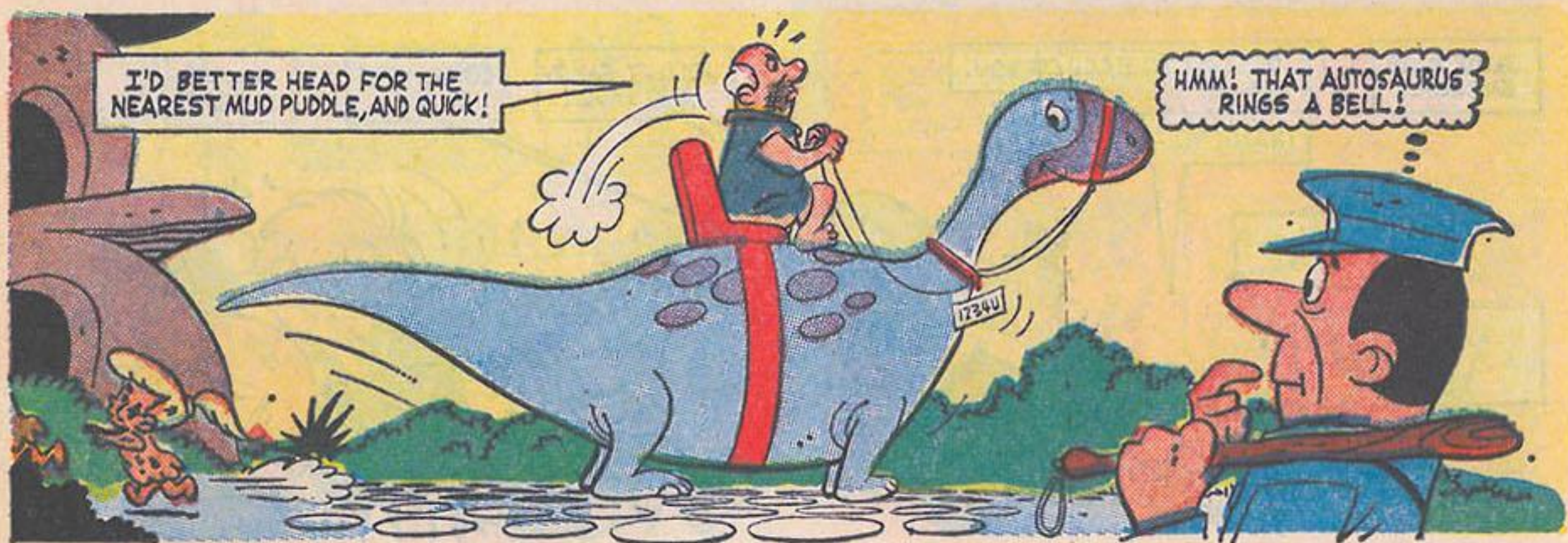
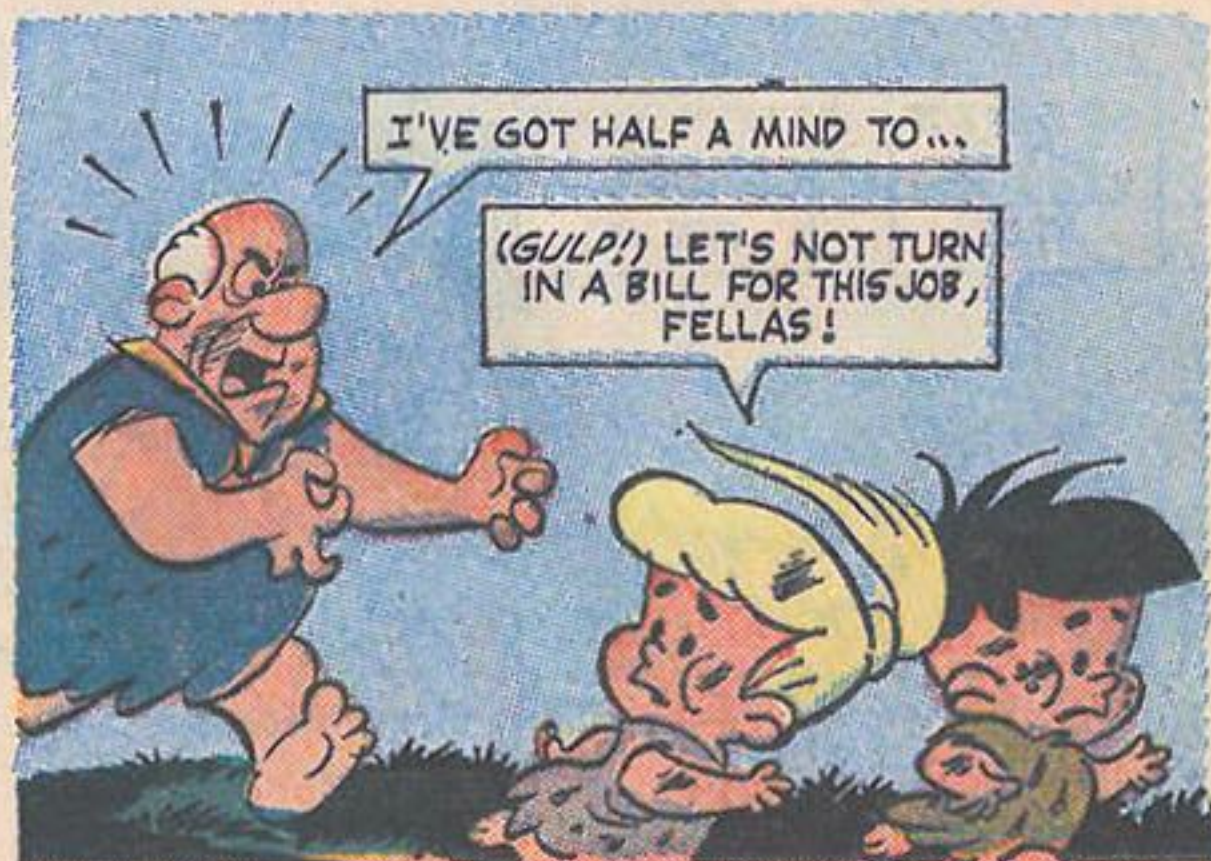
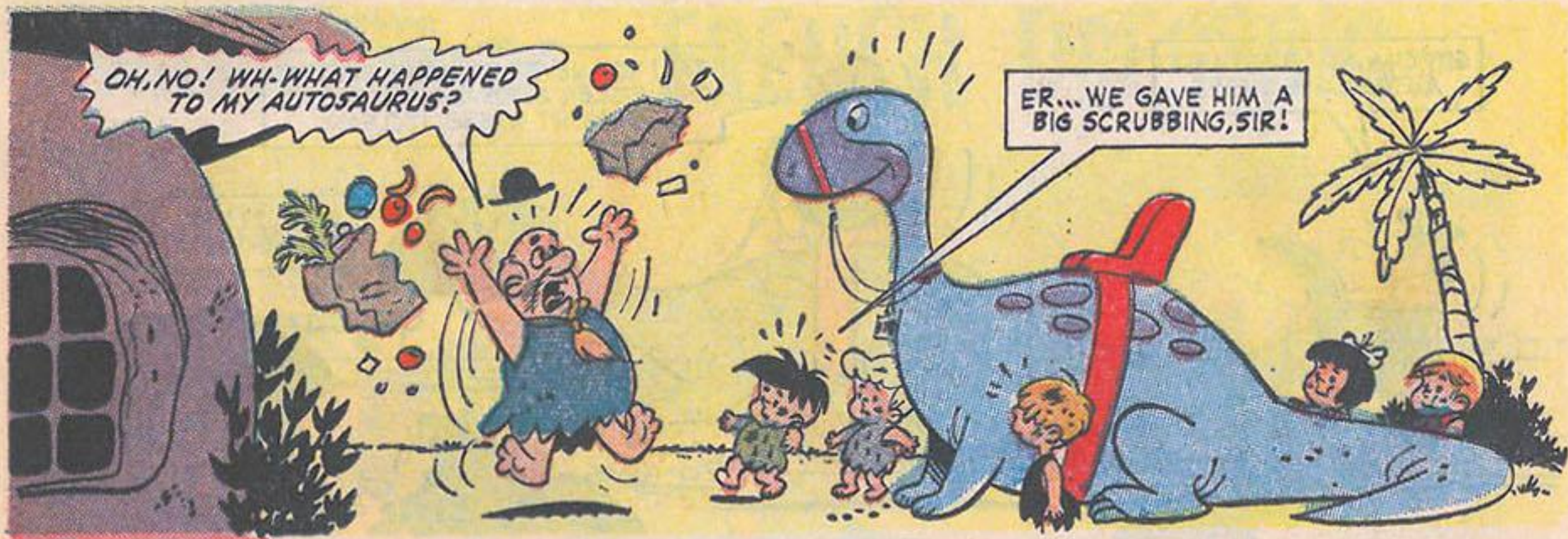


AND FINALLY...

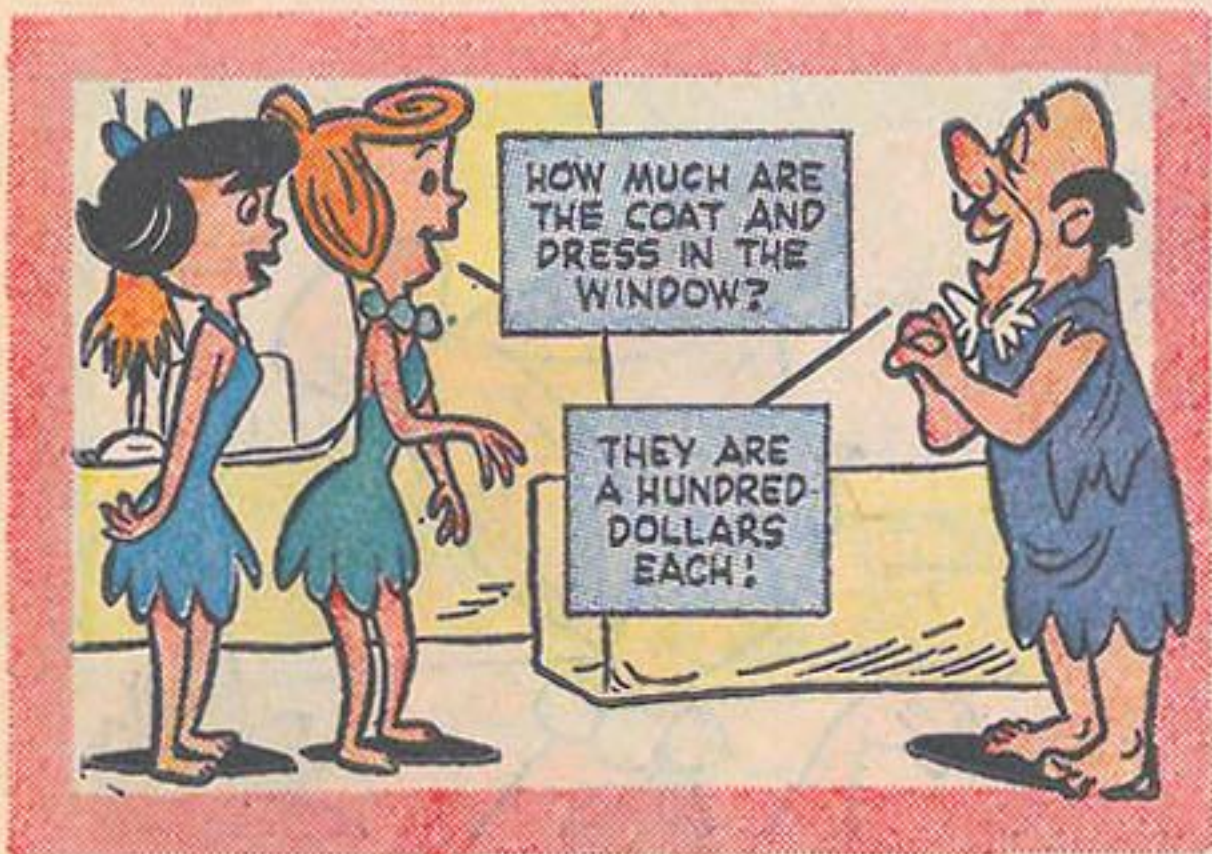
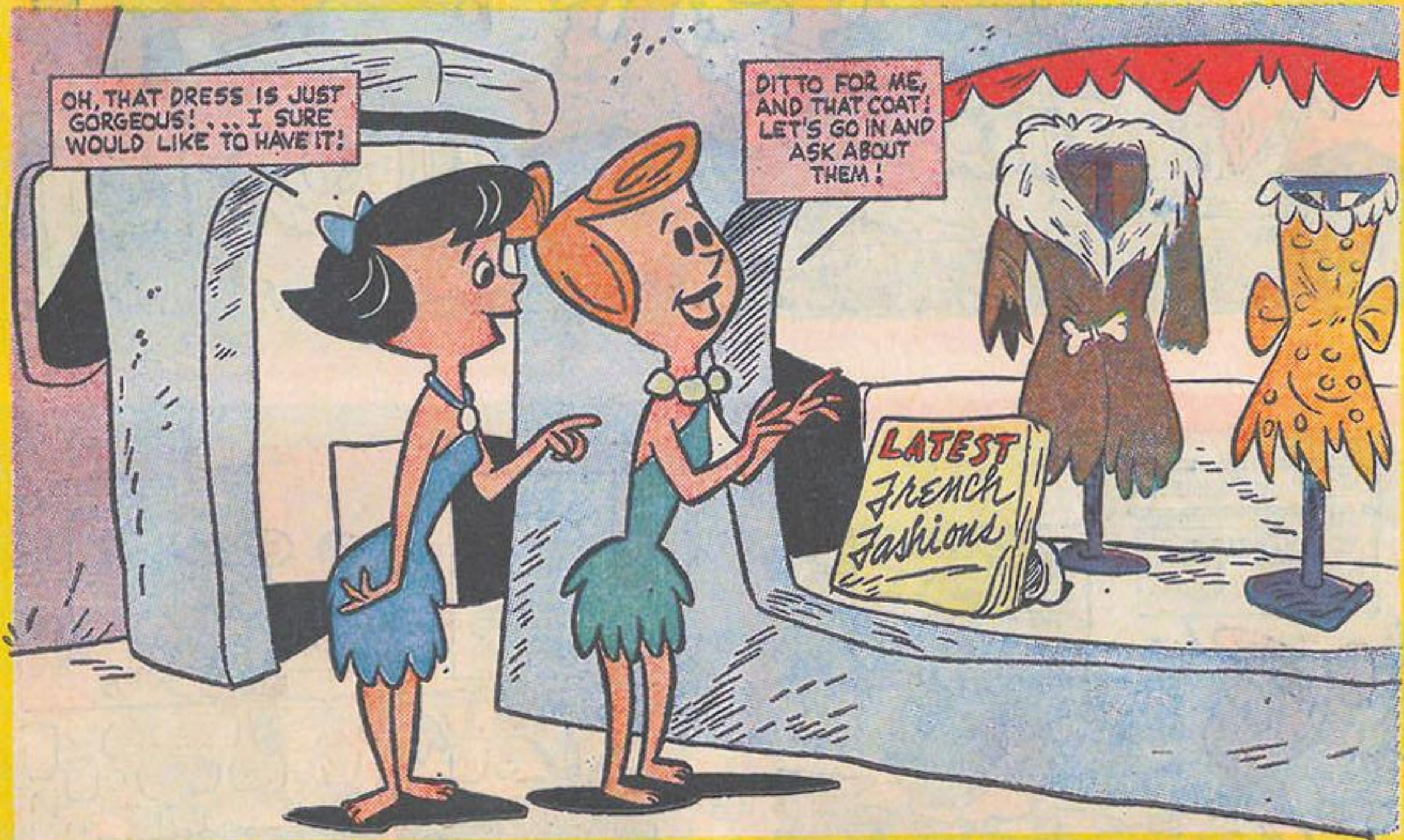
THERE! AND WHAT A BEAUTY! I WONDER WHY ANYONE WOULD EVER ALLOW SUCH A LOVELY AUTOSAURUS TO GET SO DIRTY?

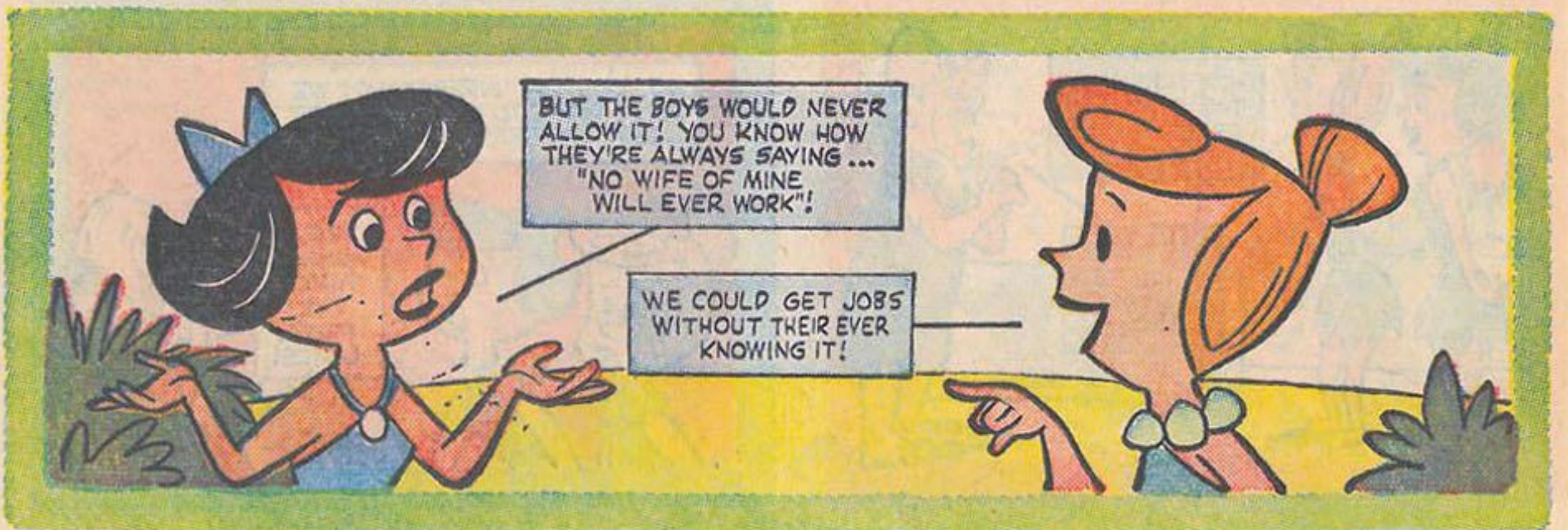
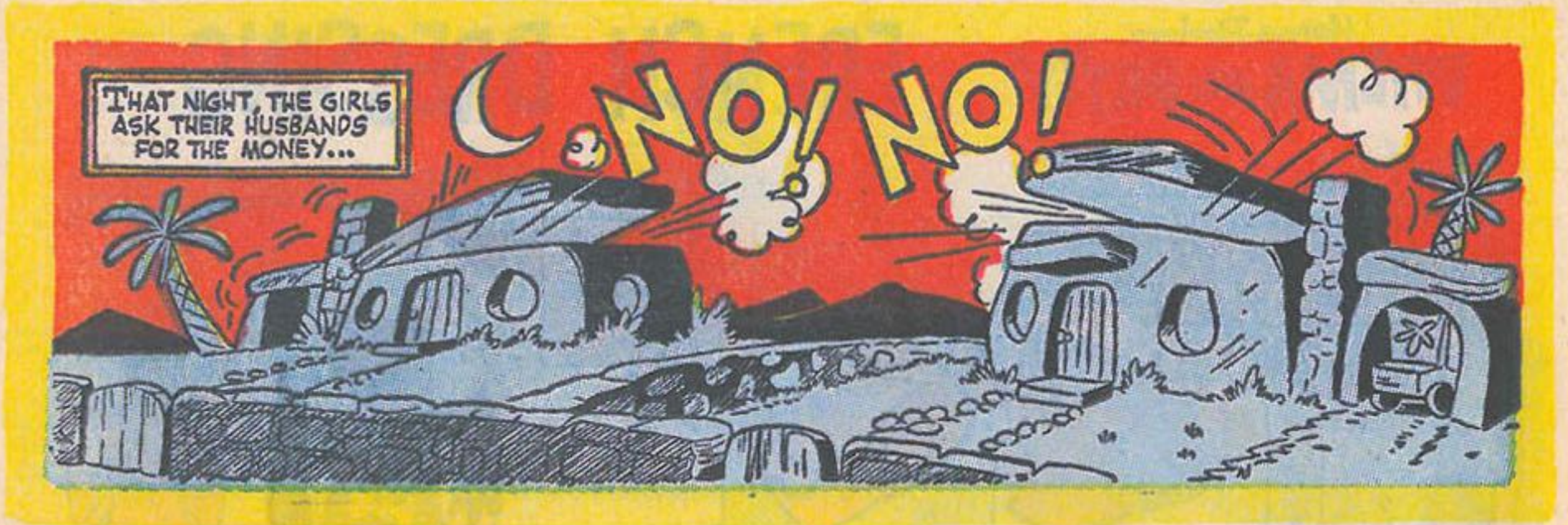


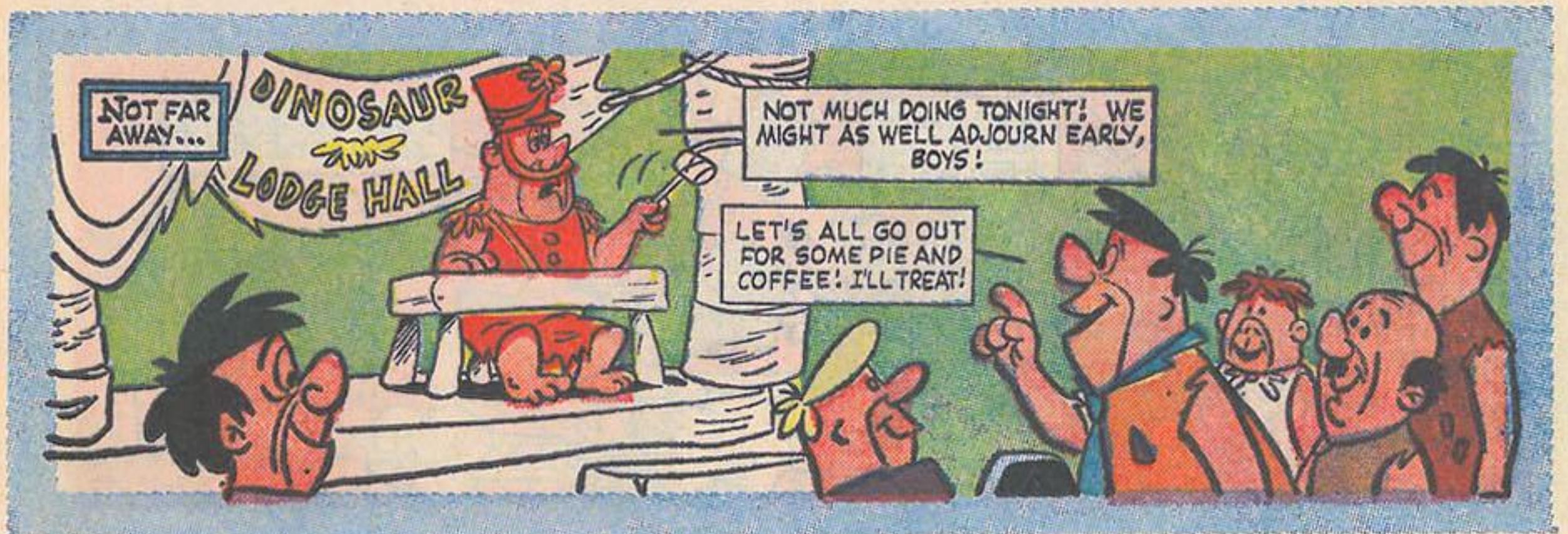
HEY, THIS MUST BE THE LUCKY OWNER...

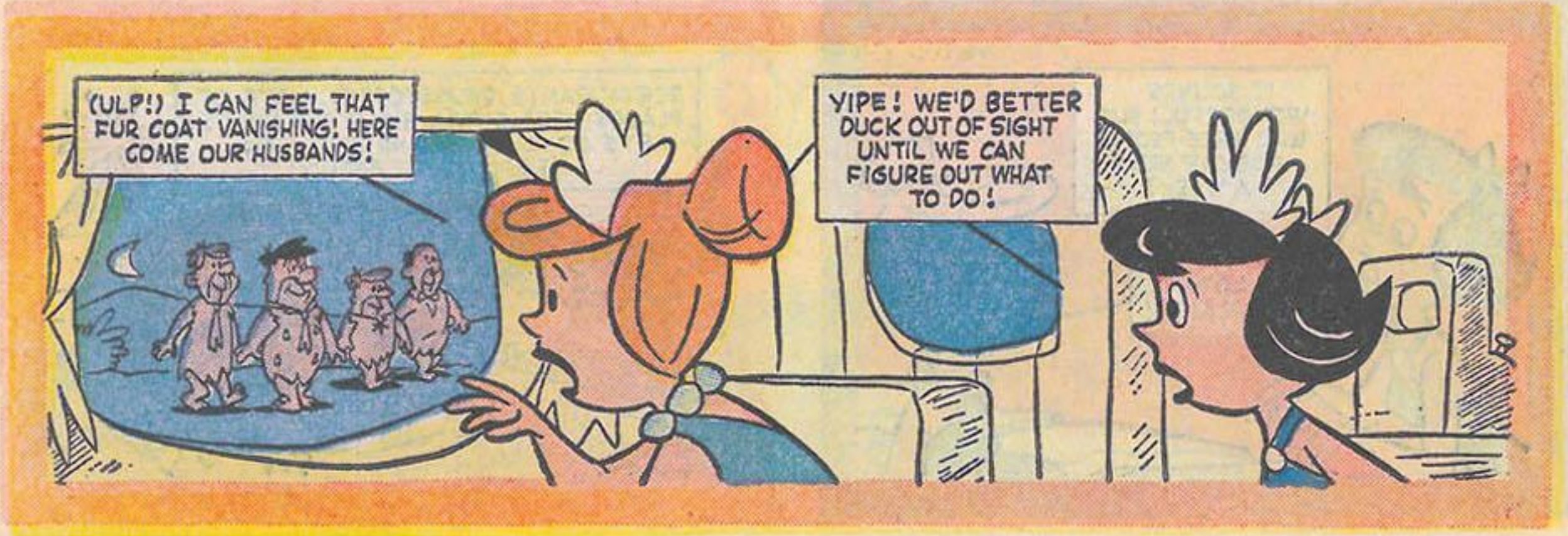




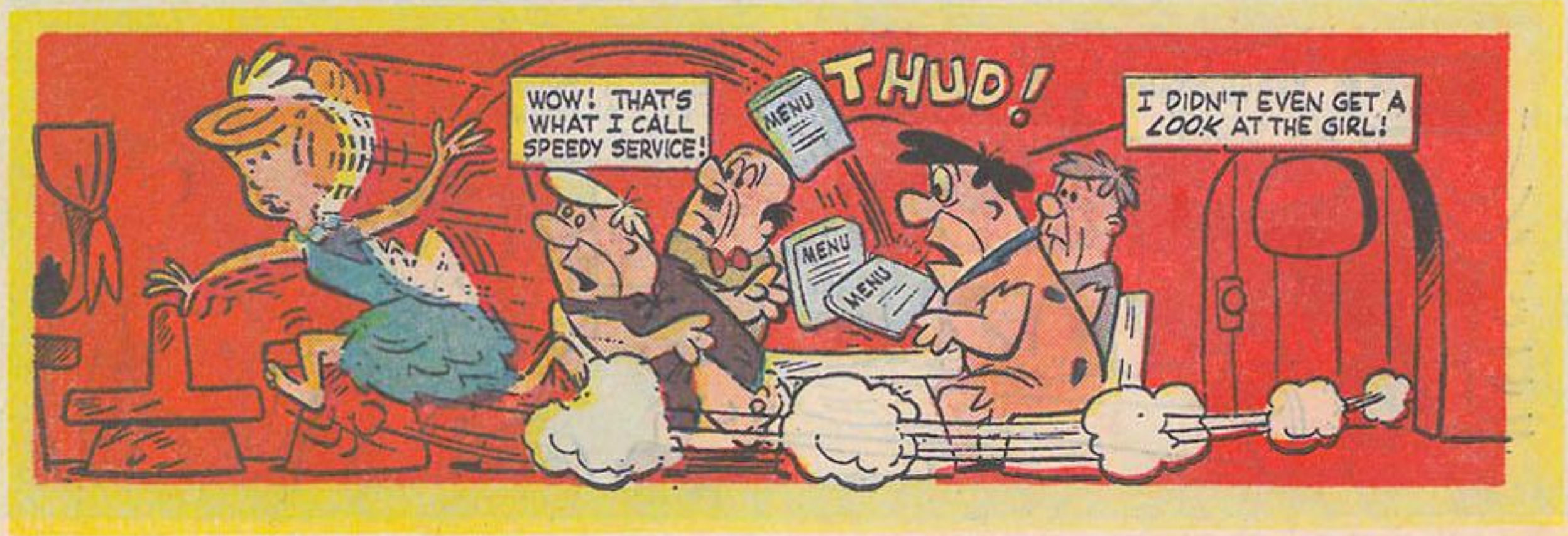


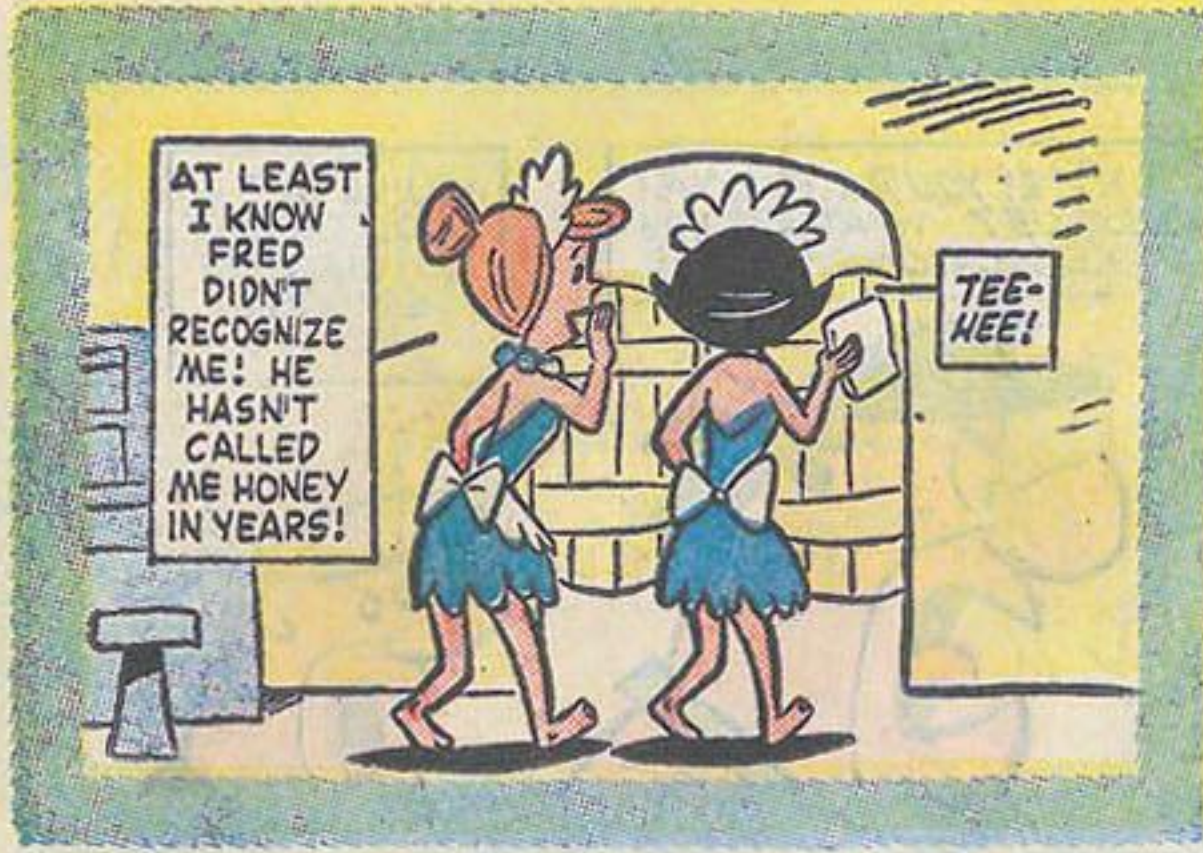






YIPE! WE'D BETTER DUCK OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL WE CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO!



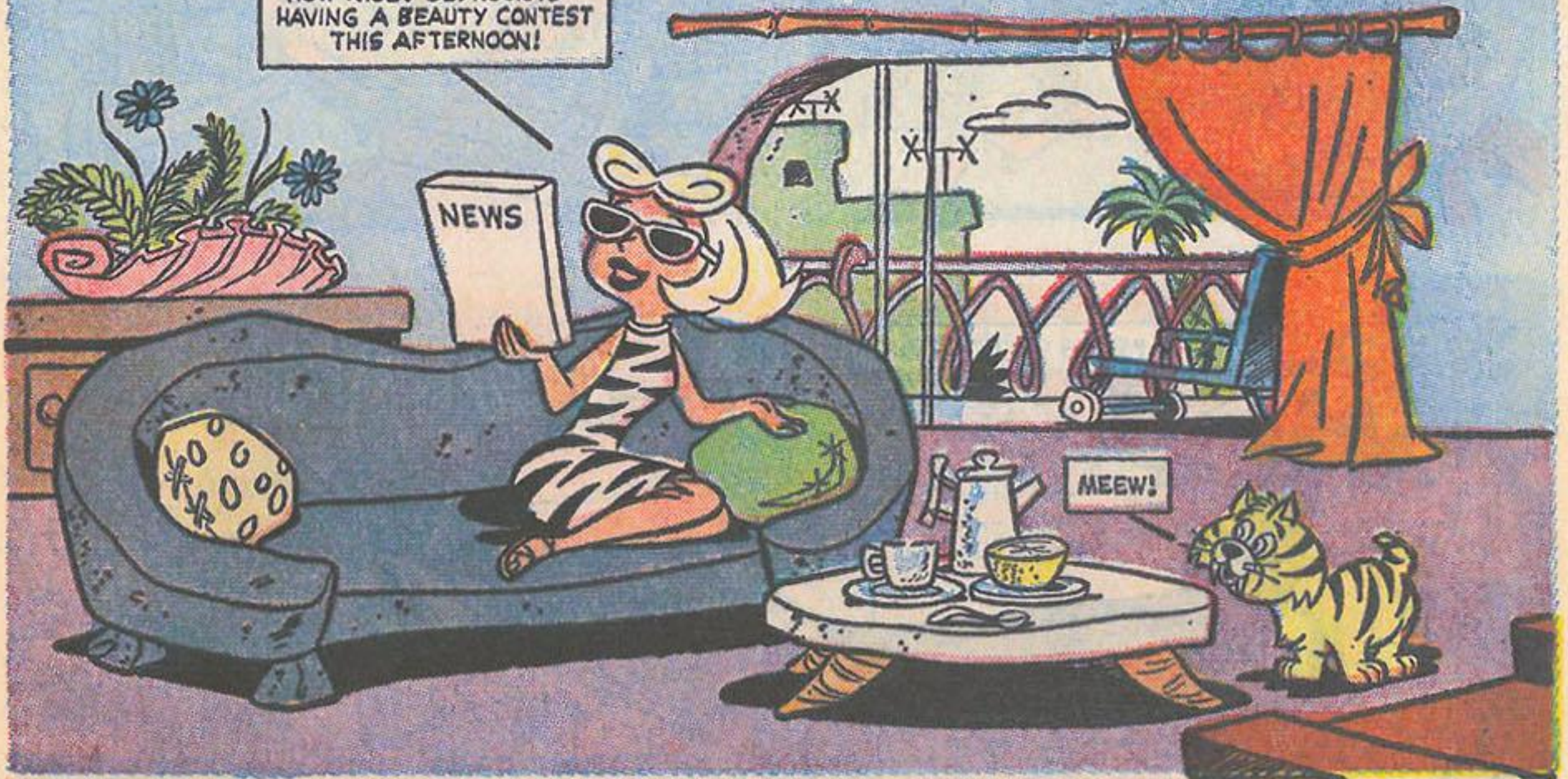




Hanna-Barbera
PEBBLE BLEACH

BEAUTY PARLOR PANIC

HOW NICE! BEDROCK IS
HAVING A BEAUTY CONTEST
THIS AFTERNOON!



...OR IS IT
NICE?!!



EEK! JUST AS
I FEARED! I'M
A SIGHT!



I MUST RUSH TO THE
BEAUTY PARLOR AND
GET THE FULL
TREATMENT!

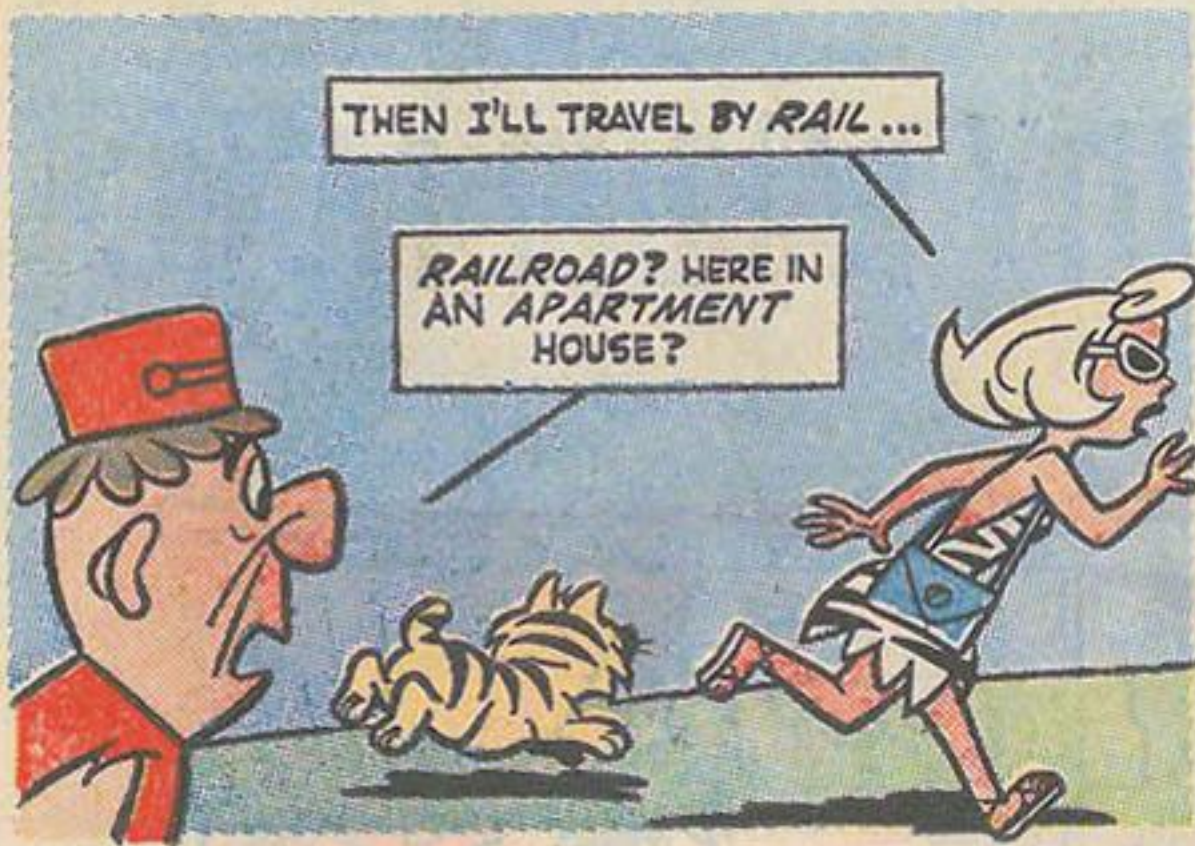


DOWN, PLEASE!

SORRY, I'VE GOT A
LOAD GOING UP!

ELEVATOR





THEN I'LL TRAVEL BY RAIL ...

RAILROAD? HERE IN AN APARTMENT HOUSE?

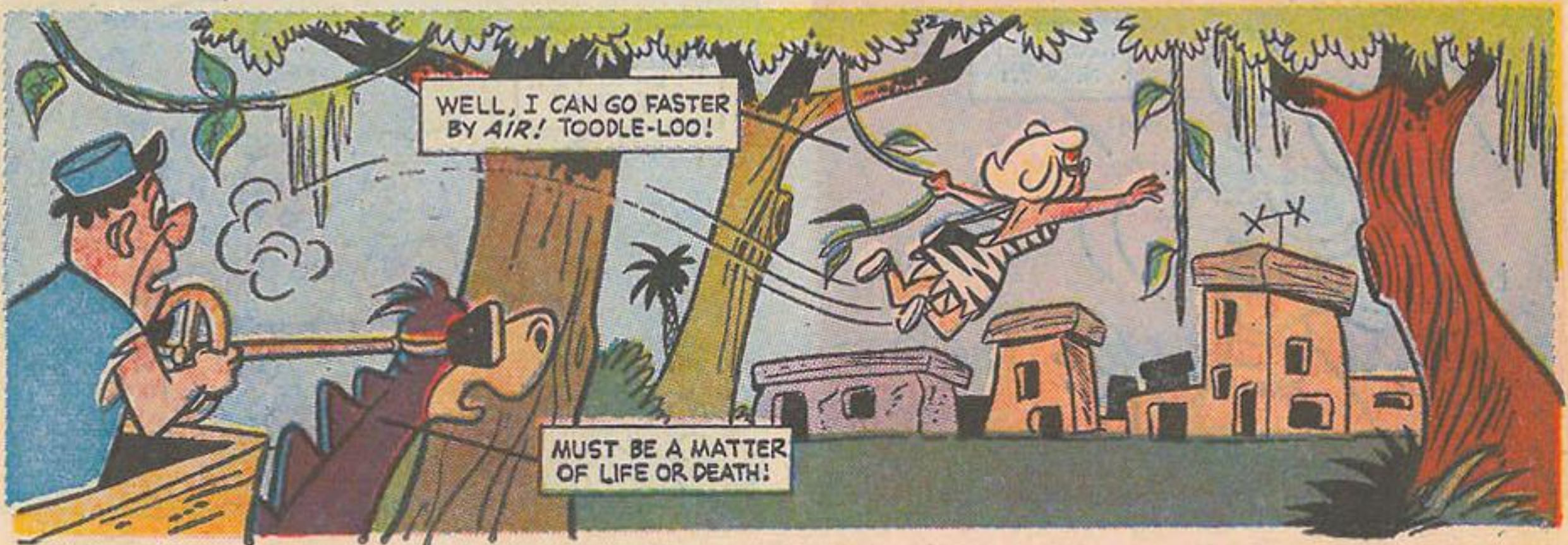


STAIRCASE RAIL, THAT IS! IT'S MUCH FASTER, ANYWAY!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS BUS?

NOTHING! HE HAD A BARREL OF VITAMIN ZOOM TODAY!



WELL, I CAN GO FASTER BY AIR! TOODLE-LOO!

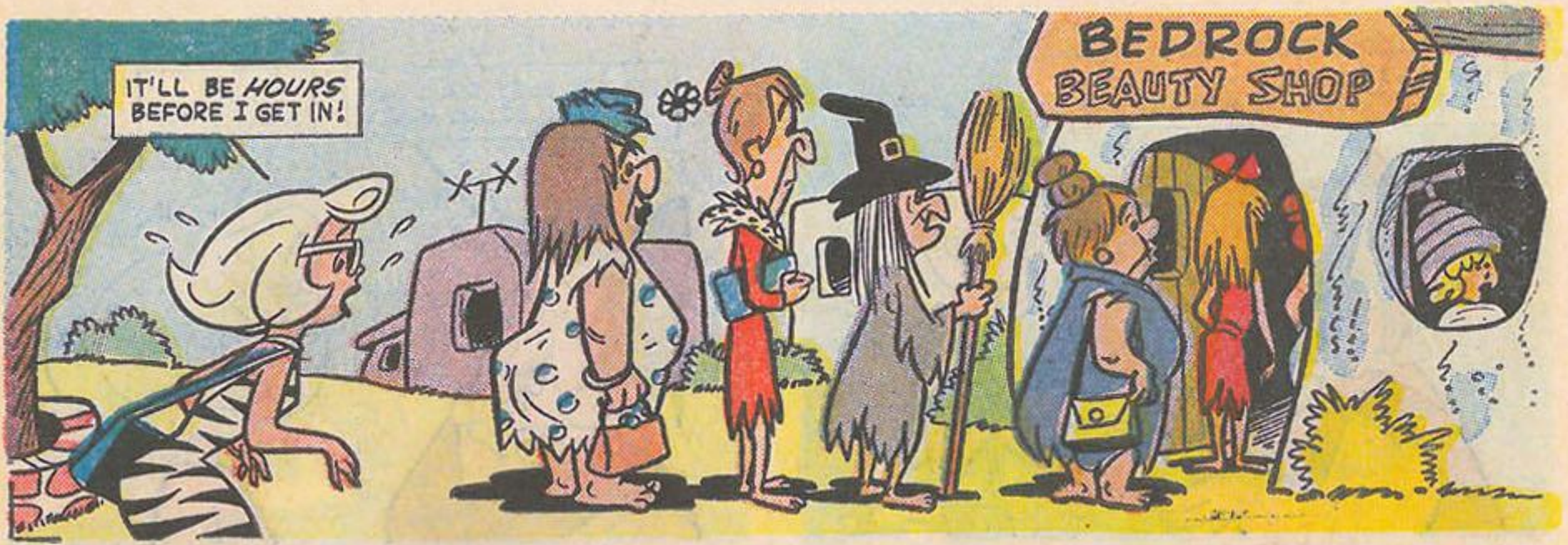
MUST BE A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH!

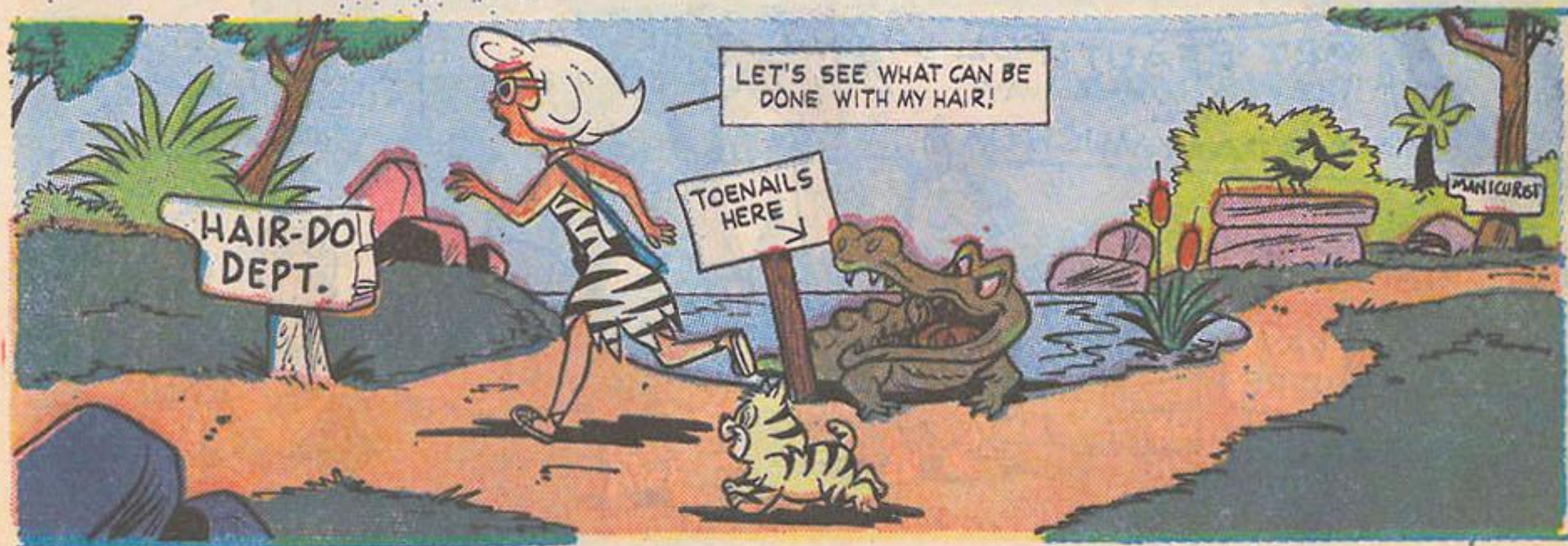
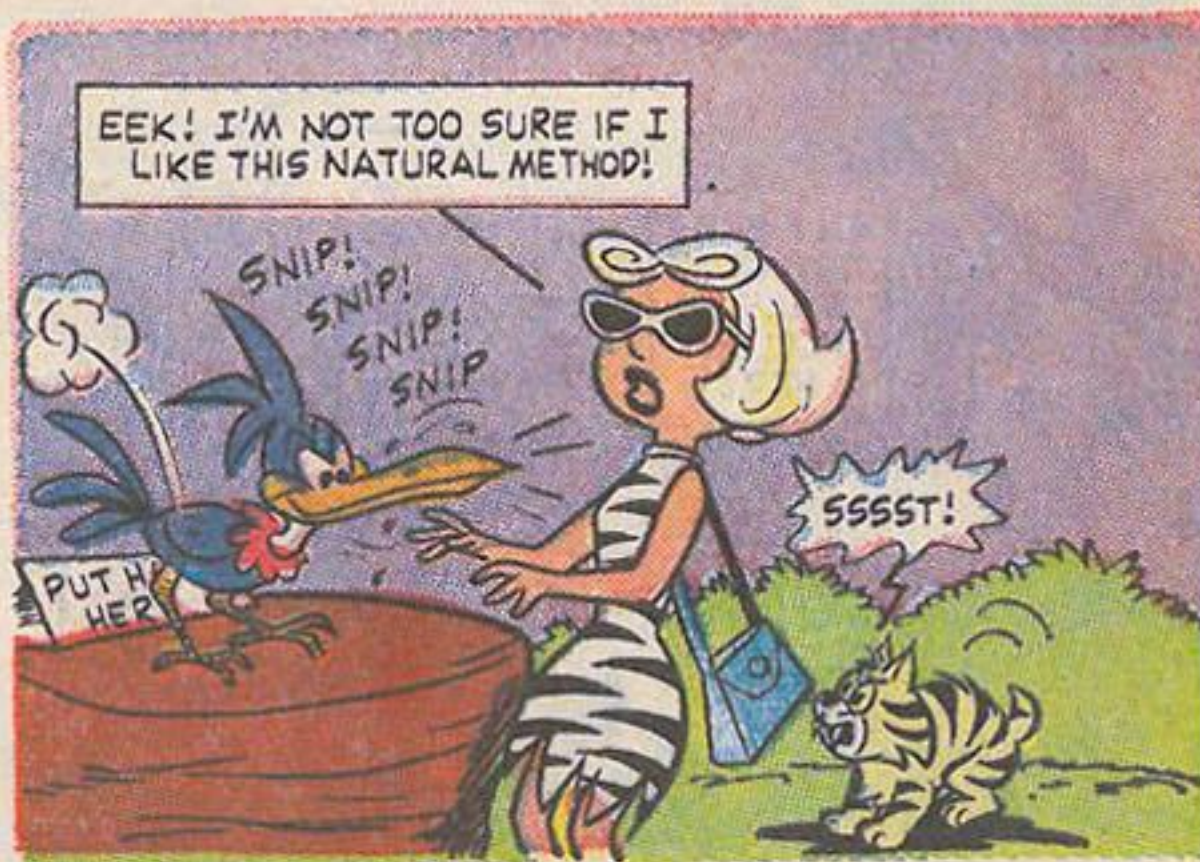
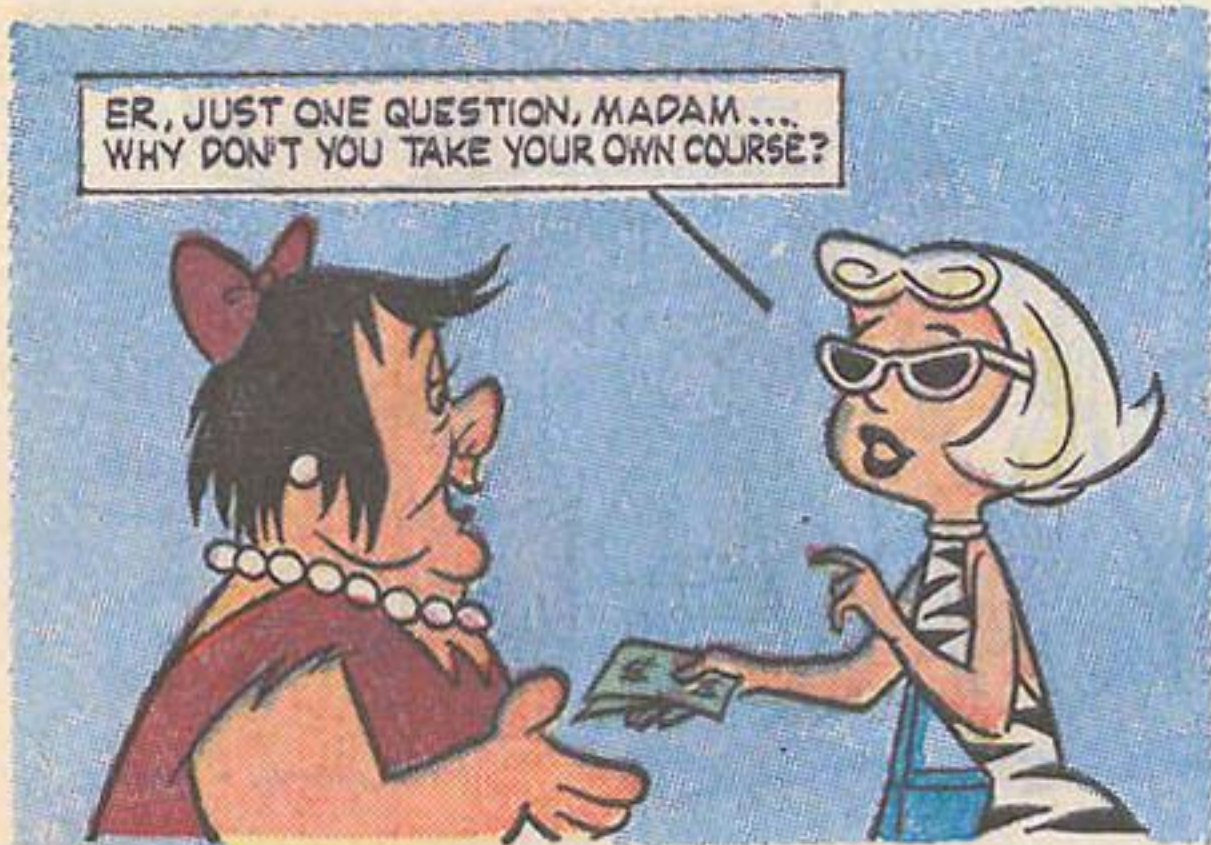


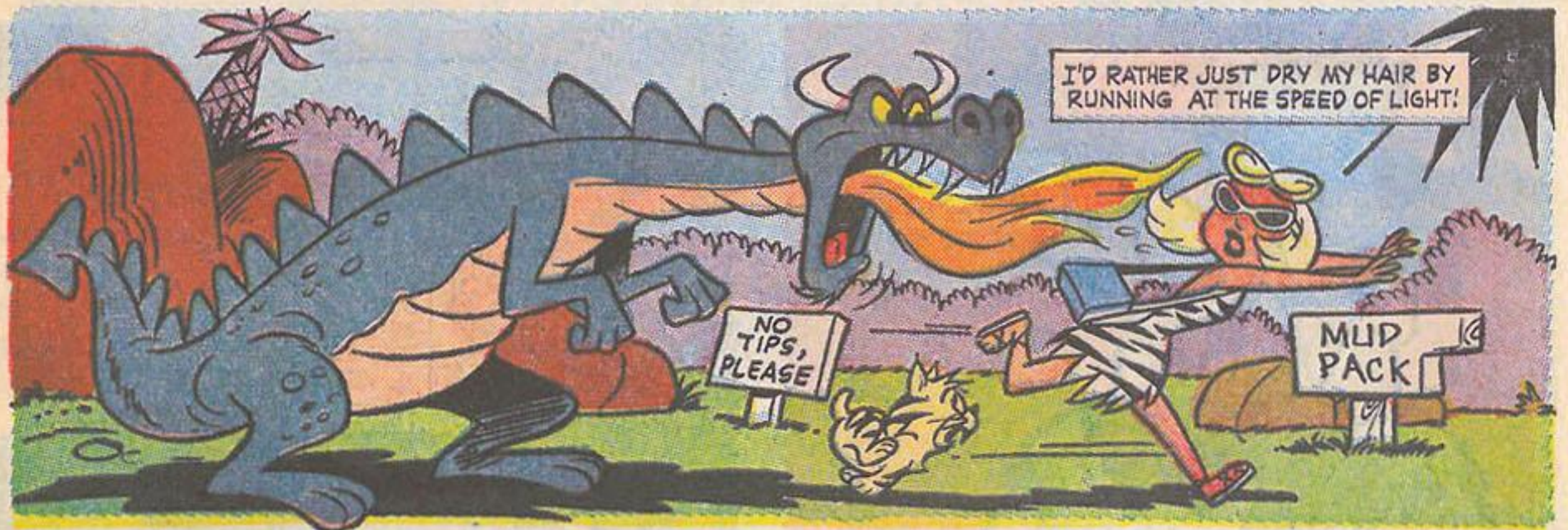
OUT OF MY WAY, BIG BOY! I'M ALMOST TO...



OH, NO!!

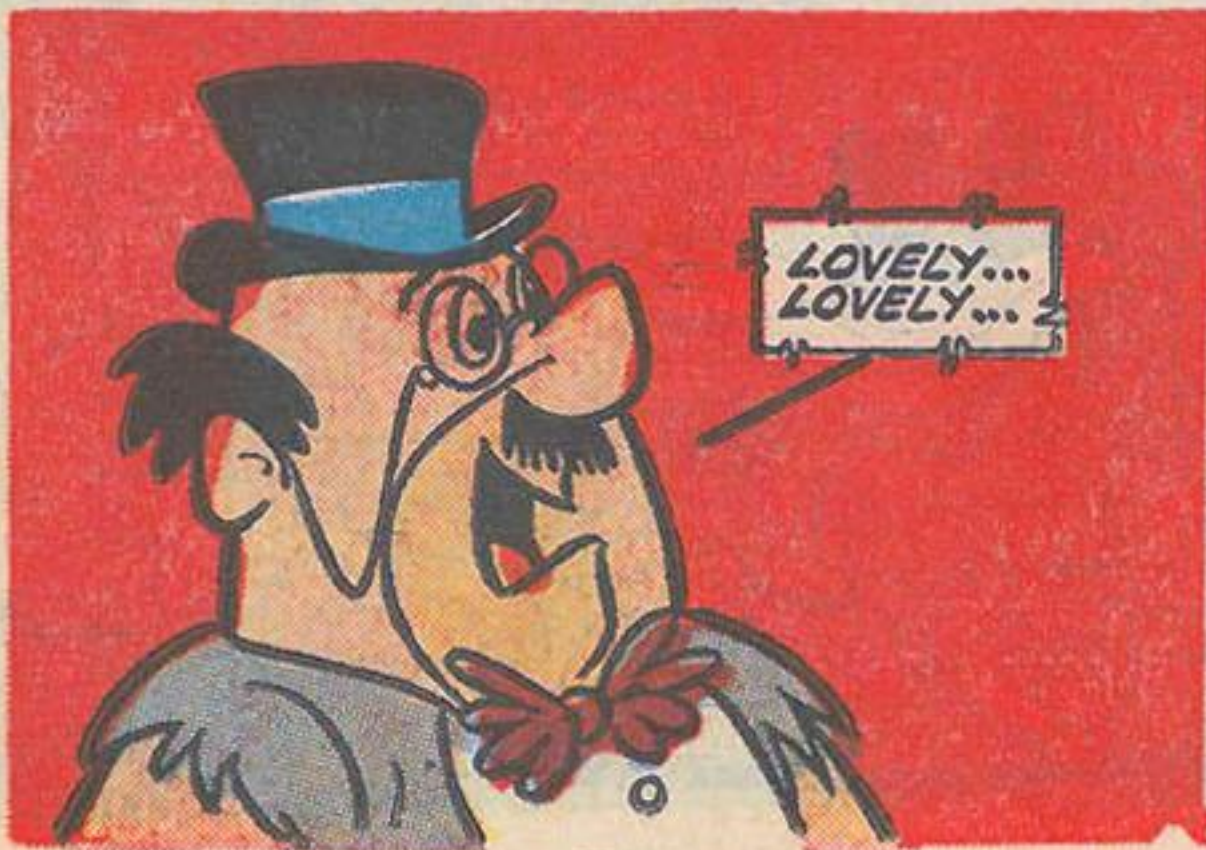
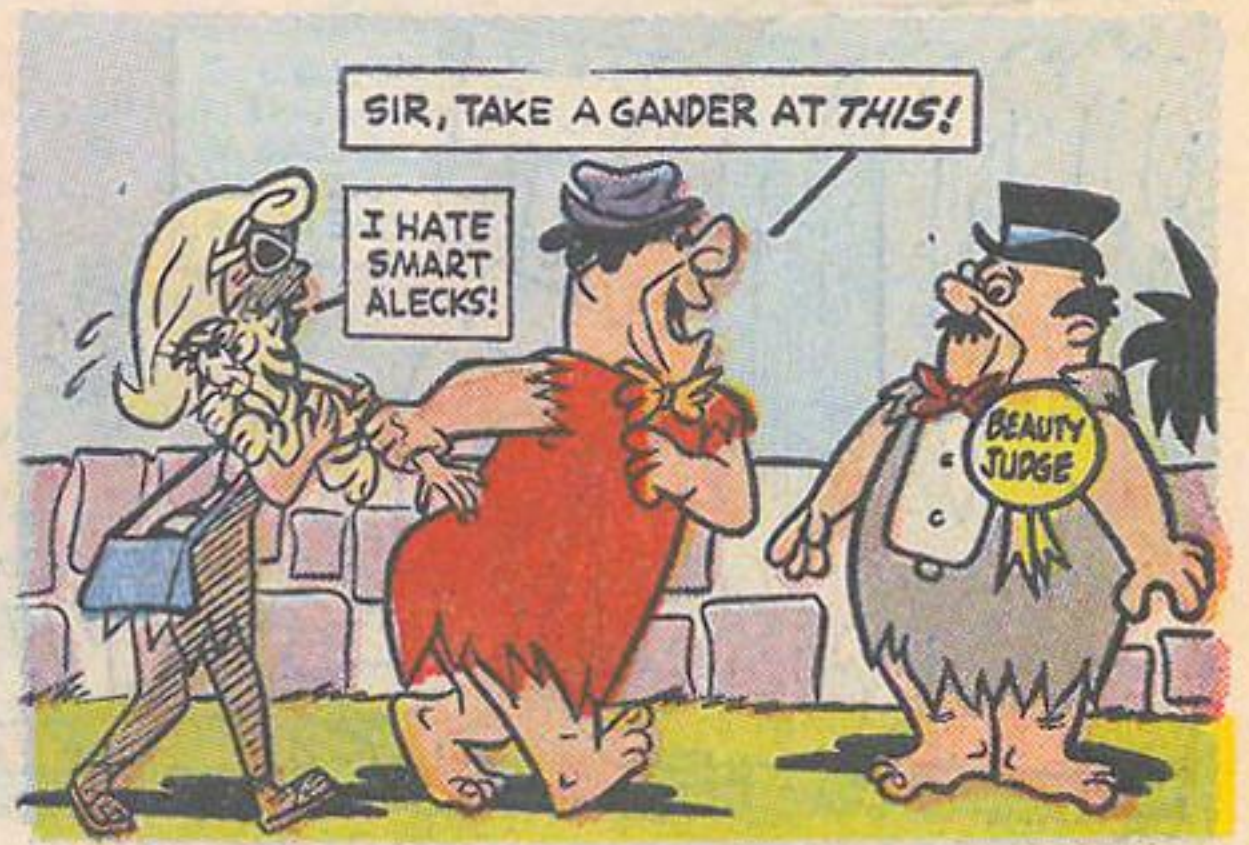






SPLOP!





Hanna-Barbera
the FLINTSTONES THE NIGHTLY NIGHT FIGHT



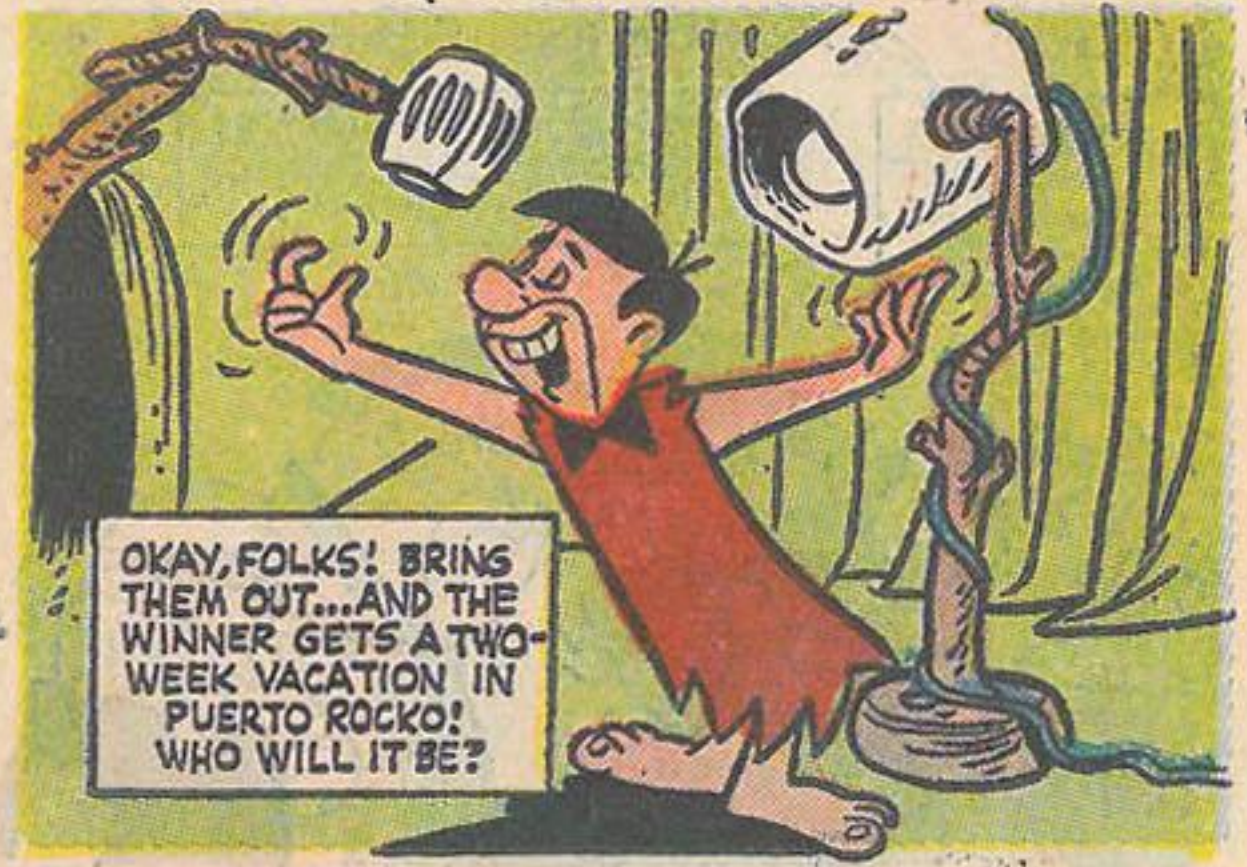
HI, FOLKS! WELCOME TO THE "BELABOR YOUR NEIGHBOR" SHOW!

HEH-HEH! THIS IS MY FAVORITE SHOW! IT'S A RIOT!

I THINK IT'S TERRIBLE!



LAST WEEK WE SENT TWO NEIGHBORING FAMILIES, THE TAR-PITS AND THE LA BREAS, TO SEE WHO COULD CATCH THE BIGGEST PIGMY WILDCAT!



OKAY, FOLKS! BRING THEM OUT...AND THE WINNER GETS A TWO-WEEK VACATION IN PUERTO ROCKO! WHO WILL IT BE?



HERE THEY ARE! A LITTLE WORSE FOR THE WEAR AND TEAR! HA-HA-HA!

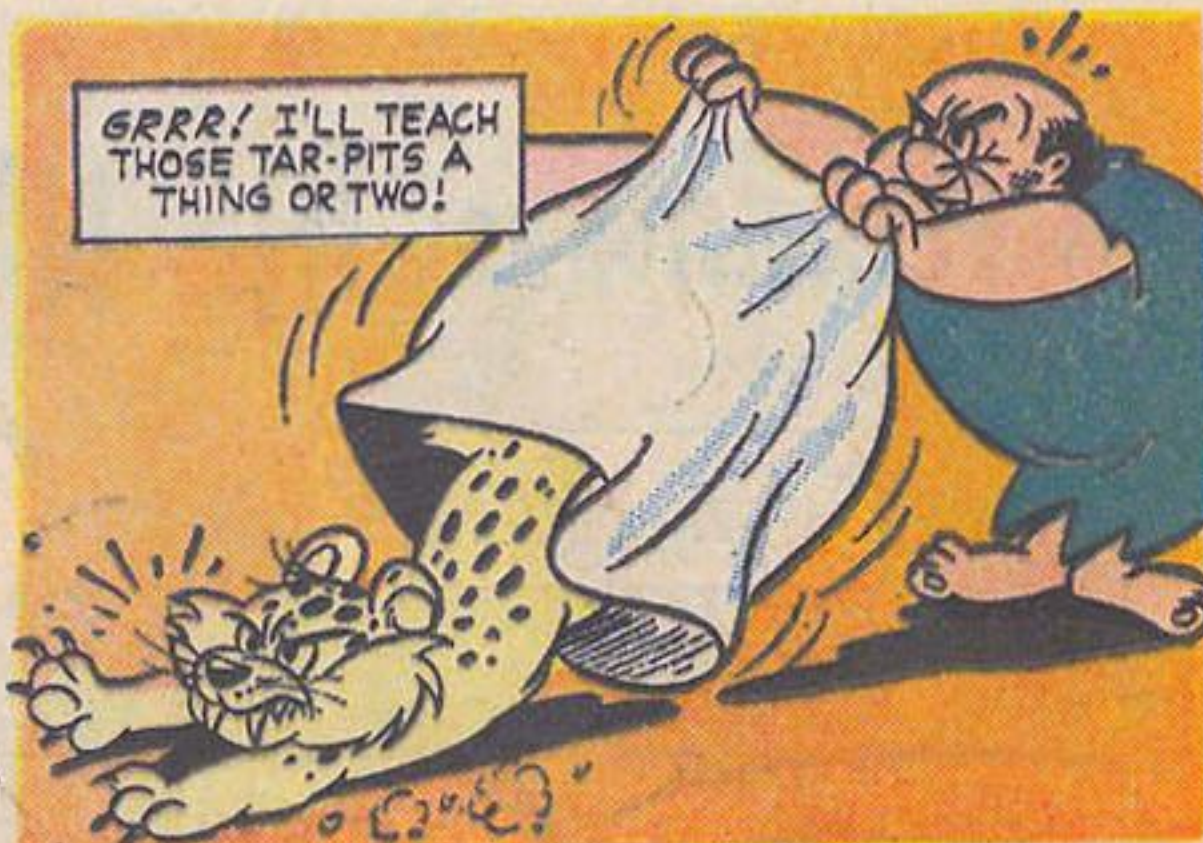


AND NOW, OUR OFFICIAL JUDGE WILL DECIDE THE WINNER!

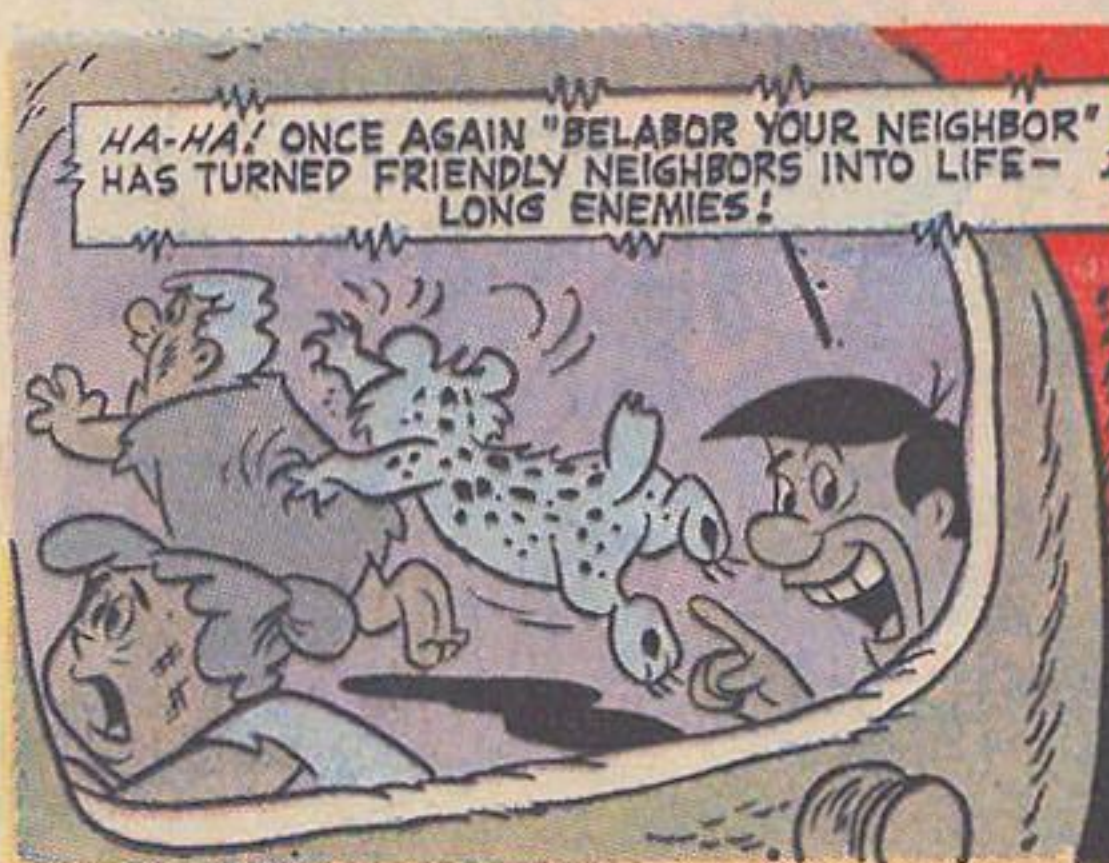


THE TAR-PITS WIN!

GOOD! WE CAN USE THE VACATION TO RECUPERATE!



GRRR! I'LL TEACH THOSE TAR-PITS A THING OR TWO!



HA-HA! ONCE AGAIN "BELABOR YOUR NEIGHBOR" HAS TURNED FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS INTO LIFE-LONG ENEMIES!

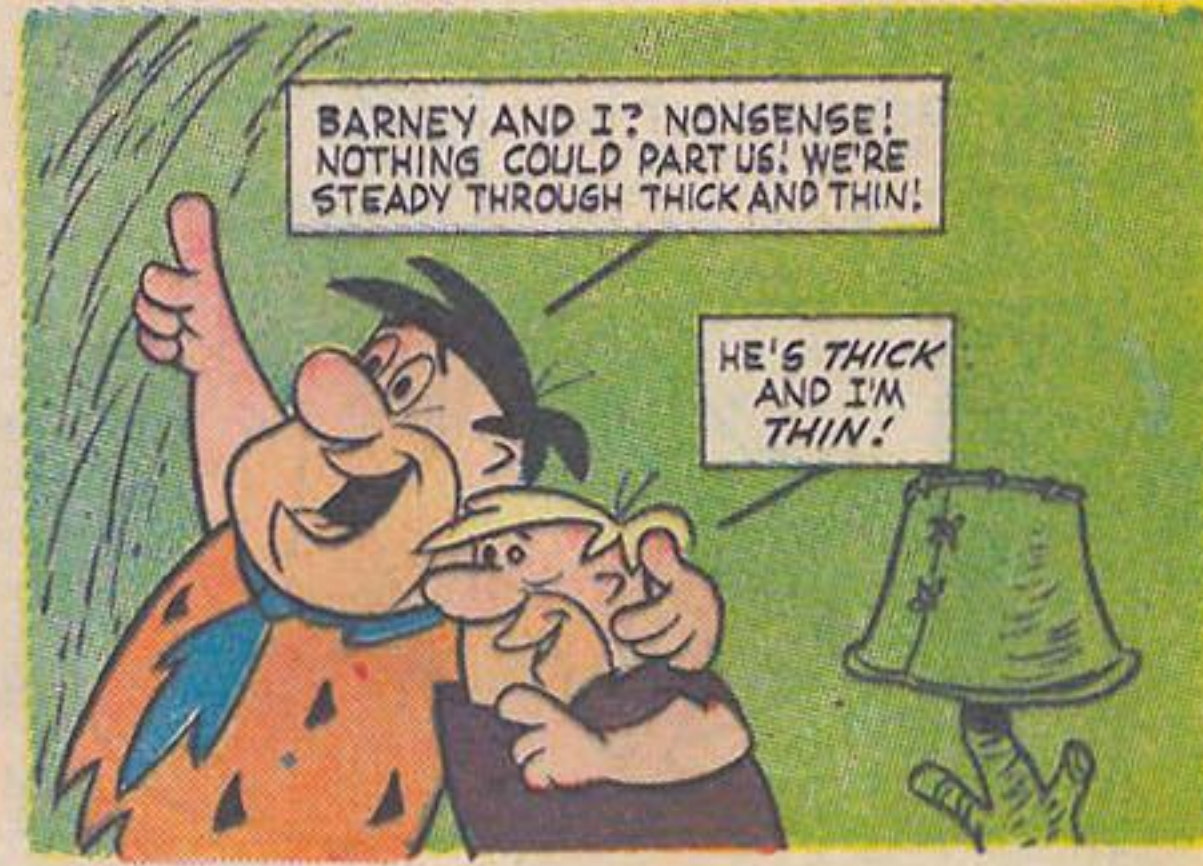


HEH, HEH! THAT GUY WAS REALLY MAD!



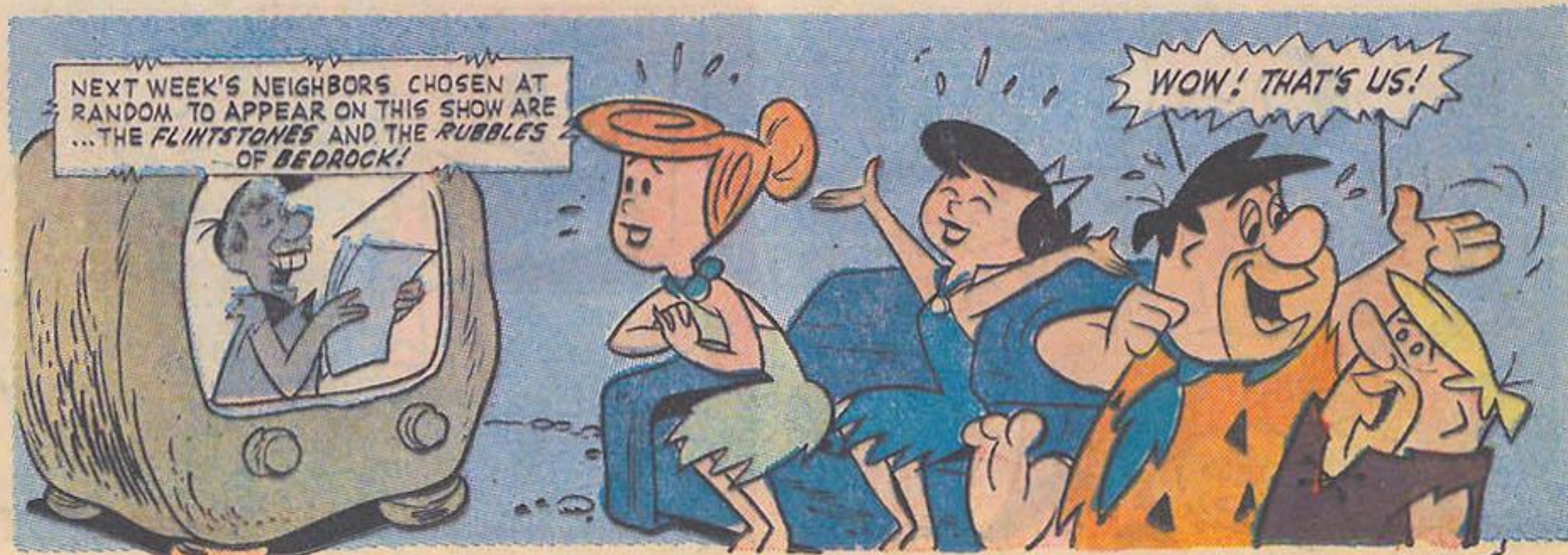
YOU BOYS SHOULDN'T LAUGH AT THAT!

HOW WOULD YOU TWO LIKE TO SPLIT UP ON ACCOUNT OF A SILLY PROGRAM?



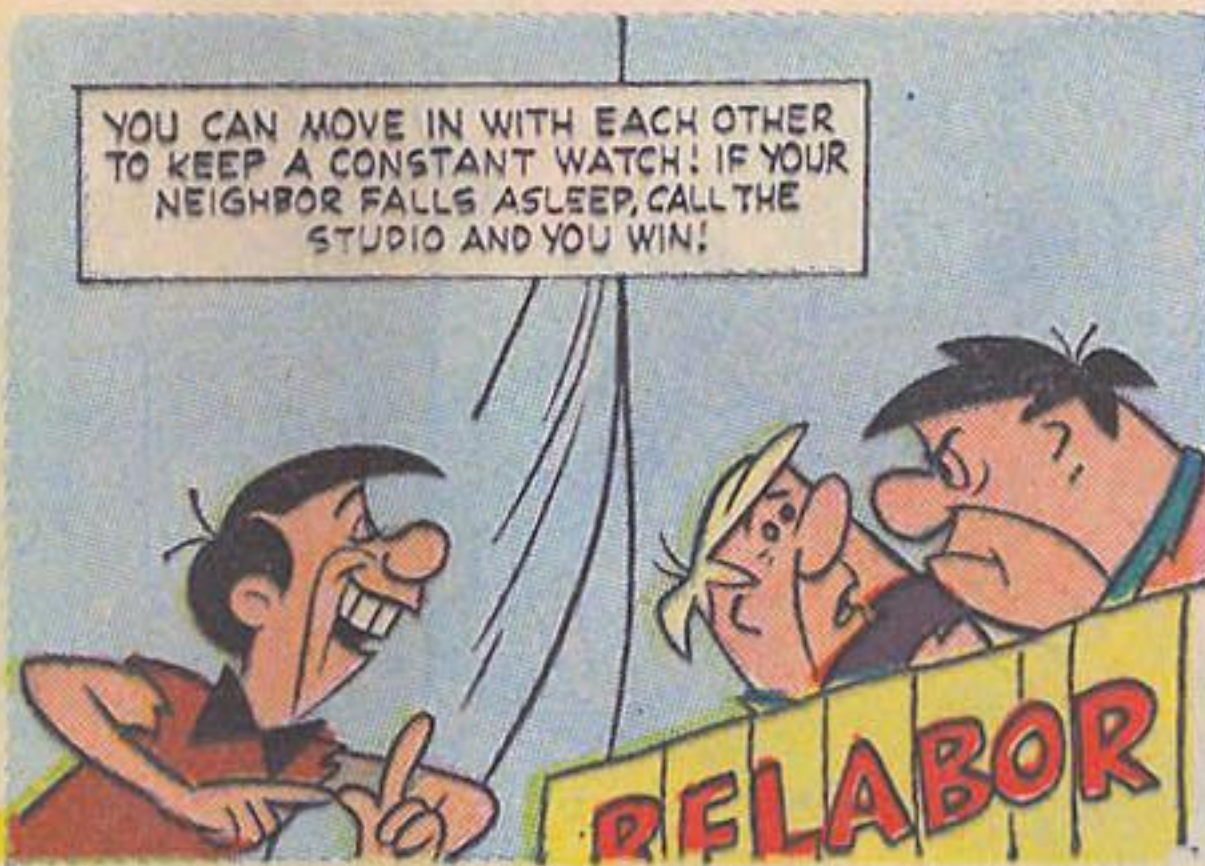
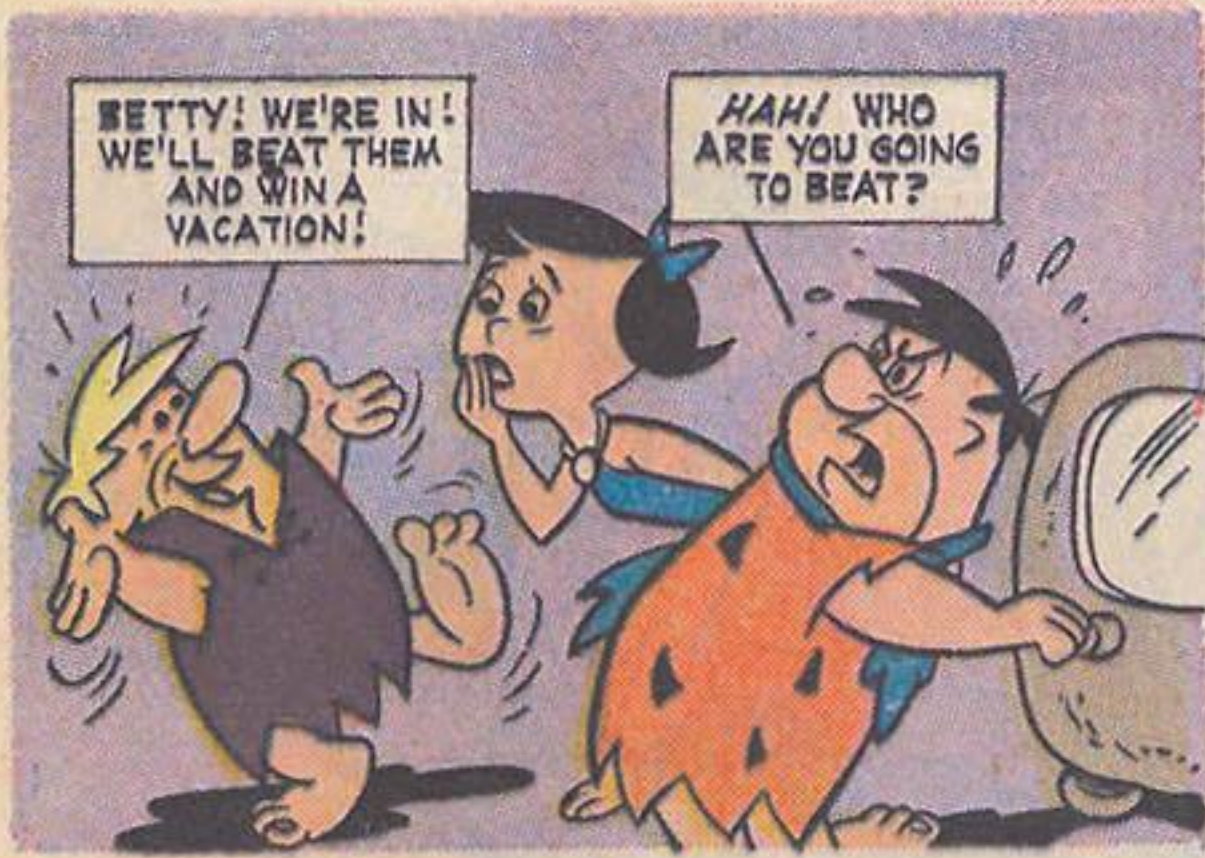
BARNEY AND I? NONSENSE! NOTHING COULD PART US! WE'RE STEADY THROUGH THICK AND THIN!

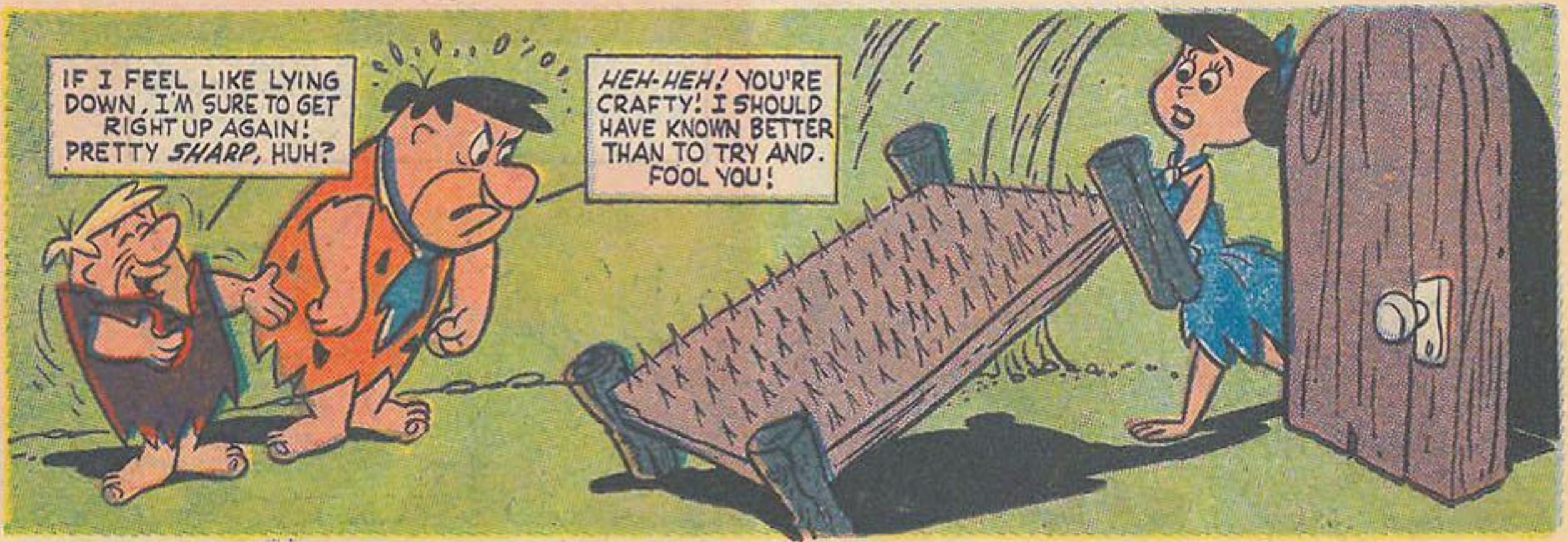
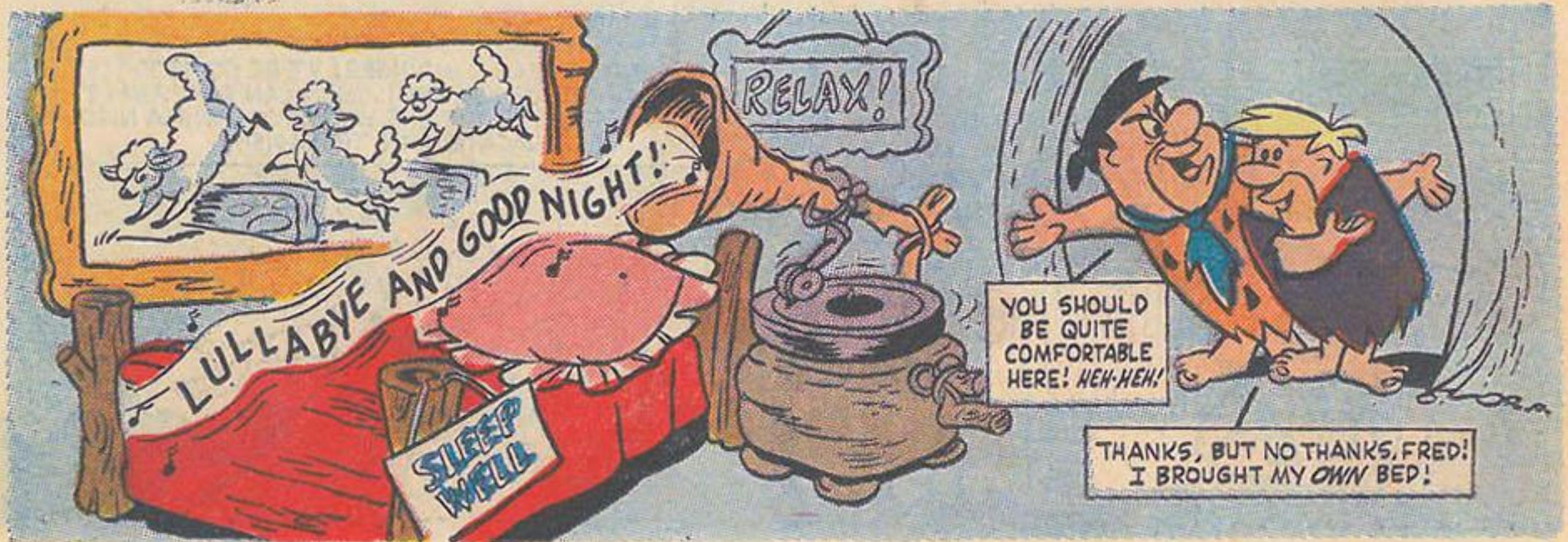
HE'S THICK AND I'M THIN!

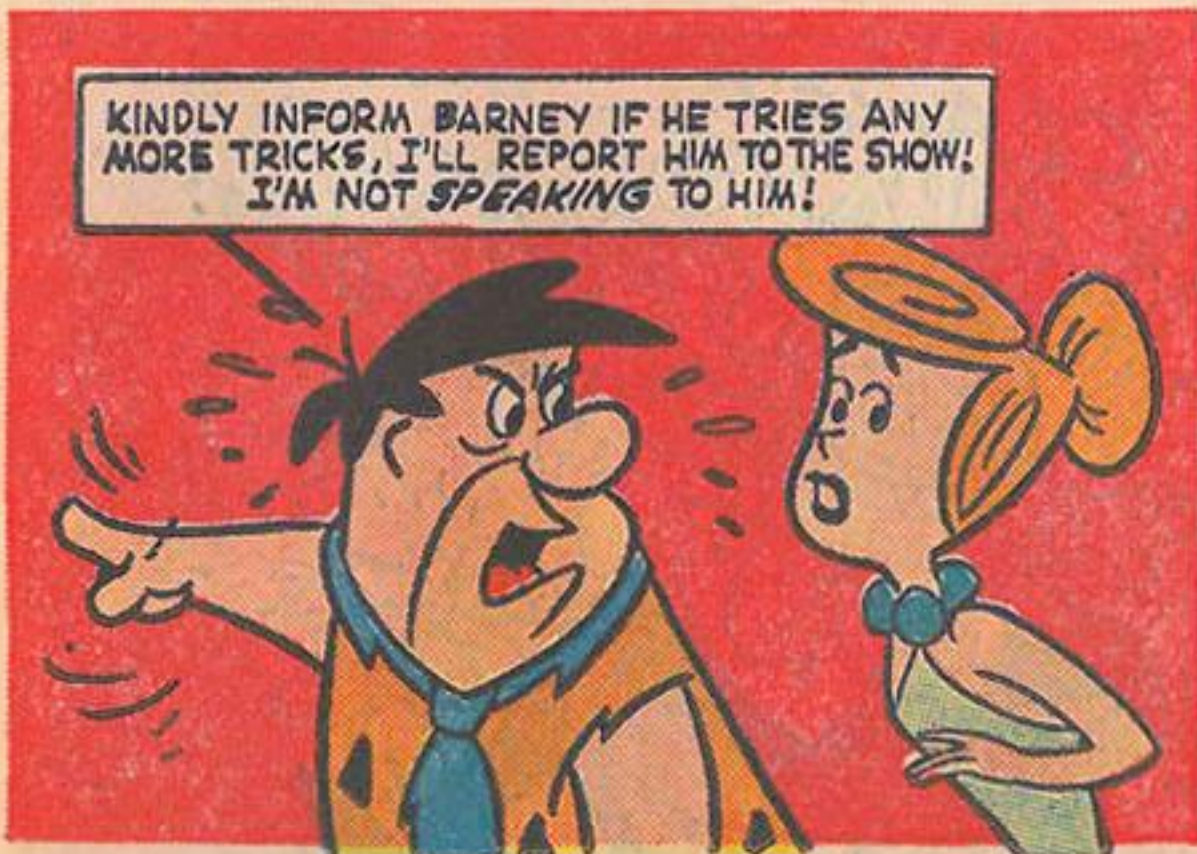


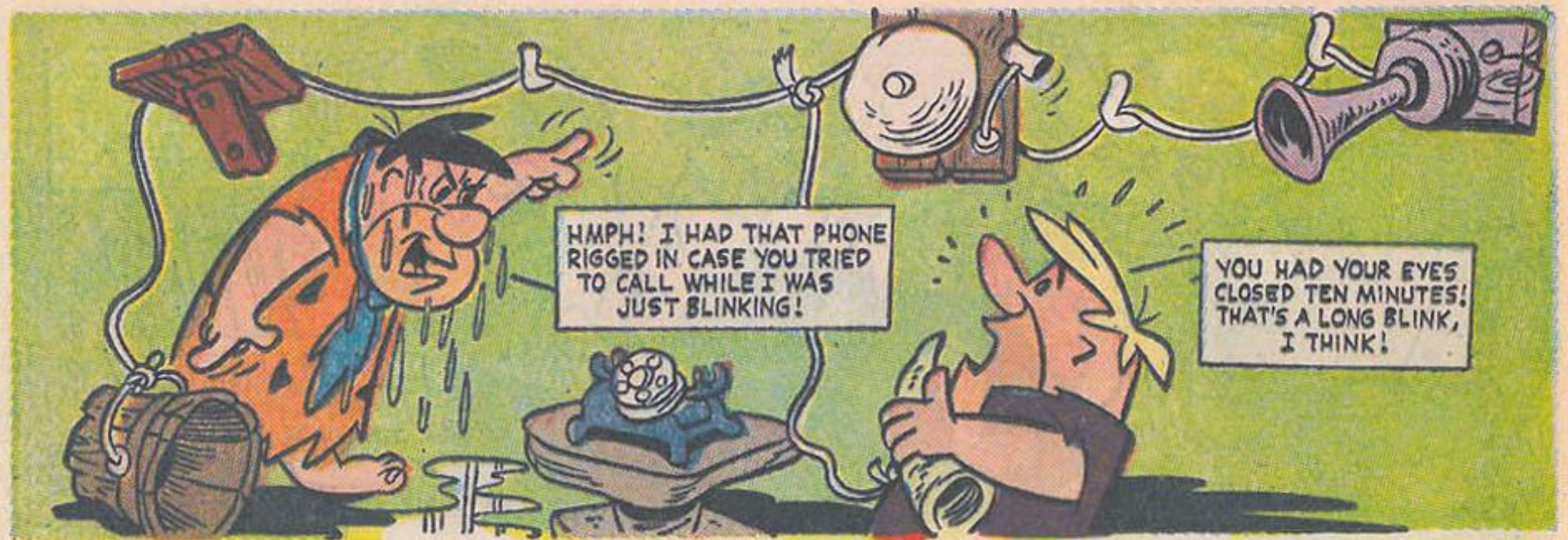
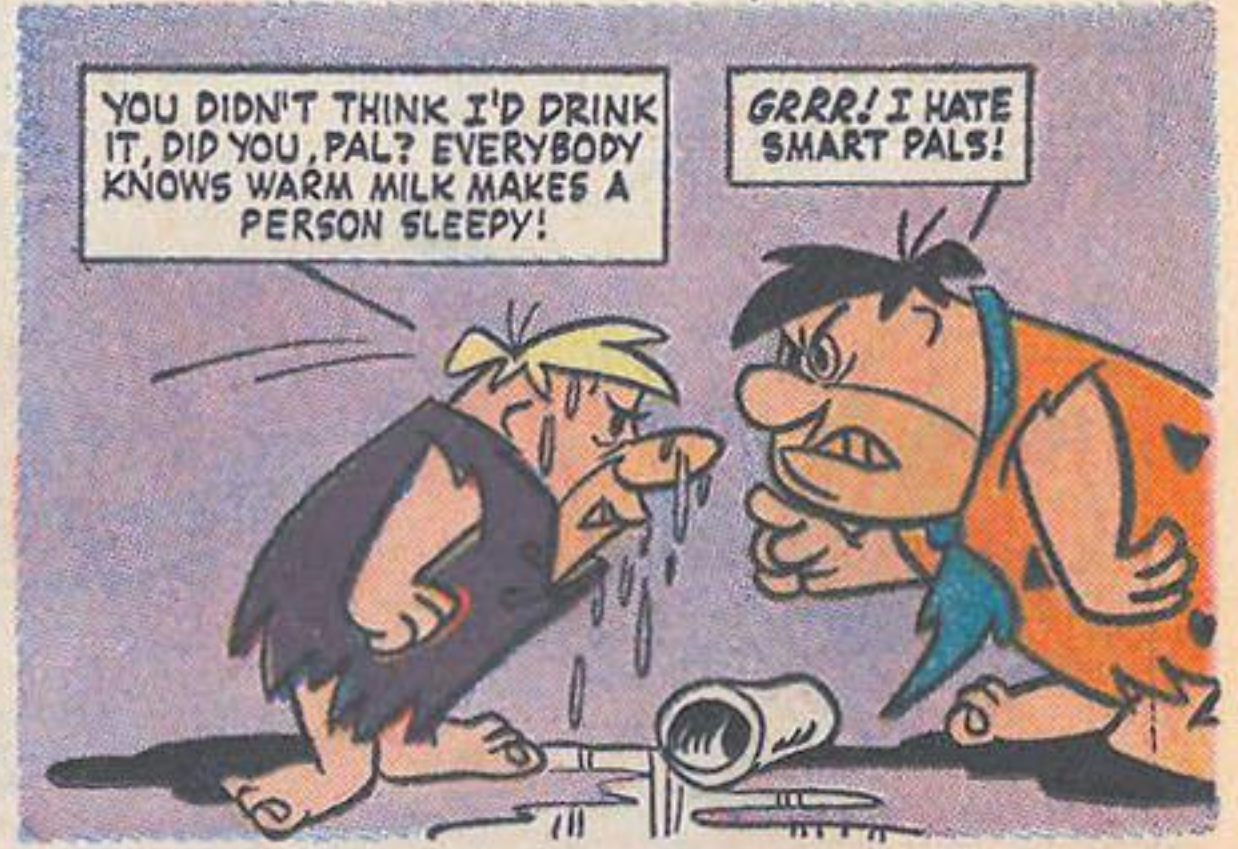
NEXT WEEK'S NEIGHBORS CHOSEN AT RANDOM TO APPEAR ON THIS SHOW ARE ... THE FLINTSTONES AND THE RUBBLES OF BEDROCK!

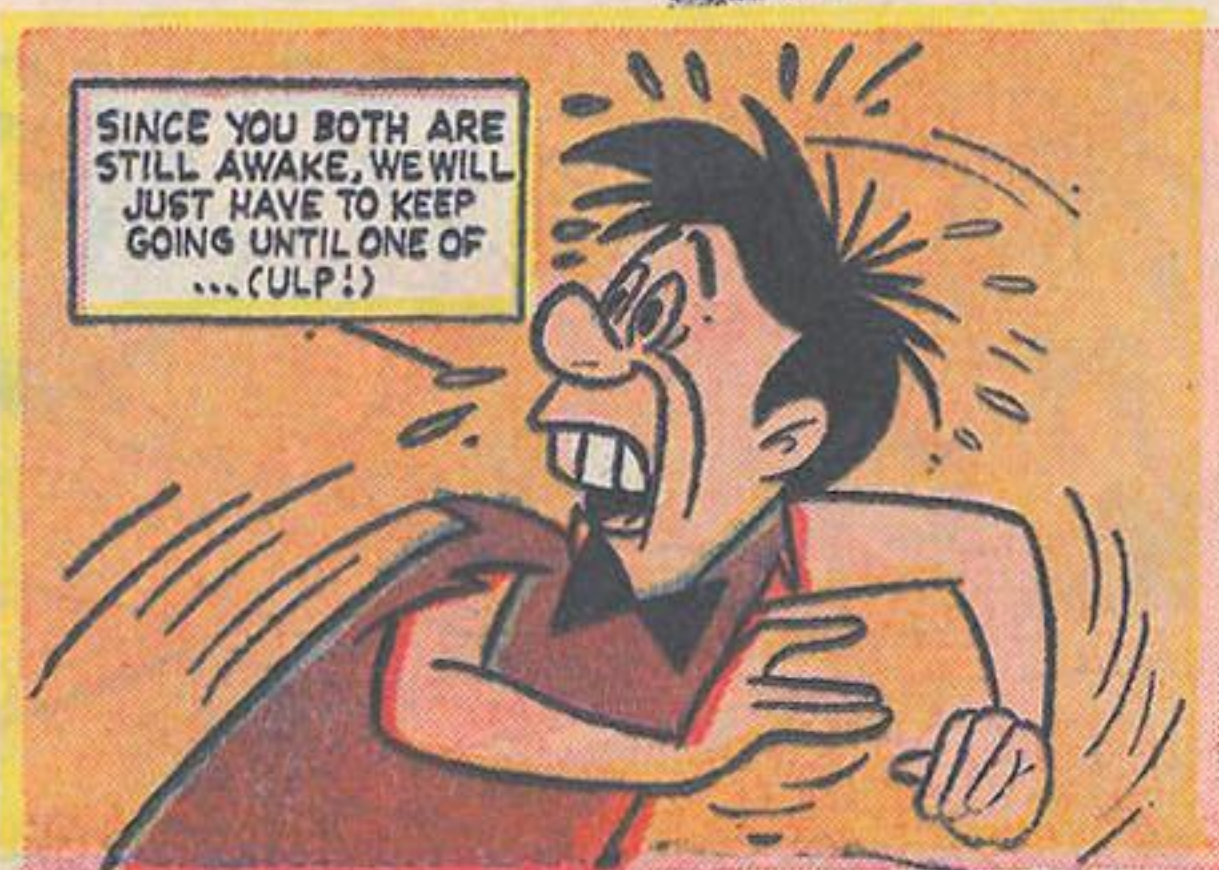
WOW! THAT'S US!

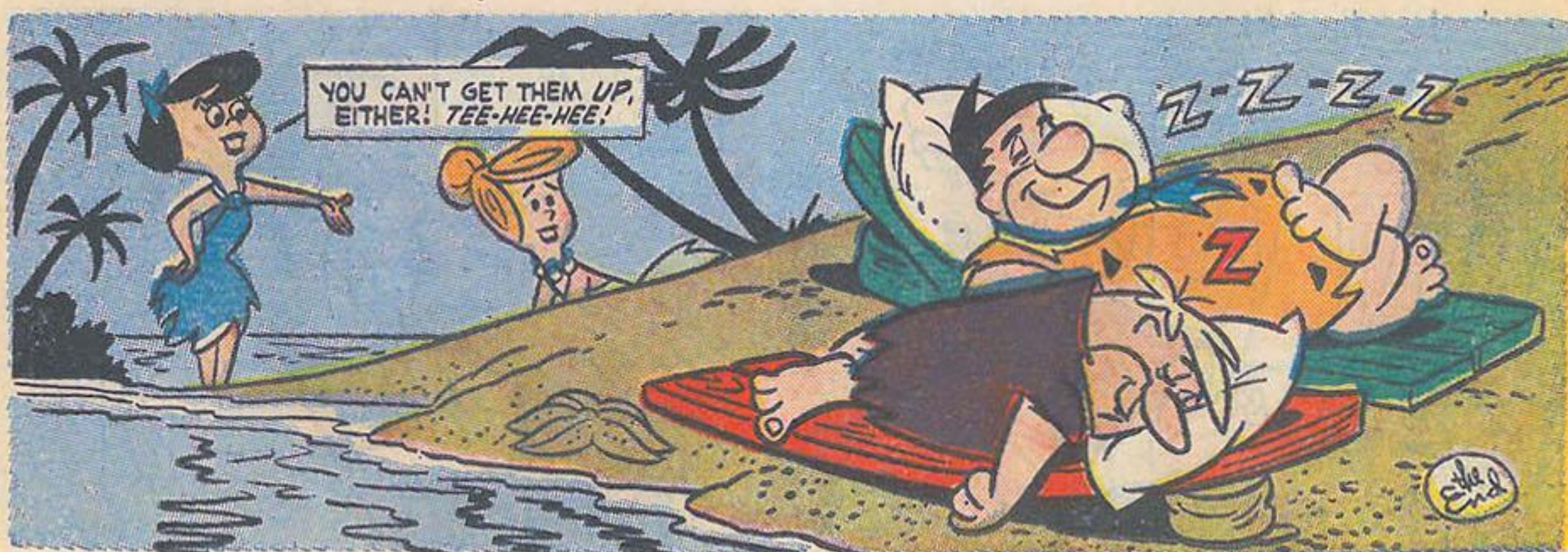
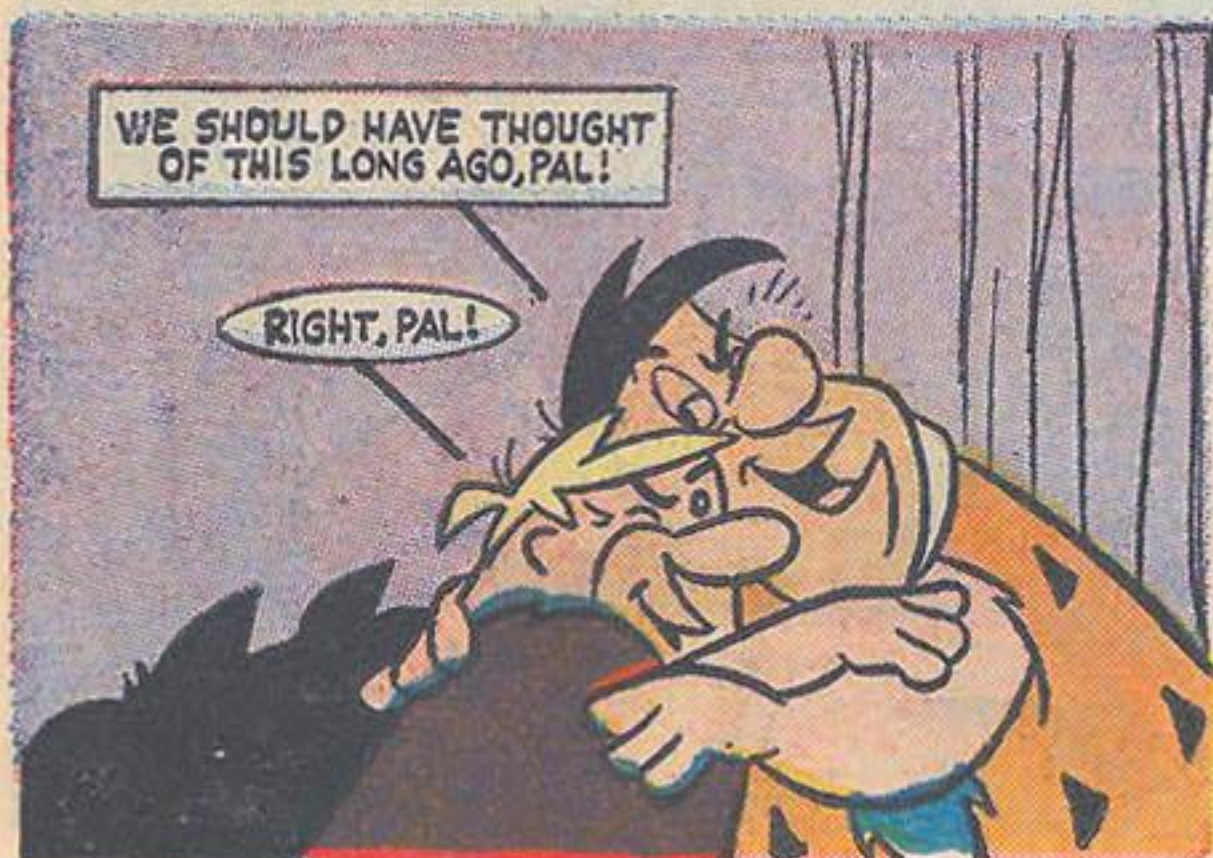


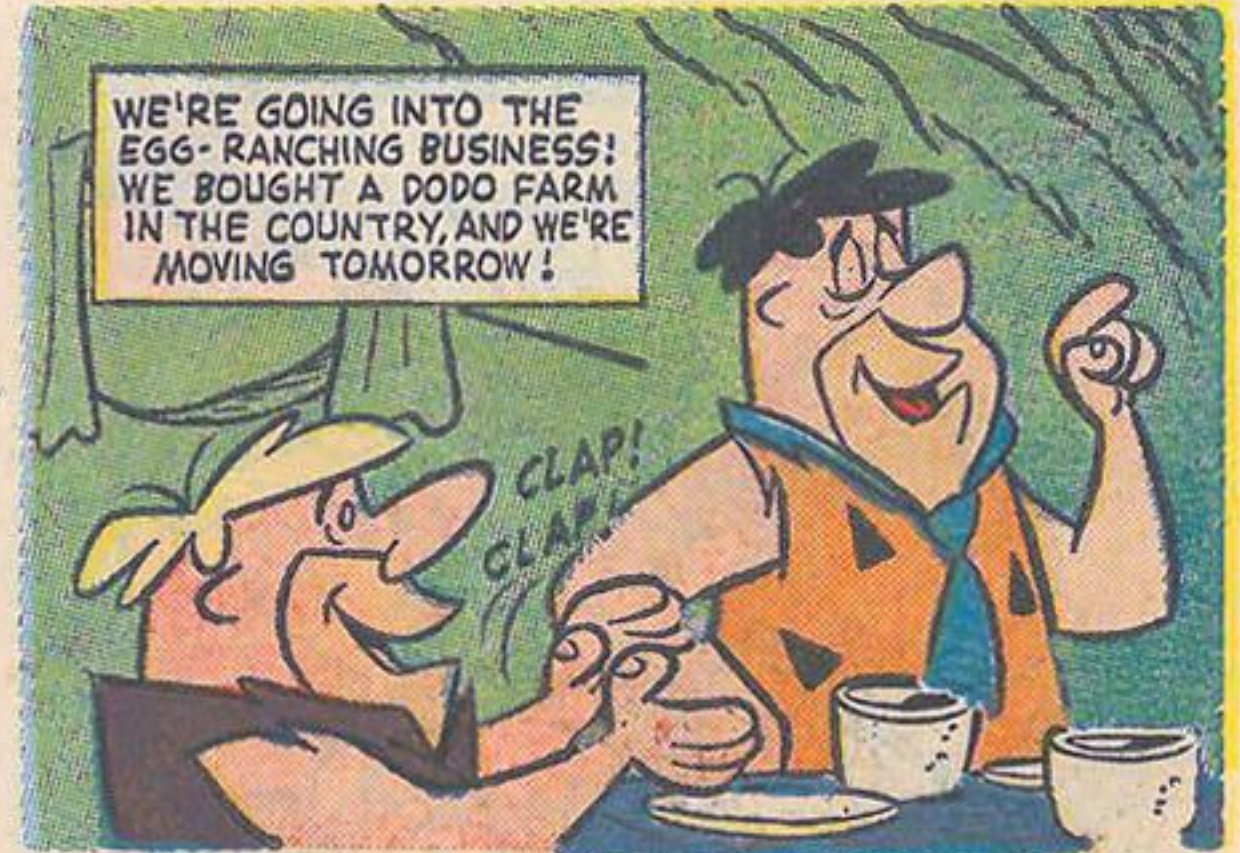
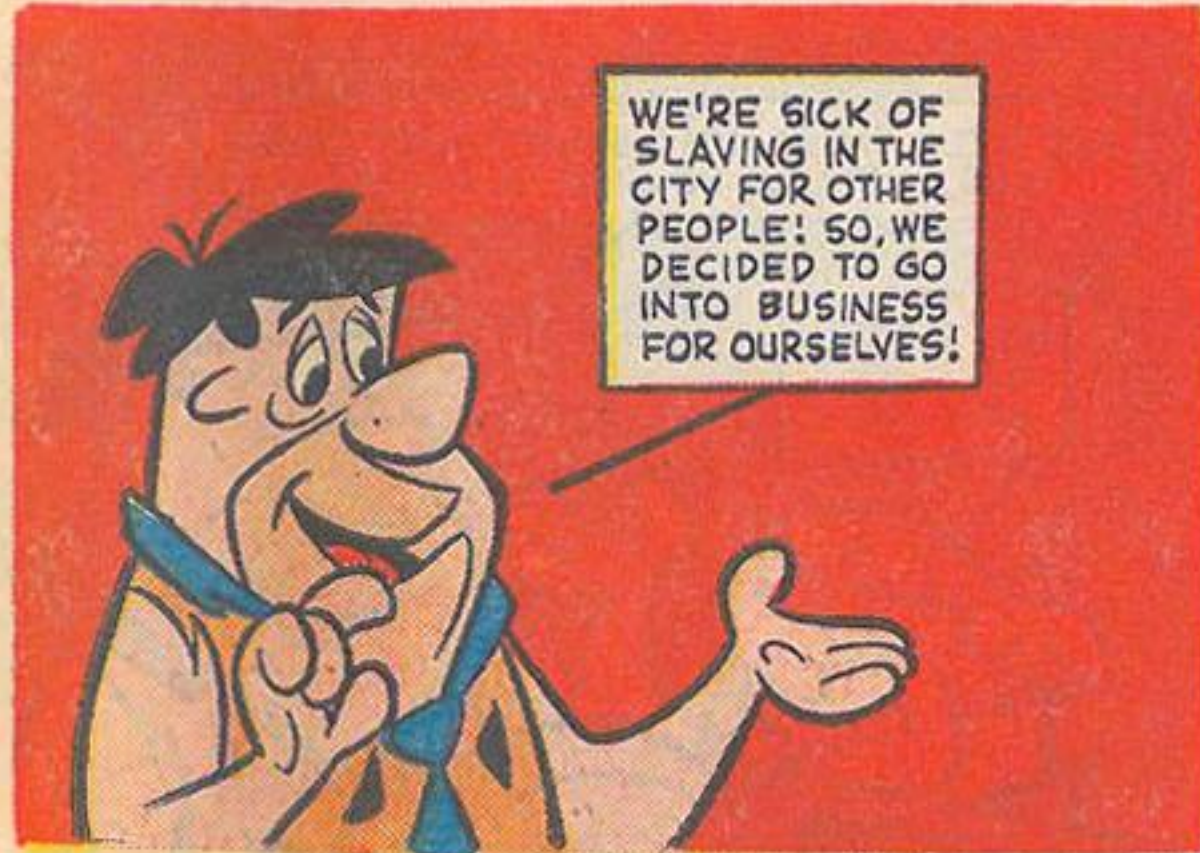


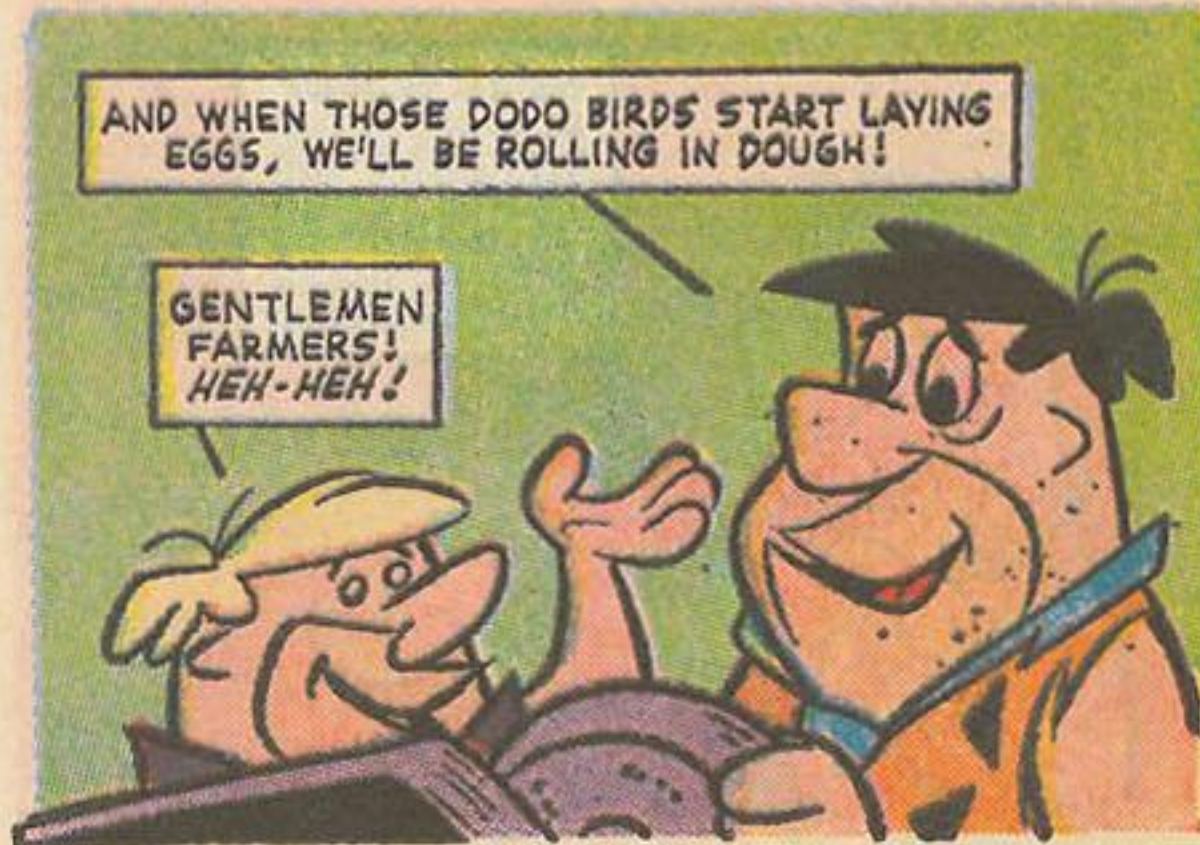
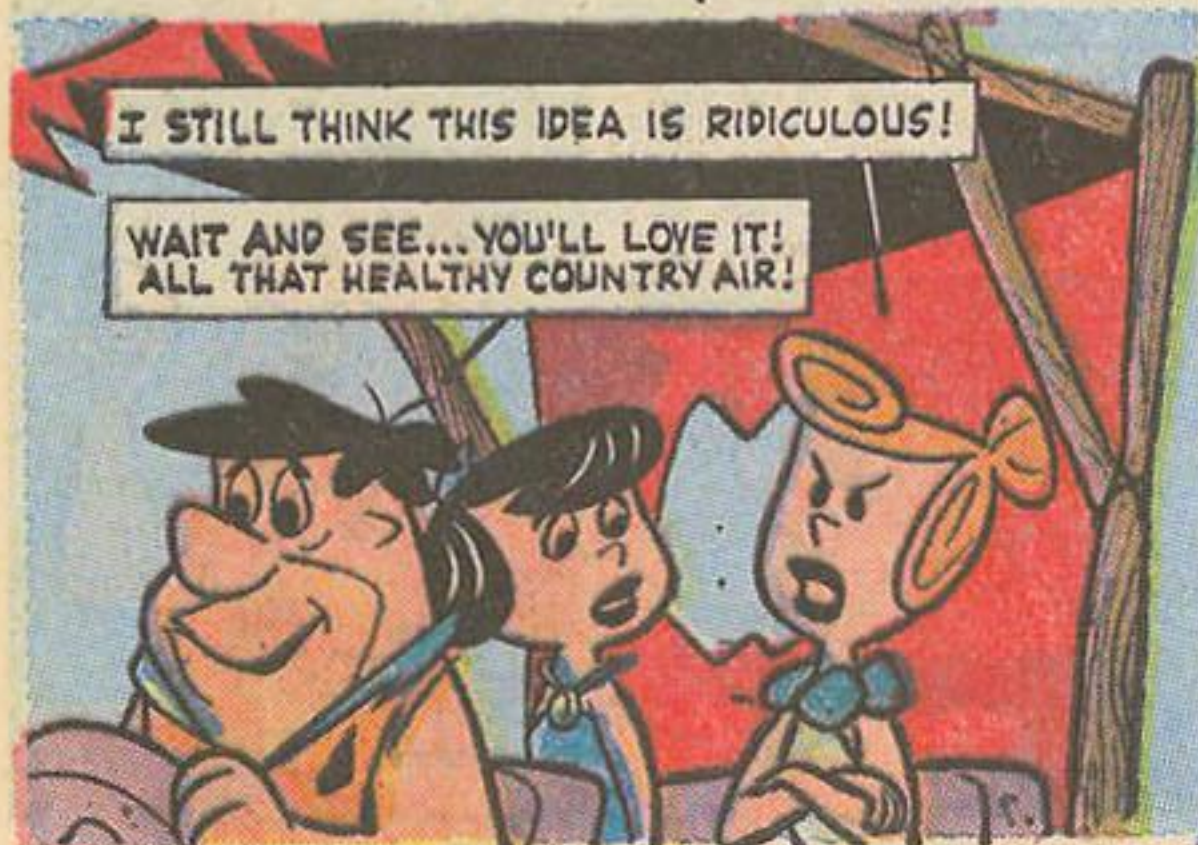












ER...THAT'S NOT THE COOP, DEAR! IT'S THE HOUSE! THE COOP IS IN BACK!



YOU EXPECT US TO MOVE INTO THIS SHACK?

I'LL BET IT DOESN'T EVEN HAVE RUNNING HOT WATER!



NO, BUT YOU CAN GET HOT WATER BY RUNNING! SEE, THIS NATURAL HOT SPRINGS POOL IS JUST A FEW YARDS FROM THE HOUSE!

SWELL!

LET'S GO INSIDE, GIRLS!



HMM! WHEN DID FRANKENSTEIN MOVE OUT?

IT'S NOT THAT BAD! IT JUST NEEDS A LITTLE FIXING UP!



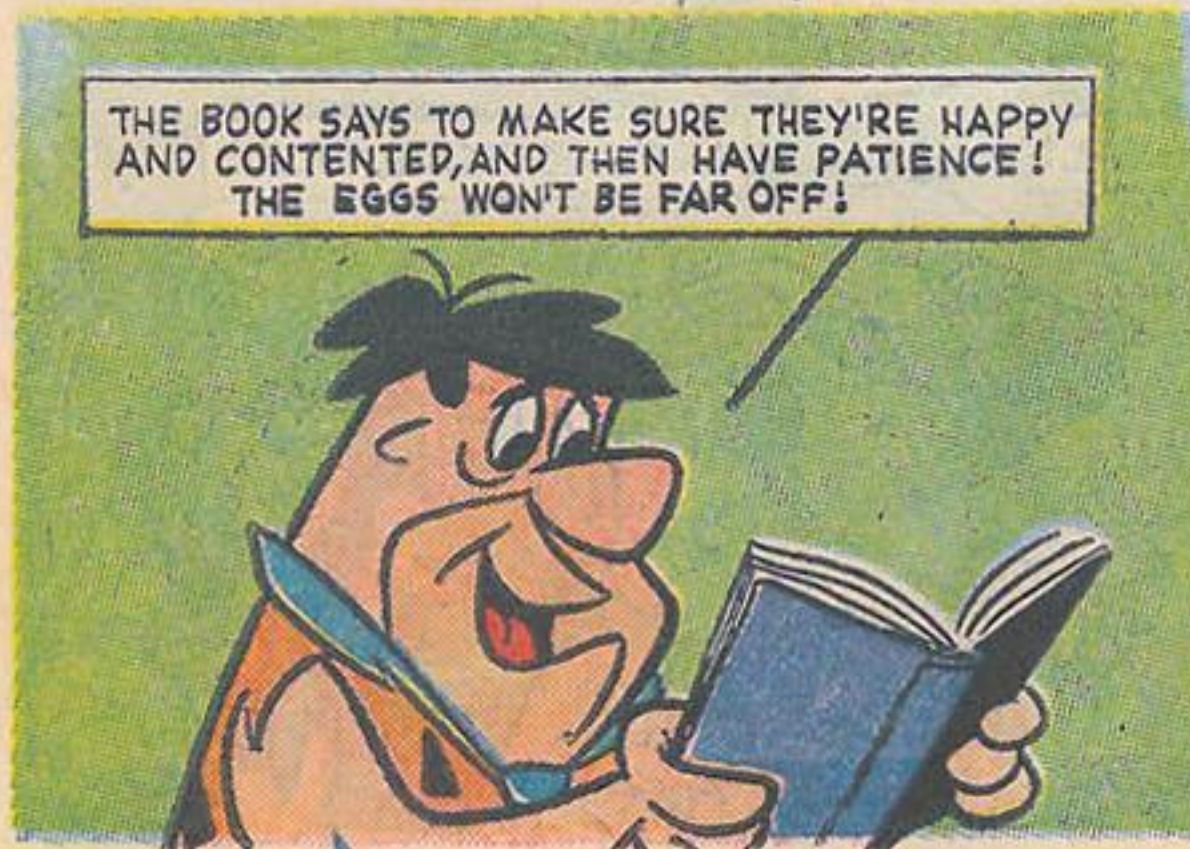
WE'RE GOING TO CHECK OUR DODO BIRDS!

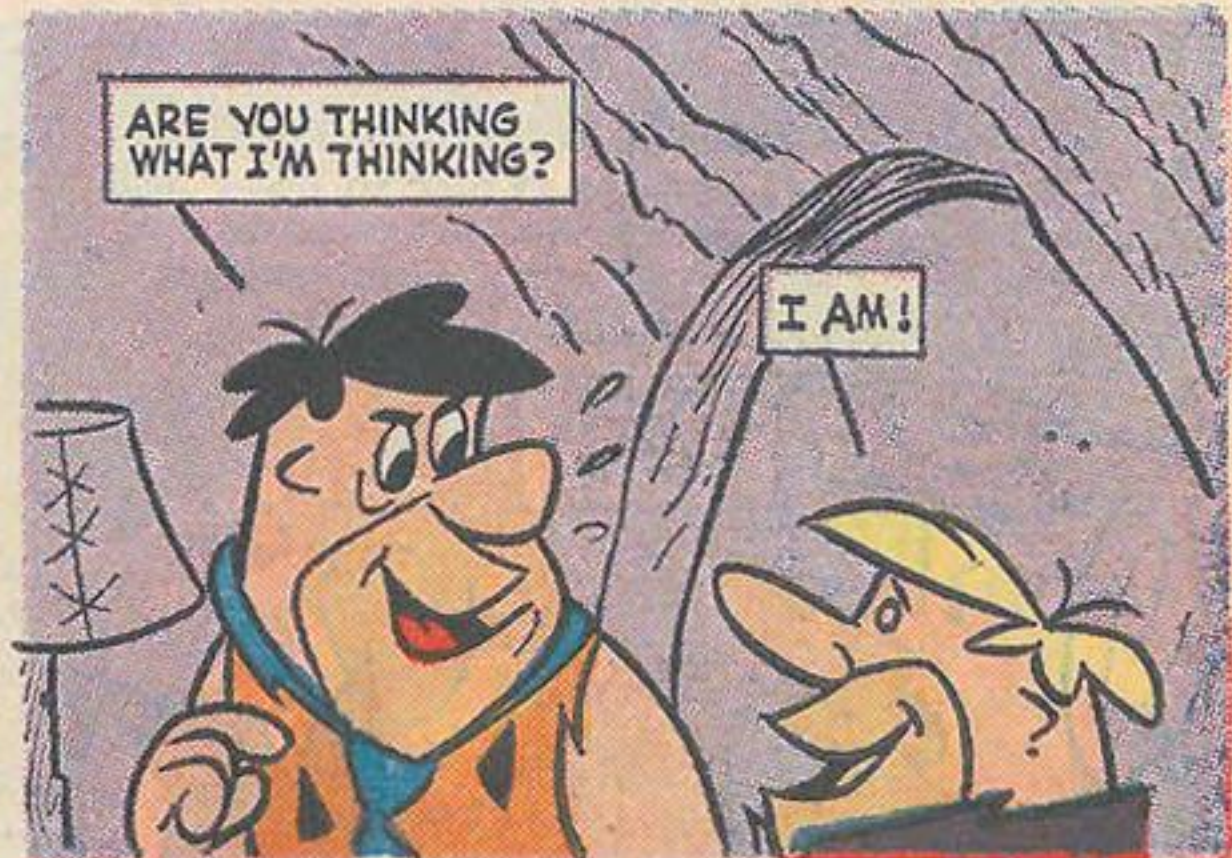
HAVE THE PLACE LOOKING NICE BY DINNER TIME!

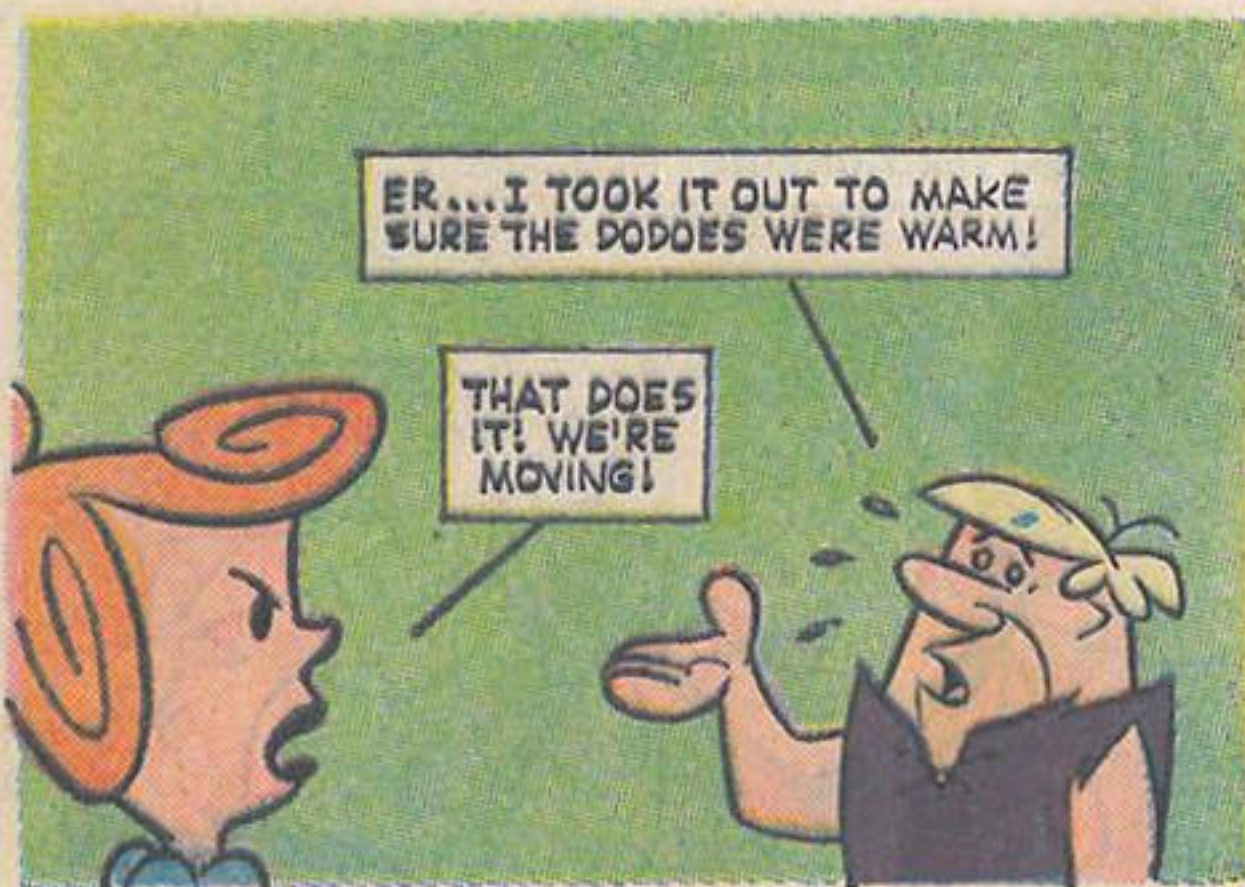
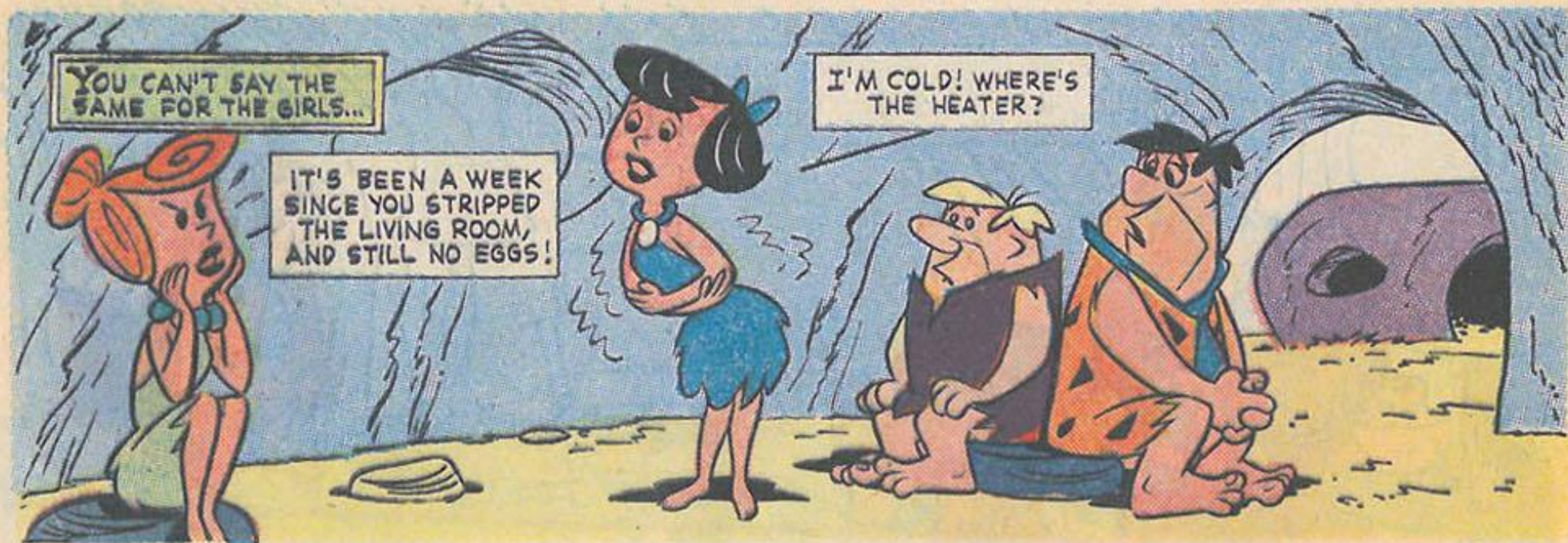


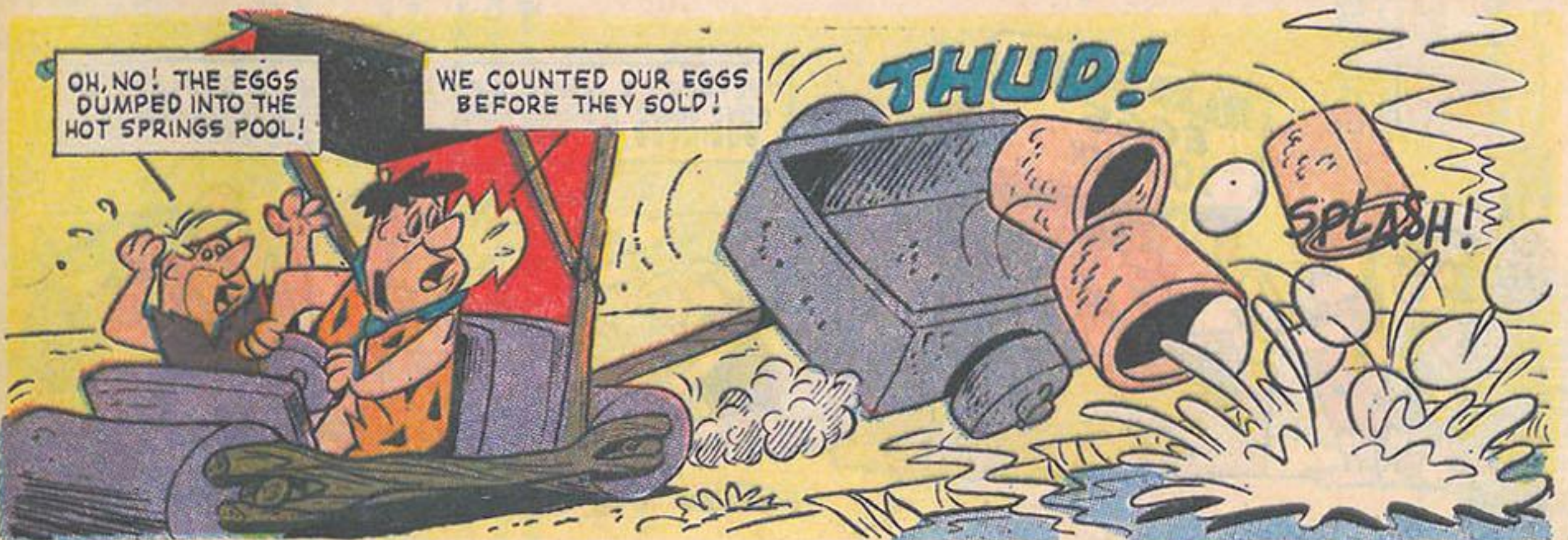
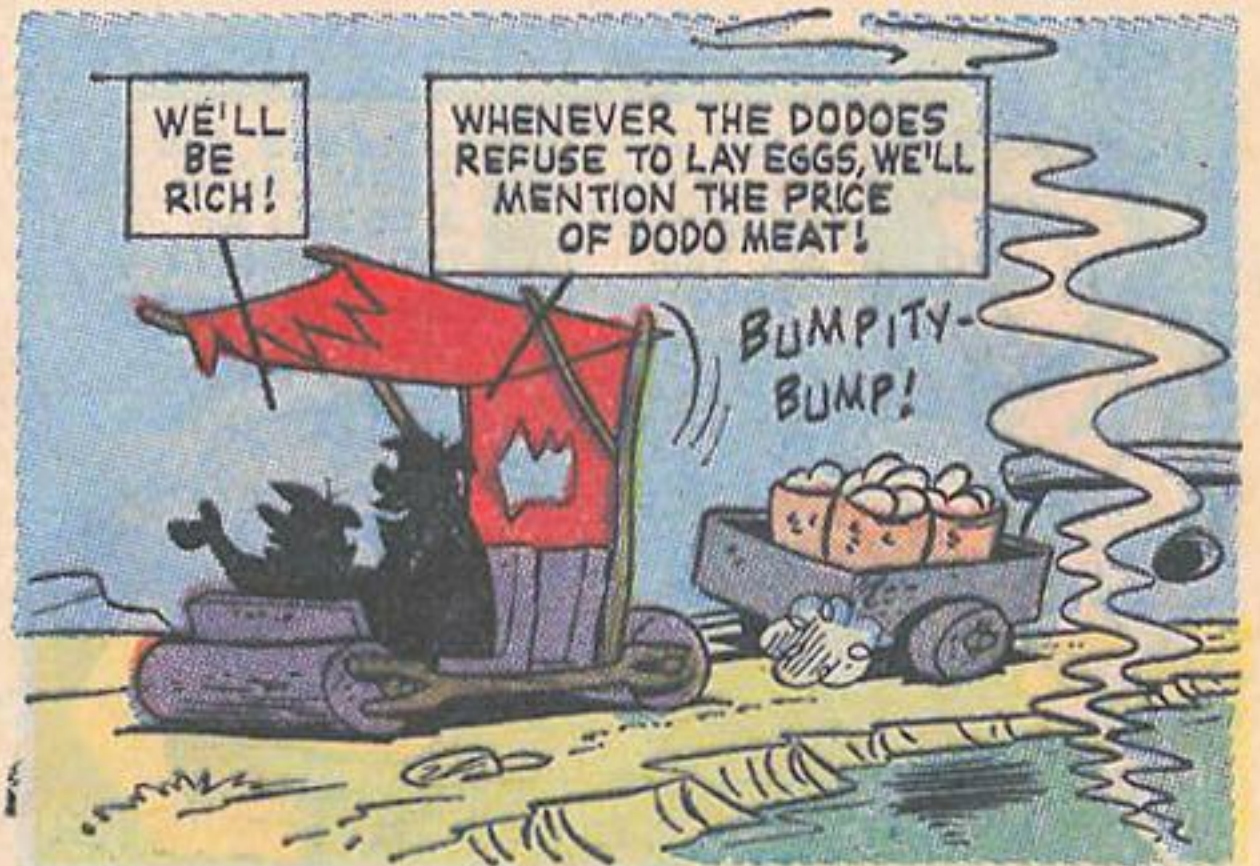
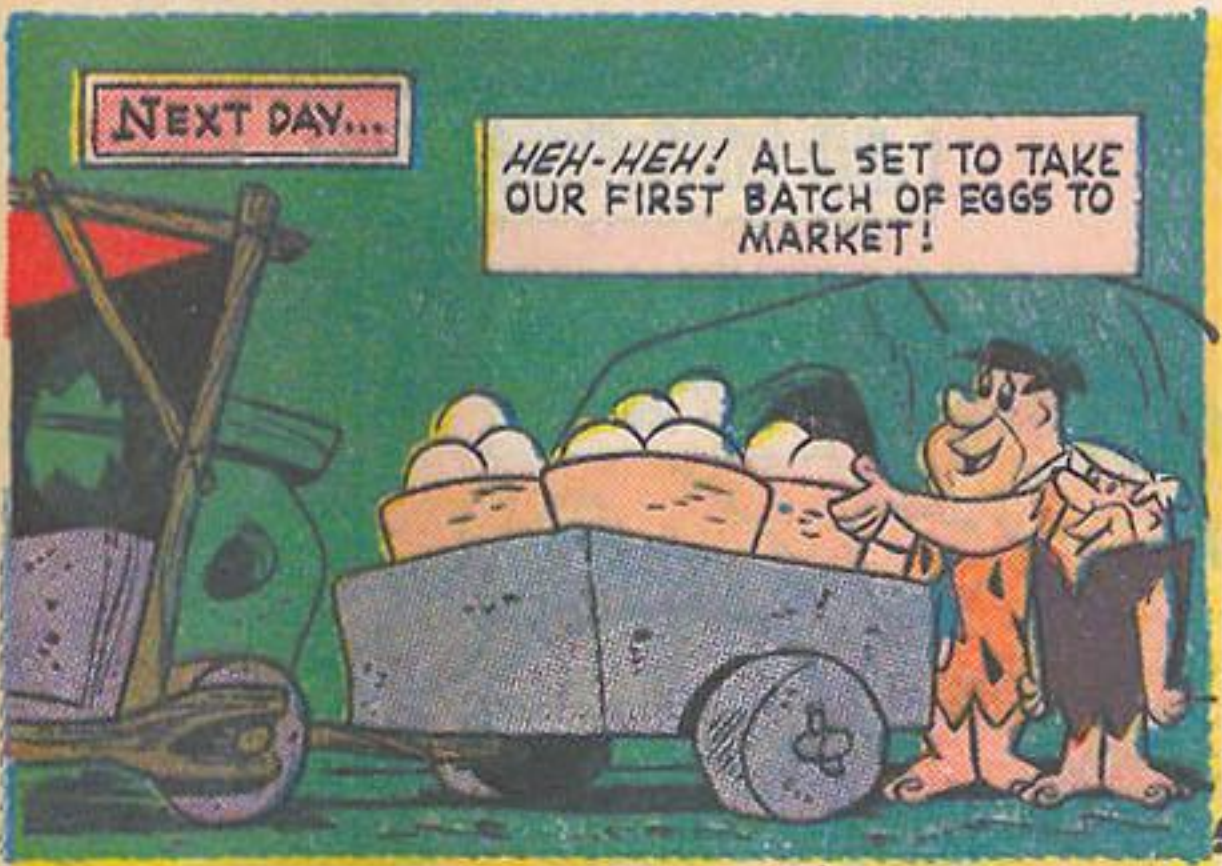
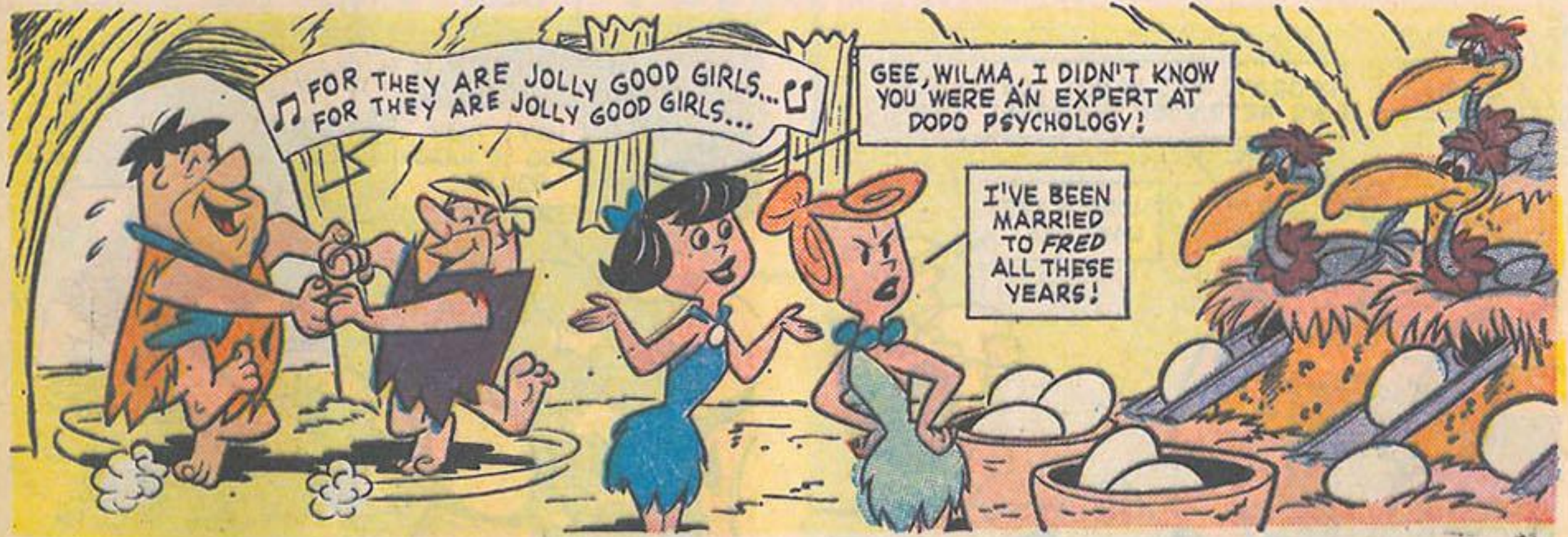
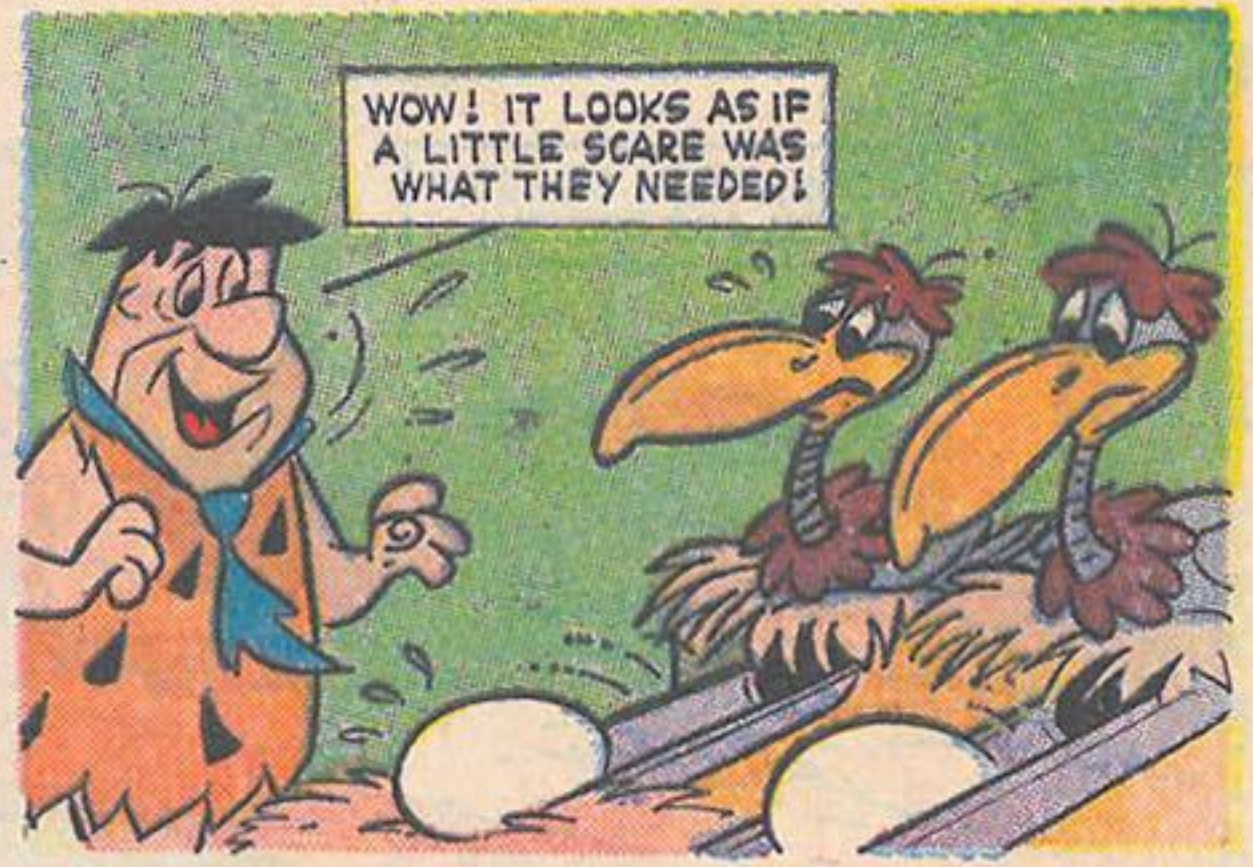
DON'T THROW IT, BETTY! IT MIGHT HIT THE WALL, AND THE WHOLE PLACE WOULD TOPPLE ON US!













LOOK, FRED! NONE OF THEM ARE BROKEN!

WE CAN STILL SAVE THEM! GET A NET AND WE'LL HAUL THEM OUT!



SOON...

HOORAY! ALL IS NOT LOST! WE RETRIEVED THE EGGS!

HERE'S THE LAST ONE!



OWWW!!

HEY! THAT EGG IS HARD-BOILED!

CRACK!



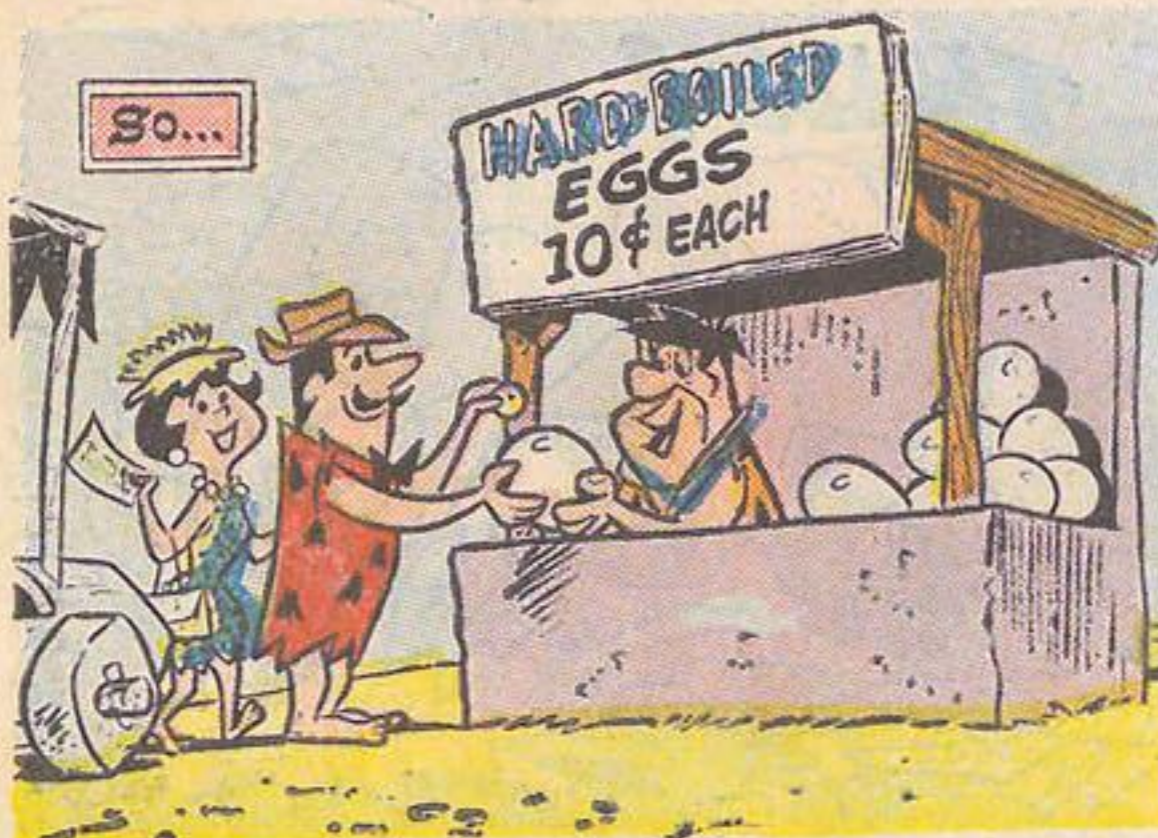
OH, NO! THAT HOT WATER HARD-BOILED ALL THE EGGS!

SO? EGGS ARE FIFTY CENTS A DOZEN AT THE MARKET!



BUT, HARD-BOILED EGGS COST FIFTEEN CENTS A PIECE!

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!



SO...

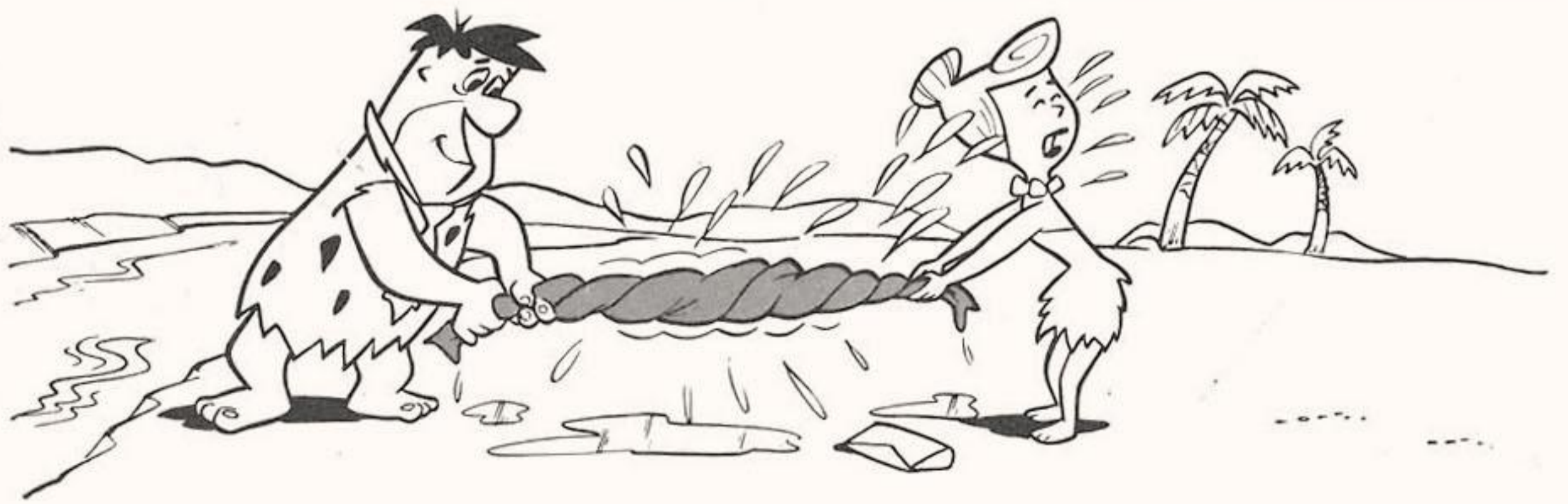
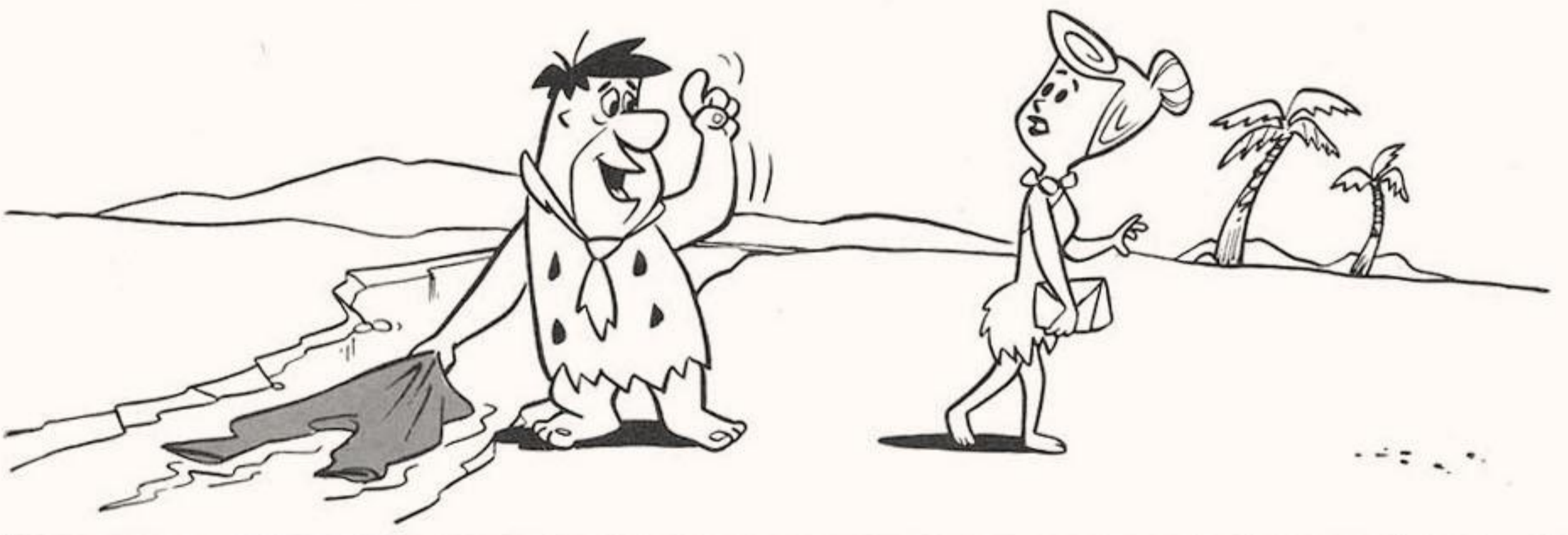
HARD-BOILED EGGS 10¢ EACH

TEE-HEE! I GUESS THE BOYS HAVE A BRAIN FOR BUSINESS, AFTER ALL!

UH-HUH! A COUPLE OF REAL EGGHEADS! TEE-HEE!



A
Flintstone
Funny



THE FLINTSTONES PIN-UP

